









"CHADS' FORD."

ALONG
THE
WESTERN BRANDYWINE

“Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shall turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.”

—BRYANT.

WILMER W. MACELREE

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Dedicated to
William F. Gable



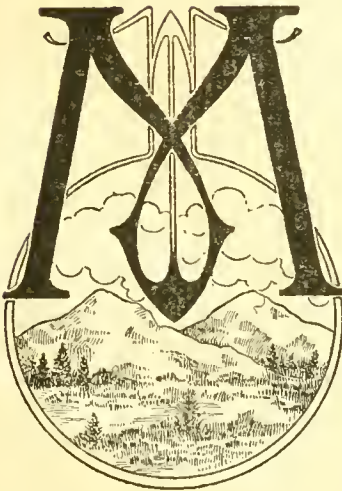
"NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE BRANDYWINE."

MECUM ET SECUM.

BARREN HILL.

“My reverence I hope will me enable,
To curb my temperament unstable,
For zigzag courses we are wont to keep.”

Goethe—Faust.



OUNTAINS Mecum et Secum I salute you ! Your names are not found in the geographies of our country, nor in the geological charts of our state, nor in our county atlases, and yet, you were named before these were compiled or ever their compilers were born. But the present generation knows you not nor seeks to know you. While the youngest school-boy glibly repeats Jorullo and Popocatapetl, the oldest and most advanced has never heard of you. So far as I know, none of our historians has ever climbed your slopes, ever looked down from your summits.

Inter nos reader, since the subject invites a Latin phrase, and no other occurs to me besides one which veils the awful majesty of the law, *inter nos*, I am not absolutely, or to speak with legal precision, morally sure that these hills on which I stand on this October day are Mecum et Secum.

An old conveyance (which I have lately looked for in vain) assigns Mecum et Secum to a tract of land in southwestern Nantmel. More than a year ago, with the assistance of a borrowed protractor, I reached the conclusion that they lifted their heads within three miles of Honeybrook Borough and not far from this spot. Now, unfortunately my note book is lost, my plot has disappeared, and only memory remains to guide me. With this director, I have attained my present point of observation south of the turnpike in Honeybrook Township, hoping to get a comprehensive view of some of the sources of the Western Brandywine, and to feast my eyes with a sight of these mountains, the jingle of whose names has never left me since first I heard it. Mountains of Mystery! who first applied these names to you? these names that mark no difference in size or color, these names that designate no physical qualities whatever. Meum et Tuum might serve the purpose of defining rights, but Mecum et Secum—guess it who can. It stimulates but baffles all my curiosity. Did some old pedant seek to give his farm renown? or was the name of Mecum used to fix the spot on which some modern Ruth clave to her mother-in-law? I leave these riddles for more astute investigators, with the single comment of a student of “Tom” Hood: “Perhaps,” said he, “a settler and his wife did here fall out, on which he held to Mecum and sent her back to Secum.”

“January 3, 1907. ‘Eureka’!” I have found not these mountains, but a conveyance which gives a fairly satisfactory reason for my inability to definitely locate them in Honeybrook Township—they belong to Bucks County.

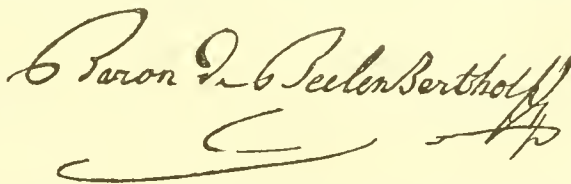
With the removal of *Mecum et Secum* the only obstacle that one is likely to meet on his journey from Coatesville to the mountainous source of the Western Brandywine is the Barren Hill. Until lately I had supposed that the sterile quality of the soil had given rise to this name, but an old resident of the neighborhood having most seriously affirmed to a tradition in his family attributing it to some Baron or other, an impulse of romanticism prompts me to stop and investigate.

In the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, Honeybrook Township did possess a Baron, who was the owner not merely of a title, but of a "Marshant and a Saw Mill," which were known as the Baron's Mills.

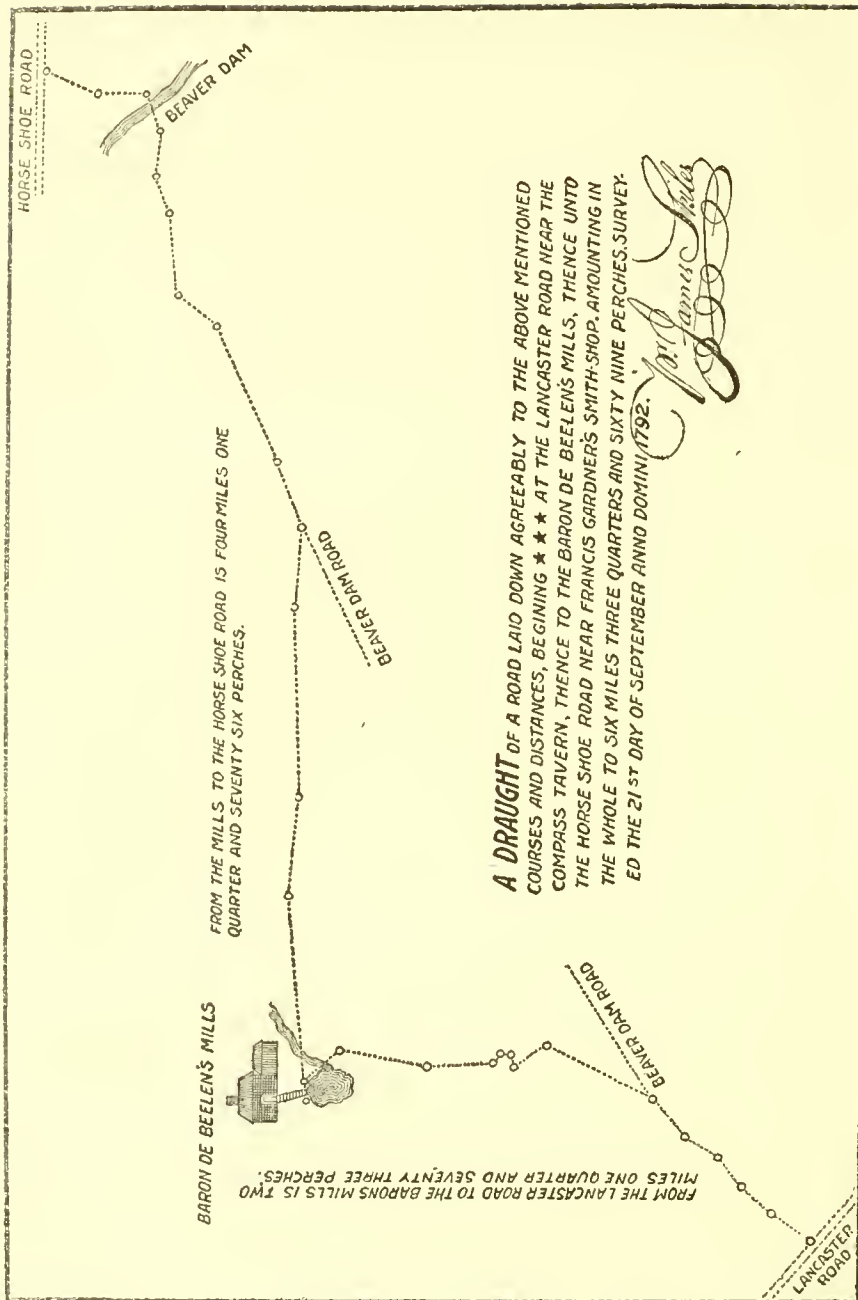
Frederick Eugene Francis Baron de Beelan Bertholf rejoiced in a name commensurate to his dignity and in a property commensurate to his name. His possessions comprised more than seven hundred acres of land, which were divided into several tracts stretching over the southwestern corner of the township, one of them being close to Captain Graham's mill on the Western Branch of the Western Brandywine.

According to the statements contained in his conveyances, the Baron was at first a sojourner in Philadelphia; later on he became a resident of Manchester Township, York County. To the composition of his name apparently Germany and France had both been contributors. When he wrote it on "petitions" he shortened it to

Baron de Beelen
Bertholf. Now and
then a lazy convey-
ancer curtailed it to

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Baron de Beelen Bertholf". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background. The first part of the signature, "Baron de", is written in a smaller, more compact script, while "Beelen Bertholf" is written in a larger, more flowing script. The signature is positioned to the right of the text "he shortened it to".

Baron de Bee. Occasionally, too, an illiterate assessor changed it to Baron de Bilian, but however much he abridged his name he never did de Bilian the injustice of failing to charge his farm with its full acreage and value.



A DRAUGHT OF A ROAD LAID DOWN AGREEABLY TO THE ABOVE MENTIONED COURSES AND DISTANCES, BEGINNING ★★ AT THE LANCASTER ROAD NEAR THE COMPASS TAVERN, THENCE TO THE BARON DE BEELEN'S MILLS, THENCE UNTO THE HORSE SHOE ROAD NEAR FRANCIS GARDINERS SMITH-SHOP, AMOUNTING IN THE WHOLE TO SIX MILES THREE QUARTERS AND SIXTY NINE PERCHES. SURVEYED THE 21ST DAY OF SEPTEMBER ANNO DOMINI 1792.

J. J. James

What brought de Beelan to our shores? Did he set out, like Baron Castine, in search of excitement? Was he

“Full of a young man’s joy to be
Abroad in the world alone and free?”

Unquestionably he did not seek among these hills a dusky daughter of the Conestogas, for he was already married. Could we find his record doubtless it would be highly eulogistic, but as it is, I grope around for truth and lay my hands upon a few old dusty papers, a few faded autographs—nothing more. A century ago, the waters of the Western Brandywine proudly carried the Baron’s story to the sea, to-day, they flow unconscious of his name.

“Three large two story stone dwelling houses under one roof, two smaller stone buildings, a large stone barn, a log ditto, a stone wagonshed and two small back buildings all in good repair and well furnished.” Such is the description of an old assessment.

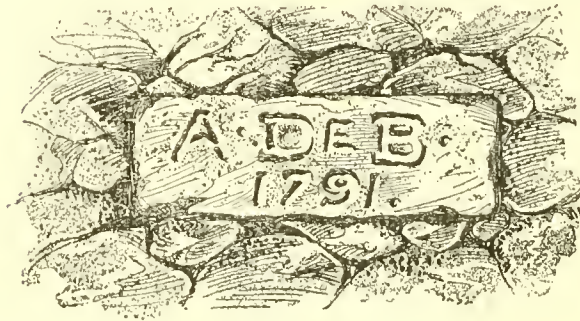
To some palates, this language may not smack strongly of romance, but it must be remembered that at the time it was written, the inhabitants of Honeybrook Township for the most part, lived in little log houses. If this baronial mansion of de Beelen’s in Honeybrook had no echoing corridors or vast halls, through which Lady Johanna Maria Theresa could walk, it could at least furnish her table with “100 oz. of plate.”

How much the Baron appreciated the excellent qualities of Lady Johanna and provided for her comfort is shown circum-

stantially by the assessment of 1786, in which we find his wagonshed credited with a phaeton—the only one in the township.

Of the roads leading to the Baron’s Mills, one was known as the Baron’s Road, afterwards corrupted to the Barrens Road.

Baron's Mills! Baron's Road! Why not Baron's Hill! Why not? because in the conveyance to Francis Beelen by Joseph Martin and his wife, some of the southern lines of "Martinaro" call for "barren land." Interested as I am in supporting the Baronage of the Brandywine, and doubly interested in redeeming this part of the county from the stigma of sterility, truth compels me to withhold de Beelan's title from this rugged old ridge.



DATE STONE IN MILL.

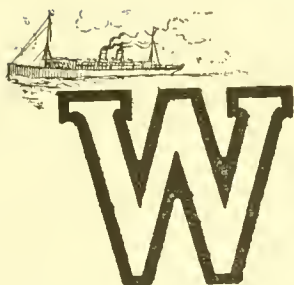
SCATURIENT SOURCES.

“You leave us, you will see the Rhine.”

Tennyson—In Memoriam.

“It is more often true that a man who could scarce be induced to expose his body even to a village of prairie dogs, will complacently display a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig leaf of acquirement on it, in every gallery of Europe.”

Lowell—Fireside Travels.



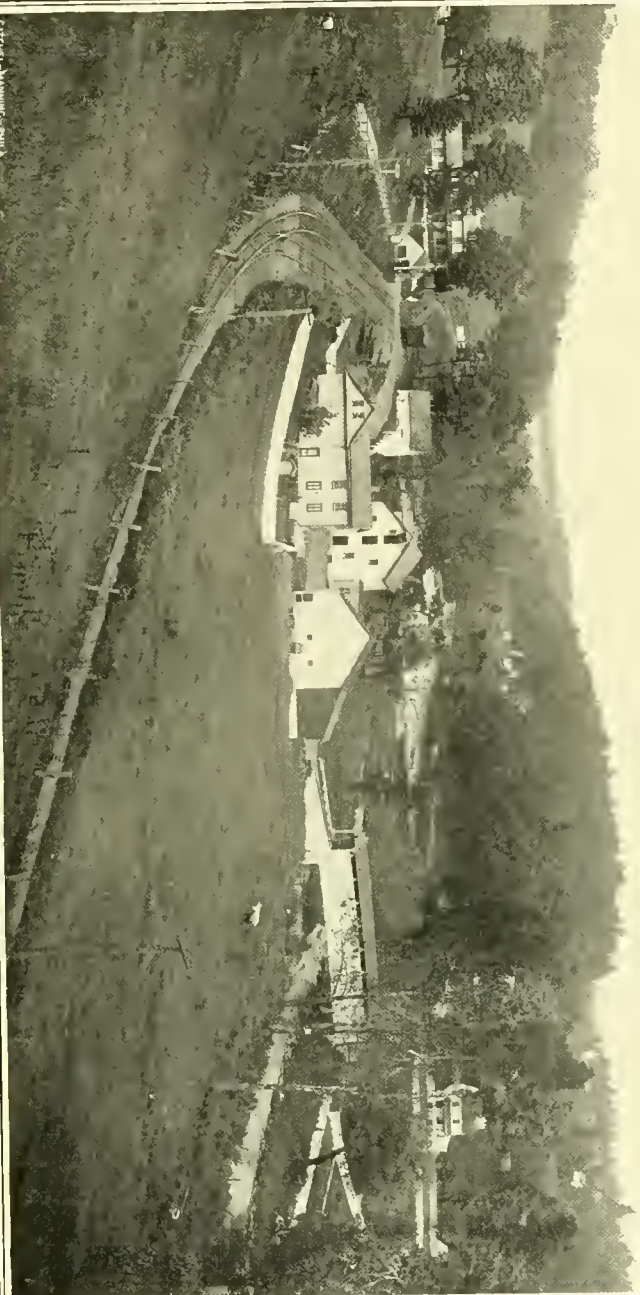
WHILE others consult steamship lines for Europe, I turn to the railroad that leads to Honeybrook. I am old-fashioned enough to believe, with Lowell, that men should be familiar with their own villages before they go abroad, “if not even that, it is of little import whither they go.” Besides, between Europe and Honeybrook, Honeybrook has some obvious advantages. Honeybrook air is not less pure, Honeybrook water is purer. Who has not remarked with what uniformity travelers from Chester County (some of them of pronounced temperance convictions) tell us, how from sheer necessity, contrary to their tastes and inclinations, they were forced to decline so much as a sip of European water unless flavored with German hops, or

French or Italian grapes. Of course the glacier water of Switzerland was avoided, as lacking the necessary salts.

Honeybrook, on the other hand, in offering her visitors water, points her finger northward toward the Welsh Mountains, on whose slopes are the "scaturient" sources of the Western Brandywine.

I use the word "scaturient" advisedly. No other word would so readily suggest Lamb, and it is Lamb I wish to quote. "It is soothing," says he, "to contemplate the head of the Ganges—to trace the first little bubblings of a mighty river." For those whose imagination is not yet fledged it will be found equally restful to wander about the fontlets of the Brandywine, particularly in Spring-time, for that season offers no more alluring prospect than is obtained from the mountains that encircle the borough of Honeybrook.

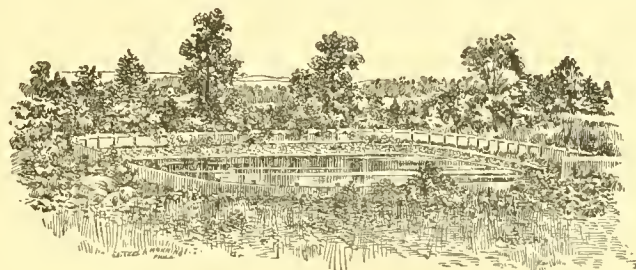
The reservoir which marks the eastern source of the western stream lies about two miles from the hotel, a little to the left of a quiet country road. In the middle of May this road is girt with dandelions—not the squatty variety that one finds in the towns, but the tall, vigorous kind that raise their frowzy heads above the grass and gracefully nod to the passing breeze. Great golden heads, well might you charm a miser's eye! I love to watch your ministrations to the meanest objects. You despise neither a mud-puddle nor a common stone. Dandelions in bloom on the roadside! Apple trees awakening in the orchards! Let him who is not satisfied with these turn back. I acknowledge no fellowship with such. Directly in front of me a blue bird touches a withered limb with a bit of heaven. The lightning has long since blasted the trunk to which it is attached, and years have bent it, almost doubled it. Wrinkled and twisted and torn, denuded of half its bark, every branch it stretches out is naked and black—no! I beg its pardon, one of them contains just enough life to force a spray over the fence within the reach



CATFEL-MANNING-PHILA

of every passer-by—a generous welcome from an aged friend. Grovelling is the spirit that is not uplifted by the incense of blossoms, cold is the nature that responds not to their *Benedicite*.

From a point above the Reservoir I stand and look about



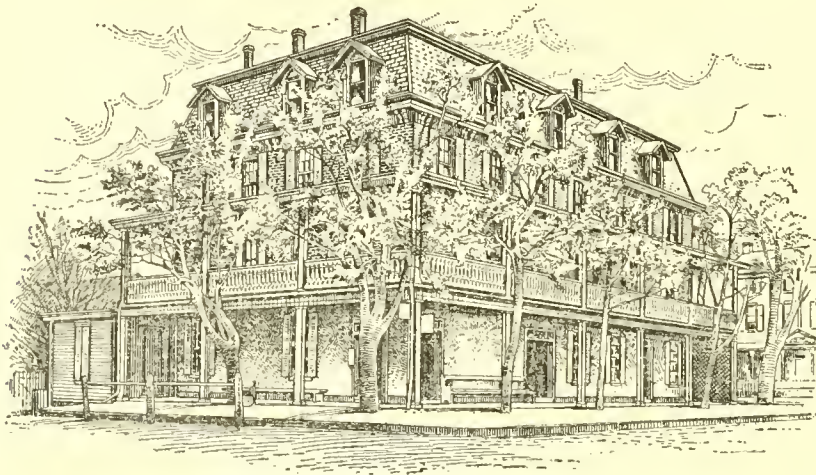
me. My lungs are filled with fragrance, my eyes with beauty. In front of me are pasture lands of brightest green stretching over many an acre, and ending only at a ridge which divides the Eastern from the Western Branch of the Western Brandywine. Firmly seated on the ridge is Honeybrook Borough, half concealed by the trees that line its streets. Out of its centre rises the white spire of the Presbyterian Church, and beyond the southern line of the borough—four miles beyond it—can be seen the purple tops of the Barren Hill.



The course of the Horse Shoe Turnpike as far as Brandywine Manor, is marked by houses, the village of Rockville being a little more than half way. Blossoms and bird-songs and the music of streamlets, invest the country about Honeybrook with an infinite charm.

To one whose imagination is grounded in the early days of Nantmel, a walk over some of the Indian trails, or old-time thoroughfares, is a glimpse backward, into other centuries, which will prove of more inspiration than a month's study in a library.

I feel, with Hulbert, that those who desire out-door occupation and are interested in local history, should consider the story of the county in which they live as it may be read in the highways that are known, or those which have been forgotten. "The study of these various highways, their buildings and their fortunes, is the story of the people who have inhabited, and who do now inhabit, the land. The study of them is an important story, it has already been too long neglected."



GENERAL WAYNE.

Bushnell years ago declared,—“If there is any kind of advancement going on, if new ideas are abroad, and new hopes rising, you will see it by the roads that are building. Nothing makes an inroad without making a road.

“All creative action, whether in government, industry, thought, or religion, creates roads.”

Were Alexander Marshall living, I question if he would recognize in the Honeybrook Borough of to-day a development of the Waynesburg of 1815, when the ground on which a great part of the houses were afterwards built, was an old field or

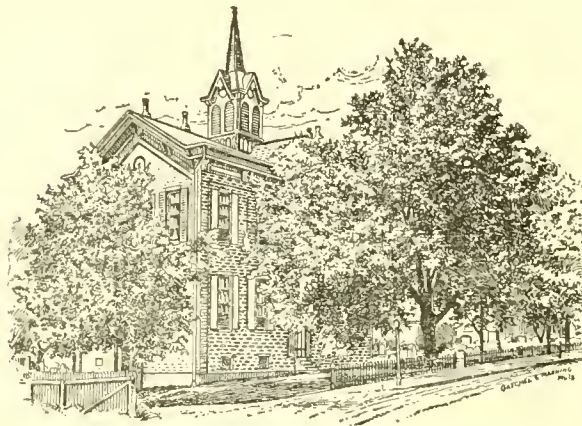
common, that had not been fenced in since the making of the Horse Shoe Turnpike in 1803, on the north side of the Horse Shoe Road.

“On the south side of the turnpike,” writes Marshall, “was a tavern called the General Wayne, with a square, old-fashioned sign hung to the breeze, on which was painted what purported to be a likeness of the General on horseback, dressed in Revolutionary equipments, boots and spurs, mounted on a prancing, chestnut-sorrel steed. This tavern-house stood on the left corner of a road that intersected with the turnpike leading to the Mariner’s Compass, now called Compassville. On the right side of this road, stood a stone store-house kept by David Hackett, a single man, who boarded at the tavern. The tavern was kept by Jonathan Jones, who, while living there, represented in part, Chester County in the Lower House of the State Legislature, and afterwards was Sheriff of Chester County. Besides these two buildings, there was a small, two-story stone house on the north side of the turnpike, about one hundred yards further west. . . . A school-house that stood lower down the turnpike, on the south side near where the railroad now crosses said pike, was called the ‘General Wayne School-house.’ This was about the position of things at the date named.

“There was an Irish schoolmaster by the name of Stinson who had saved some money by teaching in the neighborhood. . . . He bought this old field by way of speculation, got it surveyed into town-lots and made a lottery—lotteries were then fashionable and not unlawful. He sold the tickets mostly on credit, the lottery was drawn, and those who drew lots fronting on the turnpike, promptly paid for their tickets and received titles. Those who drew back lots were not so prompt, and many of these remained on Stinson’s hands. In a short time some of the owners of front lots began to build, this encouraged others and then the back lots became more valuable. There was one

drawback very discouraging—the want of water . . . Wells had to be put down at considerable expense, which retarded improvements for some time, but even this was overcome by enterprise.”

“Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem.”

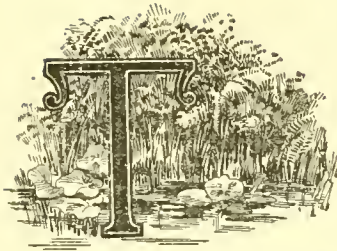


PUBLIC SCHOOL, HONEYBROOK.

GRIFFITH'S DAM.

"Smooth it glides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam—
O, the clean gravel!
O, the smooth stream!

Stevenson—Looking Glass River.



THE first piscatorial stopping-place on the stream below the reservoir is 'Squire Griffith's Dam—a mile or more from Honeybrook Borough.

It must be confessed, the notice at the entrance is not inviting, but once you get accustomed to such trespass signs, you face them with the intrepidity of a veteran marching against an enemy's cannons. Besides, this notice to keep off is most unreasonable. If the dam and its buildings were not originally intended for a wayfarer's lodge, why did the owner locate them so near the roadside? Already some one has entered the enclosure. I, too, will enter and exchange greetings with the adventurer.

"How are you?"

What! it is the 'Squire himself.

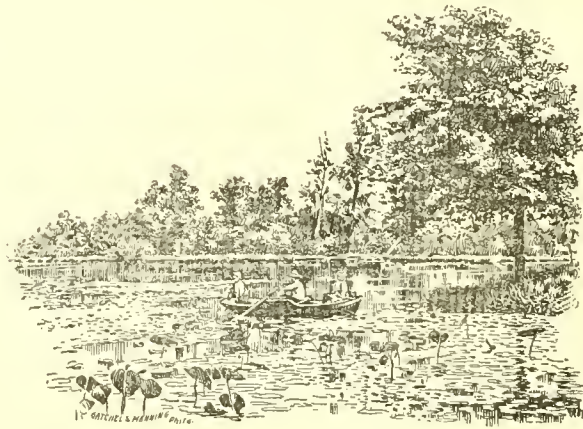
A little man, brisk in his movements, hearty in his greeting, at once practical and aesthetic.

"You see," he exclaims, "I utilize this dam for ice—four places in front of the breast for four teams—all conveniences—everything right—ice keeps down taxes and interest. Taxes and interest own it in winter, and I own it in the summer, free!"

My admiration of the 'Squire increases; experience has taught me that only a prudent man can meet taxes and interest combined—but let these arithmetical questions pass.

"A pretty place," I suggest.

"Pretty? You ought to see it when the lilies are out. We have them all—white lilies, yellow lilies, the sacred flowers of Egypt, and—"



I interrupt his botanical observations, and inquire,

"Are there fish in the dam?"

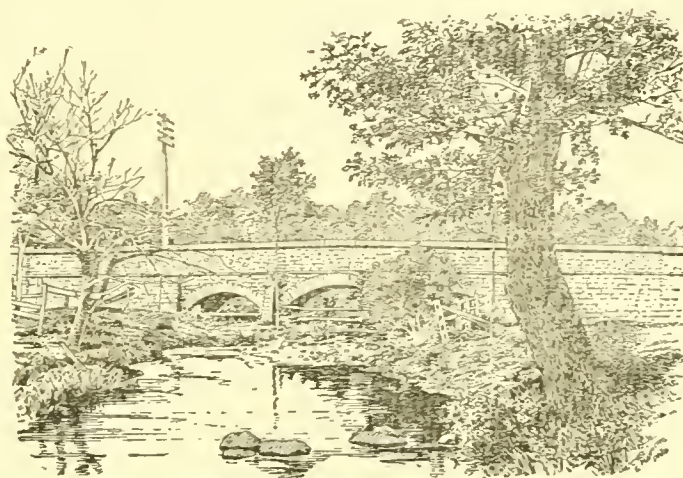
The 'Squire looks at me a little sternly out of his magisterial eye, but seeing no signs of tackle in my pockets, laughingly repeats my question: "Fish? This dam has bass and catfish, eels, suckers, and three kinds of carp, full scale, leather and—"

"Enough," I cry (for candidly, I never fish for more than three varieties at once), "but do they ever manifest themselves?"

"Come," he says, raising his finger significantly and lead-

ing me to a little cabin. Then taking up a loaf of bread and breaking it into chunks, he flings the pieces into the water about ten feet from the bank. In a few moments the water is alive with carp. Some, the size of shad, swim straight for the bread, others roll themselves about like porpoises, sucking the chunks down their big mouths, while the minnows wait for the crumbs.

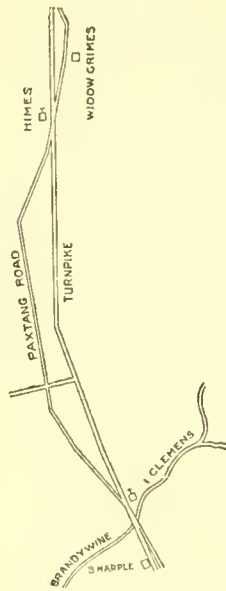
“Good bye, 'Squire!” Could other owners but be induced to imitate your work, I can not doubt that Ruskin’s dream for the rivers of England, would find at least a partial realization in the Brandywine: “Beautiful in falls, in lakes, in living pools, and so full of fish that you might take them out with your hands instead of nets.”



Leaving the dam, a shady road brings us out at the old Red Lyon on the Horse Shoe Turnpike close to a stone bridge.

When Caleb Pierce and his fellow reviewers ran the line of the Paxtang Road in 1738, they stopped to refresh themselves at this point, while their surveyor jotted down, “East one hundred thirty-four perches to a black Oak near a branch of Brandywine.” West of this bridge the course of the Paxtang

Road, as far as the Bull's Head—afterwards Waynesburg—lay to the south of the present Turnpike.



FROM A ROAD DOCKET.

Looking over the fields of oats spread out before me, I ask an agricultural question of some farmers, but obtain no satisfactory answer. Perhaps I ought not to be surprised, for McClune, in his day, was unable to solve it. "When oats were introduced," said he, "I have not been able to learn. This grain, however, was raised in but small quantities until after the completion of the Horseshoe Pike, when the large number of teams passing along that road with goods for the West, made a market for this grain at the taverns along that highway."

A dozen rods east of the Turnpike bridge is Rocklyn Station, half a mile further is Rockville—a sleepy village which has lain alongside of the public road for many a year. Occasionally it opens its eyes at some unusual noise, then closing them again, slumbers on through the seasons, rarely shifting its position on its rocky bed.

I have driven through Rockville frequently in day-time without seeing a man, and sometimes without even hearing a woman.

At the western end of Rockville a dirt road leads from the Turnpike to Birdell Station. In walking down the hill to the railroad, one need only glance to the right or left, to find the reason for the name of the village he is leaving. Rocks are everywhere. In the corn grounds and hay fields, wood-lands and meadows, you see them pushing their heads up through the soil, while in many instances they have succeeded in getting their entire bulks above it.



"THIS IS THE BRANDYWINE." Page 23.

About a quarter of a mile above Birdell Station, on the Wilmington and Northern Branch of the Reading Railroad, not far from the point where Two Log Run empties its bright waters into the Western Brandywine, I met an aged man standing on the roadside, in a contemplative mood, and thinking I might glean some valuable reminiscences from him in relation to the stream, I inquired—

“Will you kindly tell me where the Eastern and Western Branches of the Western Brandywine meet?”

“*This* is the Brandywine,” he replied, “this stream in front of us.”

“Yes! I know, but this is the combined stream. There are two branches; where do they meet? The Eastern Branch crosses the turnpike near Rocklyn Station, to the west of Rockville—”

“Well, this is it.”

“But where is the junction?”

“Junction?” said he, “there aint no junction!”

“But,” said I, endeavoring as best I could to clarify his mind, “you know the stream that comes down by Hughes’s Mill—”

“Yes.”

“Where does that enter the stream that crosses the Pike?”

“Where does that enter it?” he repeated, and looked at me in surprise. “Well, now, that’s a *question*.” Then he seemed to view himself in blank astonishment, as he added, “Yes, that’s a question—a hard question.”

I climbed the fence into a meadow, and he started down the road toward Birdell Bridge. When he did so, I turned about and felt a little compunction of conscience as I saw him slowly walking down the road, bobbing his head, and sounding his stick with every step he took—the conundrum was too hard for him to crack—hand and stick and high tottering voice, were all re-

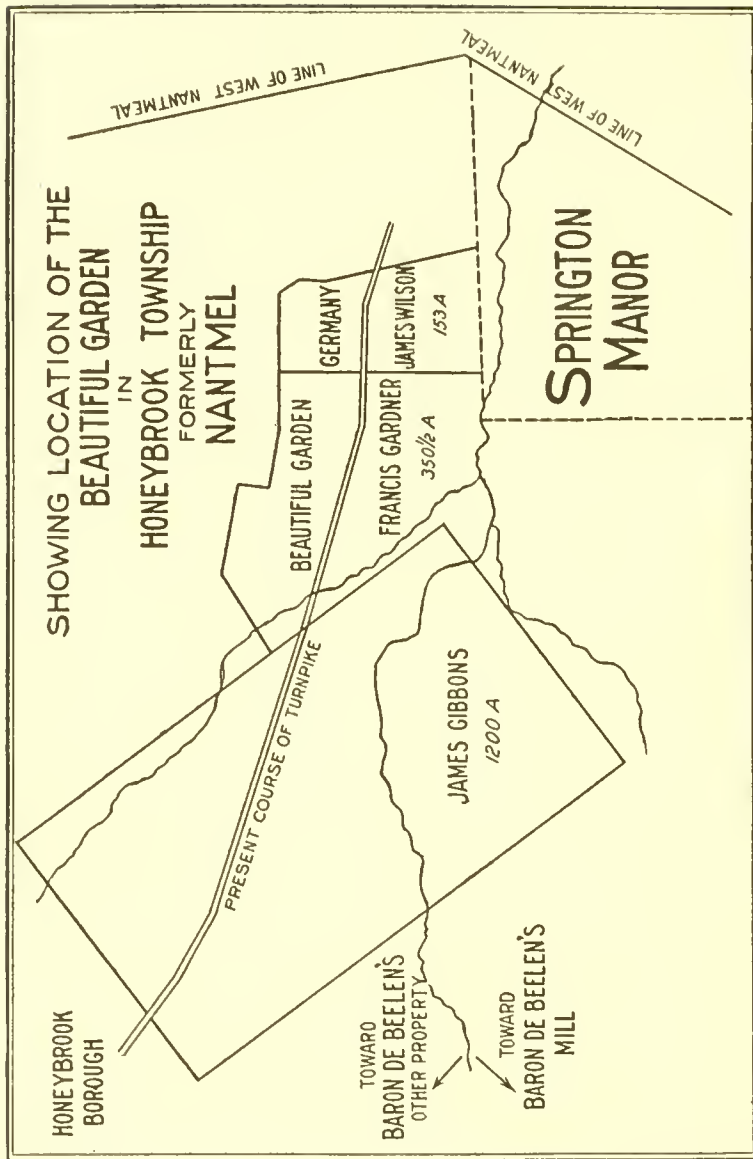
peating, "Now, that *is* a question ; yes, that's a *hard* question."

Since then I have made the same inquiry of other persons in Honeybrook, and have found many of them equally ignorant, but not all of them equally honest.

And yet, it was an easy question, for just a quarter of a mile north of the mouth of Two Log Run, in a little copse, the branches meet. The western one comes all the way from Beartown, and is a child of the mountains—born on their southern slope. A traveler who wishes to see its birth-place can take the railroad to Beartown and climb the wooded mountain side, or follow the stream to a great spring, in a land of cedars.

For myself I prefer the walk—I cordially endorse the sentiment of Ruskin, that a quiet walk over not more than ten or twelve miles of road a day, is the most amusing of all traveling, and all traveling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity.

"Going by railroad," as he very properly observes, "is not travelling at all ; it is merely being sent to a place and very little different from becoming a parcel."



Thomas Gardner in text should be Francis Gardner.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

"Fled are those times, when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains."

Crabbe—The Village.



ROWSING among the records in the Recorder's Office at West Chester, my eyes fell upon the following words :

"A certain tract of land called 'beautiful garden'—being part of the Honorable Proprietaries tract of seven hundred acres in said township."

The mortgage that contained these words was dated 1774, the mortgagor was Thomas Gardner, the township was West Nantmeal—that portion of it which afterwards became Honeybrook.

Sentiment in a Chester County mortgage is rare, astonishingly rare. Where was the garden referred to? Was it natural or cultivated? alongside of the Great Road that ran through Honeybrook, or far from the prying eyes of a curious public?

Such questions and others like them pressed themselves upon my mind, with visions of flowers and walks and shade trees and glittering streams.

The only clue in the description was a reference to William Gibbons's land. Of all the tracts surveyed between 1718 and 1720, near the head of the Western Brandywine, that of James

James Gibbons

Gibbons was the largest—a rectangular piece of twelve hundred acres in the heart of Honeybrook.

Shortly after it was acquired, the Paxtang Road was opened through it diagonally; then, other roads passed along its sides. To the south of it lay the triangle of John Steen, but in the conveyances of neither of these geometrical properties was the contiguity of a beautiful garden so much as hinted at. Let the instruments show its location! According to them it must be near the southeastern corner of Gibbons's land. It is near the southeastern corner—it adjoins it and embraces—Rockville!!!

I doubt if Faust was quite as much surprised upon finding a student in the dissipating vapor as I was upon discovering a part of my garden in that geological village.

In locating the garden, I located a hero, or rather I came across traditions of a hero on an adjoining farm. William Gibbons—a grandson of the original James, and an inheritor with his brother of the twelve hundred acre plantation, was what Thomas

William Gibbons.

Carlyle would have called “a genuine man sent into this our ungenuine phantasmagory of a world which would go to ruin without such.”

When the Revolutionary War broke out, he answered his

country's call in person. The Battle of Brandywine found him commanding a company of militia, and his manifestation of soldierly qualities quickly raised him to the rank of Colonel. So intense was his patriotism, that on the sale of one of his farms, he refused to accept in payment anything but Continental money. "It is the money of my country," said he, "and what is good enough for my country, is good enough for me." Let the money depreciate and become practically worthless, still will he refuse the generous offer of the purchaser to make good the loss. Such qualities might be expected in the son of one, of whom Doctor Darlington called "the queen of the county."

As a widow, Jane Gibbons alone had faced a British General. When the live stock of her farm had been driven off for the use of the British army, she had made a personal application to General Howe for the recovery of a favorite cow.

"Madam, may I ask your name?" said the General.

"My name," she said, "is Jane Gibbons."

"Have you not a son in the rebel army?" he inquired.

"I have a son in George Washington's army," she answered.

"I am afraid, madam," he replied, "that you love your cow better than your King."

Admirers of Howe's facetiousness, must admit that Mrs. Gibbons's son James squared the account with some of his Majesty's officers, who were making themselves merry at a wayside inn, where he frequently stopped in passing to water his horse.

They were criticising the ignorant country boors engaged in rebellion against their king, when the inn-keeper happened to see Mr. Gibbons at some distance, driving up the road. Turning to his guests with assumed indignation, he said :

"I'll wager twenty pounds that the first farmer that drives past this house can speak more languages than the whole kit and crew of you, put together!"

"A bet!" they cried, and the money was staked. Soon afterwards Mr. Gibbons stopped, and one of the party saluting him in French, was civilly answered in the same tongue. Another, in very bad Spanish, asked him if he was a Frenchman, and he answered in very good Spanish, that he was born in Chester County, and had never been in France. There was a pause in the conversation, and putting their heads together, a quotation from one of the Satires of Horace, was aimed at him, and they found, to their amazement, that this plain-looking farmer was a good Latin scholar. By this time Mr. Gibbons perceived that he was on trial, and he put them completely to rout by a volley of Greek, which none of them could understand. The happy inn-keeper won his bet, and the Chester County farmer went his way, little suspecting that this odd trial of tongues had cost the enemy twenty pounds.

Not long afterwards, a well educated officer in command of a foraging party from the British army, entered the residence of Mr. Gibbons, and found him in his study. Saluting him rather familiarly, and looking at the shelves, well filled with books, he remarked—

"You are a clergyman, I fancy?"

"No, I am not," was the reply.

"A doctor, perhaps!"

"I am not a doctor."

"Pray, then, what is your profession?"

"I am a Chester County farmer."

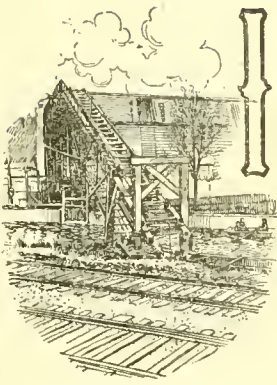
ICEDALE.

“All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!”

Longfellow—The Saga of King Olaf.

“I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she.”

Hood—The Water Lady.



ICEDALE! Ice-houses! Capacity thirty thousand tons.”

“Thanks for the information, I feel cooler already.”

Perhaps the name contributes something to the sensation, for avowedly the name is almost as interesting as the dam is picturesque, and the picturesqueness of the dam will be denied by no one who has seen it from the high land west of Brandywine Manor Church. Quiet and unruffled it lies at the foot of the Barren Hill, in the hollow designed for it by nature—a little enlarged by man.

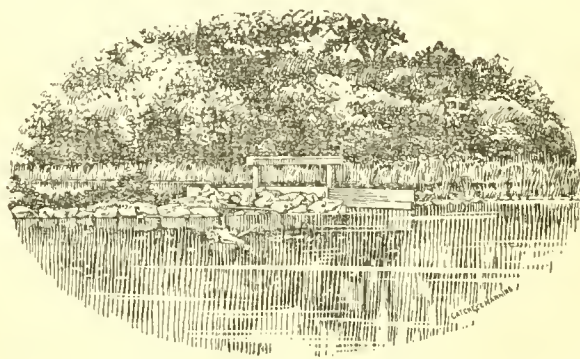
To me, it would seem impossible for the Consumers Ice

Company to paint a more attractive sign upon their wagons than an accurate representation of this sheet of water. But I hold no brief for the Company, to the President alone am I indebted for two most delightful days upon their property. Their property ! Not exactly theirs, theirs and mine, for "the beautiful is the property of him who can hive it and enjoy it."

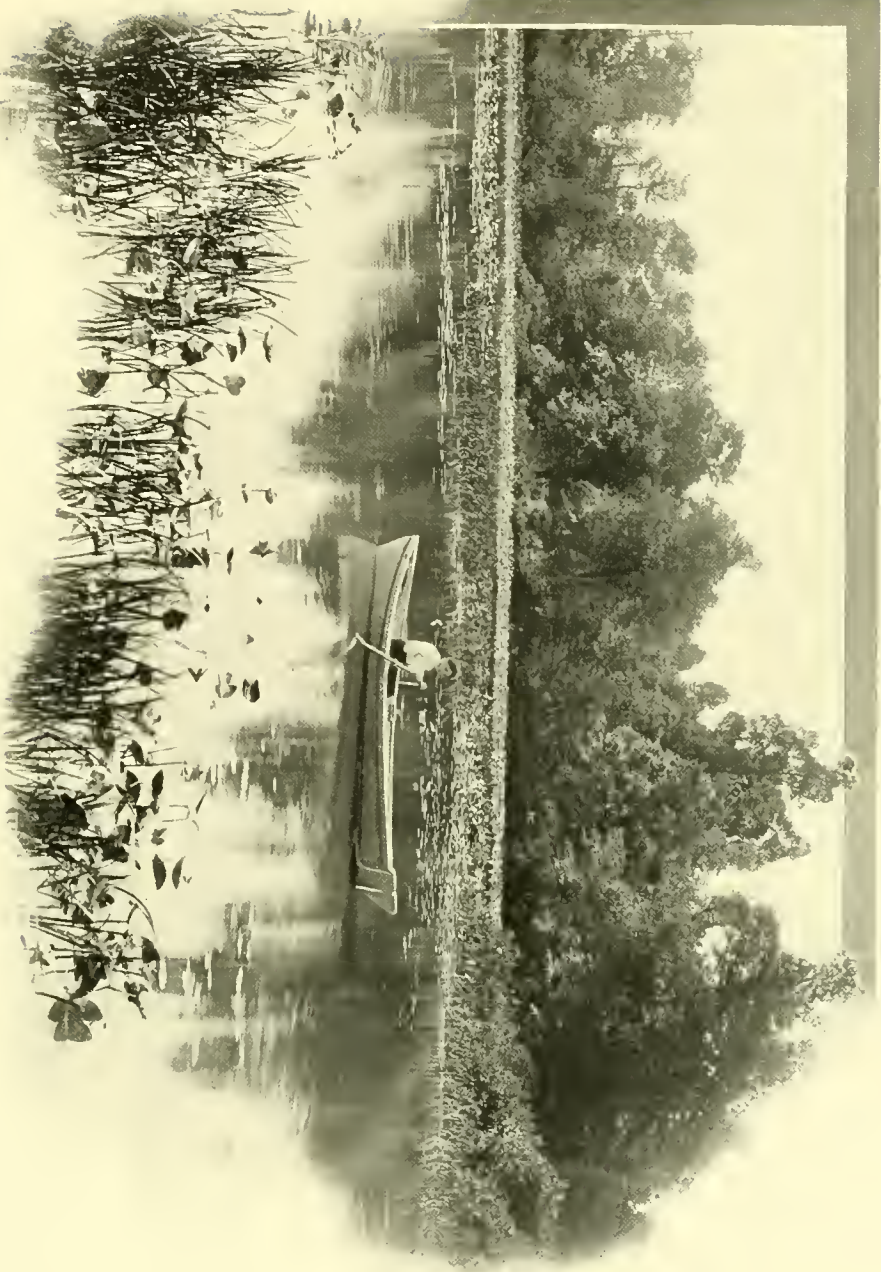
The road from the railroad station to the bungalow on the south side of the dam is rough and stony, but compensation is found in the walk to the landing, which is edged with flowers.

Once at the landing it is the work of a minute to unlock the boat, take to the water, and then—freedom.

In withdrawing from the bank I feel a joy strangely akin to that experienced by Rousseau on the lake of Bienne, "a secret congratulation of my being out of the reach of the wicked"; perchance, a deeper joy than his, for Rousseau was never District Attorney. Like him, I relish the experience that comes from letting the boat float "at the mercy of wind and water, abandoning myself to reveries without object and none the least agreeable for their stupidity."



After a little rest, I take up the oars and row through a sluice-gate on a line with the broken dam breast of what was once Beaver Dam.



"SLEEPY WATERS BEGIRT WITH LILIES." Page 51.

When did it acquire its name? I can not tell you, any more than I can tell you when the last amphibious quadruped of the genus *Castor* gave these banks a parting slap with its trowel-like tail. Such questions are not answered in the dust-covered records of our county.

Beaver Dam! At last we have met. Often have I marked the roads that led to your retreat, often have I wondered what you looked like, and now, after a long walk I see you more beautiful than my dreams.

And yet, candidly, when I was climbing the Barren Hill (for I came by the back road) I sat down among the ferns along the road-side, and longed, not so much for you, as for roads such as Rabelais saw in his Island of Odes; "roads that travel like animated beings, where those who travel them, ask, 'where does the road go to?' and then hoisting themselves on the proper road without being otherwise troubled or fatigued, they find themselves at their place of destination."

From the breast of Beaver Dam to the ice-houses is a half mile. For me, both "breast" and "dam" are here, notwithstanding the insistence of some pedants that there is no dam except the breast. Doubtless one could very properly call the pond in front of me "a lily-sheeted lake," but such wordy disputes I leave for those who relish them. I throw my Trench aside when I start for the Brandywine. To look at this long stretch of sleepy water begirt with lilies, to watch the bass leap up in play, to mark the sun-kissed spots along its banks and the pictures on its glassy surface is quite enough to make one lose all care for nicety of words.

Among the lilies—just beyond the sluice-gate—I see the fair face of a youthful friend. A faithful bull dog swims in circles near her boat, and follows it from cape to cape, occasionally scampering along the bank, but usually swimming with a strong, sure stroke, close to its mistress's oar.

Up the stream we go, surprising the frogs that look at us with blinking eyes ; surprising the snakes that rapidly uncoil themselves and take a sudden, graceful dip beneath the brush whereon they lay ; surprising a lone fisherman in his secret haunts, who grunts his disapproval of our interference with his piscatory rights, careless ourselves of hidden rocks or submerged stumps, charmed with the beauty of the scene.

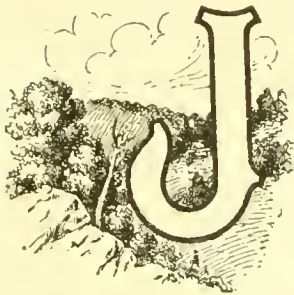
A rippling burst of laughter near a turn discloses three small children in a little row-boat, splashing the water with their feet ; another turn reveals a house-boat left by Reading fishermen, while just beyond it at a sharper bend, a flowering island divides the stream. Here I insist upon my friend alighting till my camera snaps.

Then, on we go, still further up, by patches that remind one of the South, the stream full to the brink, with banks reduced to lines, and here and there great trunks of trees across the water, leaving scanty passage-room for boats ; but on ! with energy we push the boats around or through the branches, when lo ! a little road bridge ! we have reached the end.

A STUDY IN GEOGRAPHY.

"From such quaint themes he turns at last, aside
To new philosophies that still are green,
And shows what railroads have been tracked."

Hood—The Irish Schoolmaster.



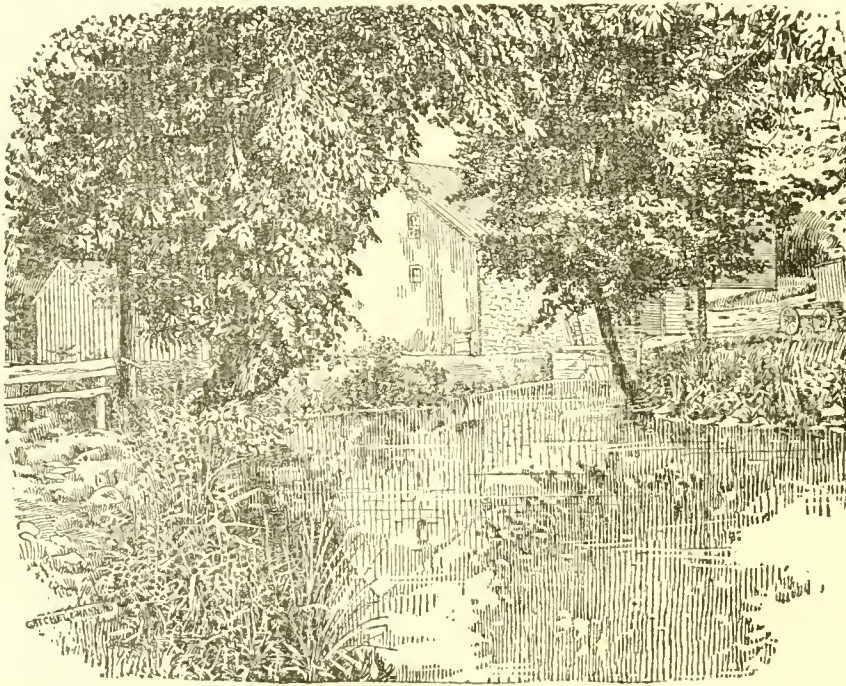
ABBLING through a "gap" in the Barren Hill, as the inhabitants of West Caln would say, or at the "end" of the Barren Hill, as the farmers of West Brandywine would put it, comes our stream, recklessly plunging along until it finds another imprisonment in Hatfield's Dam.

Before the Reading Railroad Company established a freight yard at Brandamore, the gap could be seen for miles. From wooded curve to curve there hung a veil of blue, a blue that somehow differed from the blue of either sky or sea, receding as you approached, until it touched the tips of the Welsh Mountains that mark the northern limits of Chester County and hide the county of Berks.

To-day the beauty of the "gap" has almost vanished, or rightly stated, is seldom visible; great clouds of smoke weave

sombre webs across the opening between the hills, and coming closer one sees naught but freight and dirty engines.

Who seeks for sylphs and dryads here will seek in vain ; a careful search for cool retreats, however, will show at least one not far off. In a clump of trees, a little below the dam breast, an opportunity is offered to stretch one's self, and incidentally to watch five streamlets racing through the rocks. Five prisoners do they seem to me escaping from confinement. Two of them find easy passage ; two others, fret and fume and strike with foaming rage each rock and root they meet with in their courses ; the last, moves far less quickly, but more cautiously ; by many a twist and turn freedom is sought for, until at length, through tangled underbrush, a break is made into the open, when all unite and journey southward.



The race bank opposite me leads to a mill. I follow it and

seating myself under an overhanging chestnut, mentally open up my township maps.

North of the Barren Hill lies Honeybrook—originally Nantmel; south of the Barren Hill lie West Caln and a portion of West Brandywine, originally Caln.

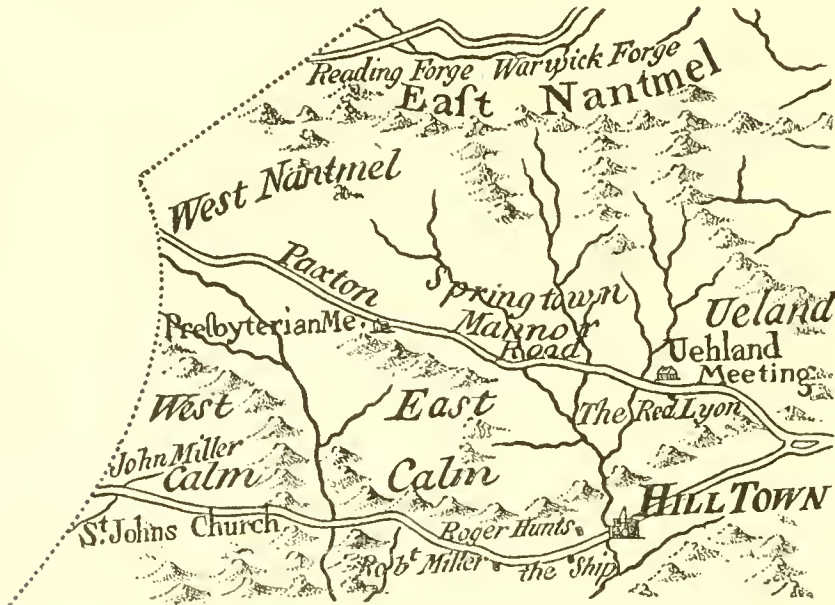
Nantmel was named by the Welsh, Caln by the English, who partially rebuilt along her numerous streams the mills of Wiltshire. In the Revolutionary War, when Carmichael—the friend of Washington—was collecting linen for the patriots at Valley Forge, bitter complaint was made by him of a mill owner of Caln, who refused to grind so much as a bushel of corn for their relief.

Caln was too large for a single township, and in 1728, the settlers sought to divide it.

“It was never Yet Bounded,” said they, “but on the East side joining Whiteland Town; . . . extends in length above fourteen miles and in breadth near fourteen miles. That the furthest settlers back from the Great Road leading to Philadelphia living so remote from the said Road seldom have notice to come down to repair it, which often wants by reason its so abused and cut with the Dutch Wagons which daily pass and repass along the said Road.” For the “ease of the township” they humbly desired that its bounds might begin “at the land of Whiteland on the south side of the said Town of Caln and so extend from the said line westerly along the Valley Mountains *to the West Branch of Brandywine Creek then up the said Branch* northerly to the plantation of Joseph Darlington then Easterly along the Mountains Between ye plantation of Thomas Eldredg and the Indian Town to David Roberts, then to the Bounds of Uwchland.”

For the western part of the township the petitioners suggested the name of Caln Grove (Spefforth is written in the margin and Caln Grove is crossed out), but the Court very properly

disregarded the suggestion and looking upon the Brandywine as the natural dividing line, named it West Caln.

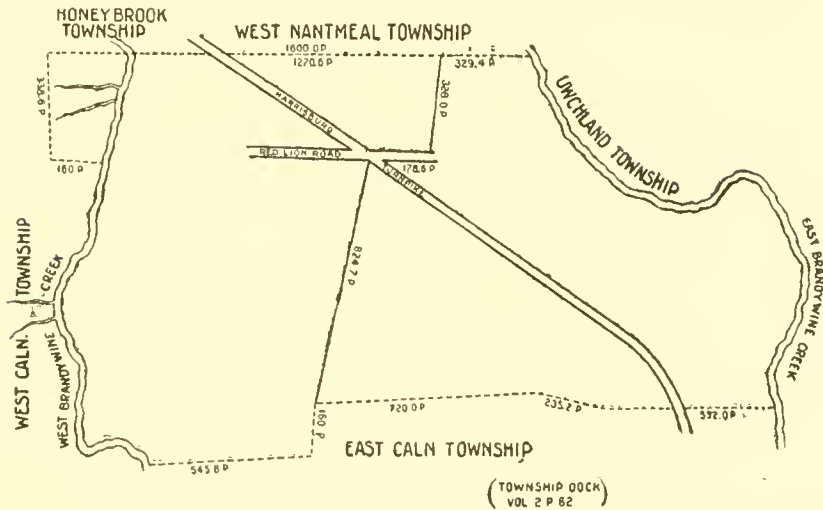


After the division had been made, East Caln held its own for more than half a century, its first reduction occurring in 1790, by the erection of Brandywine Township from its northern part. In 1853, its territory suffered further diminution by the formation of Valley Township on the west, then followed the incorporation of Downingtown on the Eastern Brandywine in 1859, and the creation of Caln Township in 1868, which reduced the eastern division of the original tract to such small proportions that one has to seek for it diligently to find it, and having found it on the east side of the East Branch, can only fittingly express his feelings in Byron's exclamation over Greece :

" Shades of the mighty, can it be
That this is all remains of thee? "

Brandywine Township maintained its dimensions for half a century, and then in its turn was divided by a line running north and south.

This division took place in 1844, each part adopting the name of the Branch on which it bordered.



In 1853, West Brandywine contributed a little to the making of Valley Township. In 1859, it borrowed a fraction from East Brandywine, and one year later materially increased its size by taking the western part of Wallace and the south-east corner of Honeybrook, including the Presbyterian Church of Brandywine Manor.

With the exception of a narrow strip on the south the township of West Caln remains to-day as it was originally created. In comparing it with other townships, Futhey says it is "more hilly." This is an exceedingly mild topographical statement, it is mountainous. As far back as 1743, its inhabitants complained of being "situate on the backside of a mountain . . . Very Difficult to be Crost with Loadened Waggons or Carts," and having no convenient highways, prayed the Court to grant them "the benefits of a road . . . across the aforesaid Mountains."

BRANDYWINE MANOR CHURCH.

“What is a church? Let Truth and Reason speak,
They would reply, ‘The faithful, pure and meek;
From Christian folds the one selected race,
Of all professions and in every place.’

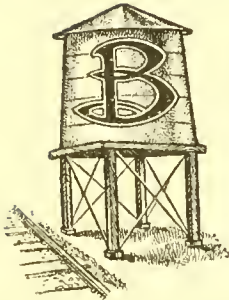
* * * *

“What is a church?” Our honest sexton tells,
’Tis a tall building with a tower and bells.

* * * *

“’Tis to the church I call thee, and that place
Where slept our fathers when they’d run their race.”

Crabbe—The Church.

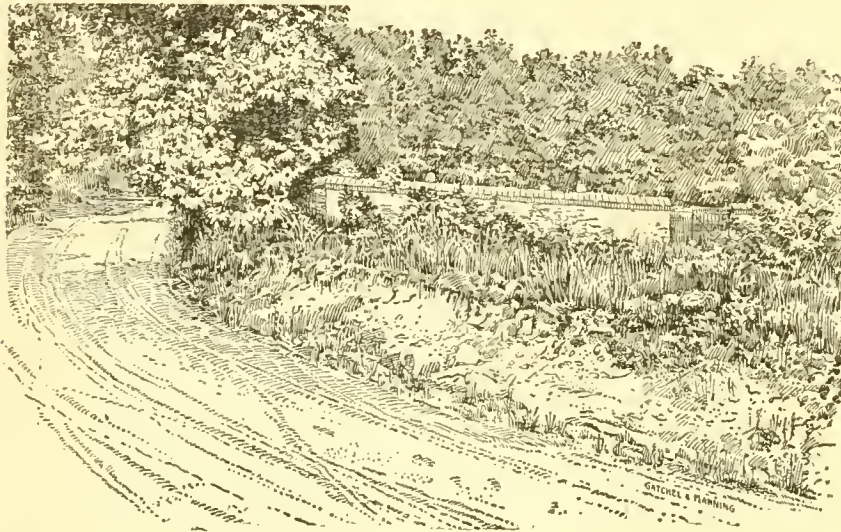


RANDAMORE suggests Brandywine Manor and the trip is worth the taking. You turn to the left at the Wagontown Road and to the right at a little graveyard near the top of the next hill. No! I am mistaken. Unless devoid of sentiment and curiosity, you do not turn to the right—at least not immediately. You stop and inquire of a laborer in an adjoining field, or in some other way acquaint yourself with this Seceders’ Cemetery, this memorial of Gillatly and Arnott, containing inside its four walls about an eighth of an acre, and kept in repair by the descendants of those who obtained the site. The oldest stone that meets your eye is dated 1763, the newest, 1880. The donor of this piece of land was one John Gilleland, and somewhere in it, lies the body of his only son, who was murdered by Hessian marauders shortly after the Battle of Brandy-



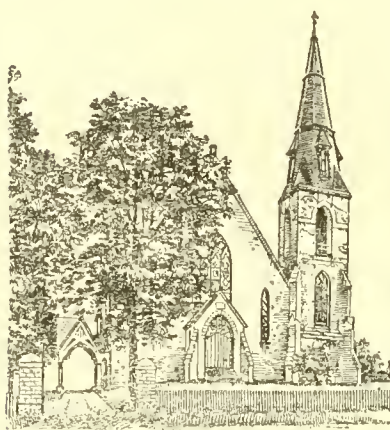
"THE CONFLUENCE." Page 39.

wine. I brush the weeds and briars aside and seek to find his resting-place. Alas! no lettered stone reveals it, his is an unmarked grave, tradition alone preserves his memory.



A quarter of a mile or so from Seceders' Cemetery, on one of the highest points of land in West Brandywine Township, overlooking the surrounding country for miles in all directions save westerly, sits Brandywine Manor Church, ecclesiastically known as the Forks of Brandywine. Seek not to discover the actual forks in the landscape before you ; to find them, you must travel fifteen miles southeastwardly across the rough and scraggy Valley Hills to the far-off Lenape Meadows. Standing in this church-yard vainly striving to discern somewhere in the neighboring valleys, the union of the Eastern and the Western Brandywine, one realizes the elasticity of the ecclesiastical language of the Eighteenth Century, which made "the forks" include the territory between the headwaters of the Brandywine in Honeybrook Township, and the confluence of its two main branches in East Bradford.

At Brandywine Manor, visitors are not infrequent. Some come to enjoy the varied and extensive views which the church's elevated sight affords; others, to wander and meditate among



her tombs; and a few, of whom I am one, to turn over a page or two of ecclesiastical history and glance at her meeting-houses and pastors.

The first name to present itself is Adam Boyd, a masculine character, pastor of the frontier churches of Octoraro and Pequea and preacher to the Presbyterian settlers of Northern Caln and Southwestern Nantmel.

In 1734, two years before the Paxtang Road was laid out, and a score of years before it was actually open and fit for use, the people of the Forks of Brandywine presented "a supplication" to the Presbytery of Donegal sitting at Octoraro, "for liberty to erect a meeting-house for him to preach in sometimes." The liberty asked for was granted and the meeting-house was built. In material and construction it was simplicity itself. McClune, who could find little authentic information regarding it—nothing but a few probable remains of its foundations and some "questionable collateral statements"—locates it in the Upper Grave-yard. A small building "about forty by twenty-five feet," he figures it, "fronting the south, made of unhewn logs, ridged and notched at the corners and let into a king-post at the middle of each side. It was low, dimly lighted, unplastered, and without any means of obtaining heat. Logs cleft in two and smoothed on one side served as seats, and the pulpit was little more than a rough, elevated table."

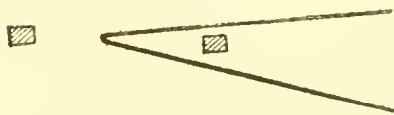
Adam Boyd

Two years later, when Samuel Black was installed at a salary of fifty-five pounds, or one hundred forty-six and two-thirds dollars, the church membership was still small, necessarily small, for this section of Chester County was not closely settled. "The Commissioners who laid out the Paxtang Road," observes McClune, "make no mention of farms or buildings of any kind except the Presbyterian Meeting-House, in the entire distance from the Welsh Mountains, or Lancaster County line, to several miles east of this place. Indeed, even so late as the Revolutionary War, roads were little better than bridle-paths through the forest."

In looking over the Road Docket of 1763, I find John Carmichael, at that time pastor of the Manor Church, complaining, with others, of the inconvenience under which they have labored for want of even a "bridle Road between the Great and the little Connostogo Roads ending at the New Presbyterian Meeting-house on the little Connostogo."

The complainants might well say, "new meeting-house;" for between 1736 and 1763, two meeting-houses had been built. Hardly had Black settled in his pastorate until a difference of views began to manifest itself, not only in the Presbytery, but generally; a little later it developed into "the Great Schism;" then charges and counter-charges followed each other, culminating in the protest of 1741, when the majority of Black's parishioners withdrew, "the minority by amicable arrangement or determined resistance, keeping possession of the meeting-house and grounds."

The meeting-house of '44 was built just above the Lower Grave-yard, and like the first fronted south. McClune describes it as "a well constructed frame building, forty-five by thirty-five, one-story high, with a hipped roof and without a gallery."



In 1760, a union of the congregations took place, and the second meeting proved too small. A few years later it was used as a shed for horses, saddles and umbrellas—an adjunct to the Manor Meeting-house which was commenced in 1761, the misnomer, Brandywine Manor, given to the first post-office established within the boundaries of Springton Manor being applied to the church itself.

At the laying of its corner-stone, in accordance with well-established customs, a twenty-shilling note was handed, as a "Trinkgeld," to the masons employed in its erection. Stimulated by this and various other means, the building soon grew into a substantial and commodious House of Worship. To heat it, vessels of sheet-iron shaped like millhoppers, were placed in the aisles and filled with live coals. One evening in 1783, some live coals fell on the floor and started a fire; the sexton saw the flames, but believing in apparitions, let what was burning, burn.

Speedily, however, a second Manor Meeting-house with more modern conveniences, arose; a sounding-board being introduced for the preacher's ease, and some ten-plate stoves for the congregation's comfort. Among the prominent contributors to this building were Dr. Rush, Benjamin Franklin, Edward Shippen and David Rittenhouse. In 1760, the church extended a call to John Carmichael. This call recites some of the congregation's troubles, and is worthy of reproduction, but fear not, gentle reader, my space confines me to a few sentences:

"it Lys Near the Seat of the Synad—and has Been Ever Reputed one of the Most Healthy places as it is high Land and fule of good springs. It is a Compact Congregation & a few of Different Denominations Intermixed. . . .

"Even in the Midst of all these Distresses our Case was not soe peculiarly Dangerous as now by reason of the Ceceders Unwearied Industry to propigate their Scheme & Make a party

which in Some Measure they have Effected and some has said that if we Cannot obtain your Settlement Necessity wile oblidge them to Joyne the Ceceders & if this is the Case Brandywine has done and we May only sit Down & Lament over the Ruins of the Congregation & seeing the house of God turned to a Draught-house & our Children left to Rove a Number of Meer Sceptics without any regard to God or Religion. A Dismel Reflection but likely to be the Case if Mr. Carmichael shuts his ear to the Crye Throw Brandywine off as a Vessale of Destruction, . . .

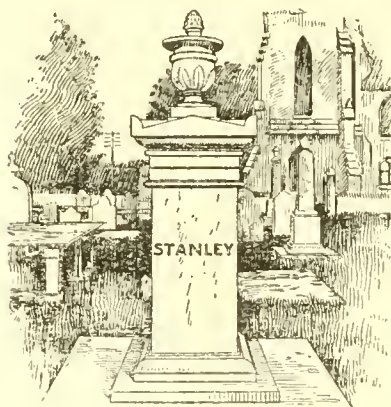
“Now Dr Sr we Unitedly Renew our Application to you in the Language of Ruth to Naomi, Intreat us not to Leave you nor from following after you.”

But I must close these old records. “Do you find them faded and musty?” inquires one. Faded, but not musty, fragrant rather; fragrant with memories of Dean and Carmichael and Grier, men who were anxious to illustrate the Gospel of the Glory of God. Such virtues as John Carmichael possessed, such energy and faithfulness, such wisdom and tact, such absolute adoption of the Eleventh Commandment as the cardinal rule of his life, would be sufficient to sweeten and illumine any page of ecclesiastical history, sufficient to redeem our poor human nature from a thousand sarcasms and satirical moralizings. Caln and Nantmel, at least, can never forget him; their hills and valleys were “the witnesses of his ardent devotion when living, and still retain his memory with unshaken fidelity.” Were the sainted Stanley living, I am sure he would pardon my application of two lines of his eulogy on Rutherford, for his generous and appreciative spirit could not fail to recognize in Carmichael a magnificent copy of the pastor of Answorth.

John Carmichael

During the closing days of Dr. J. N. C. Grier's pastorate

which extended over half a century, Judge Futhey and Wilmer W. Thomson visited Brandywine Manor Grave-yard to inspect



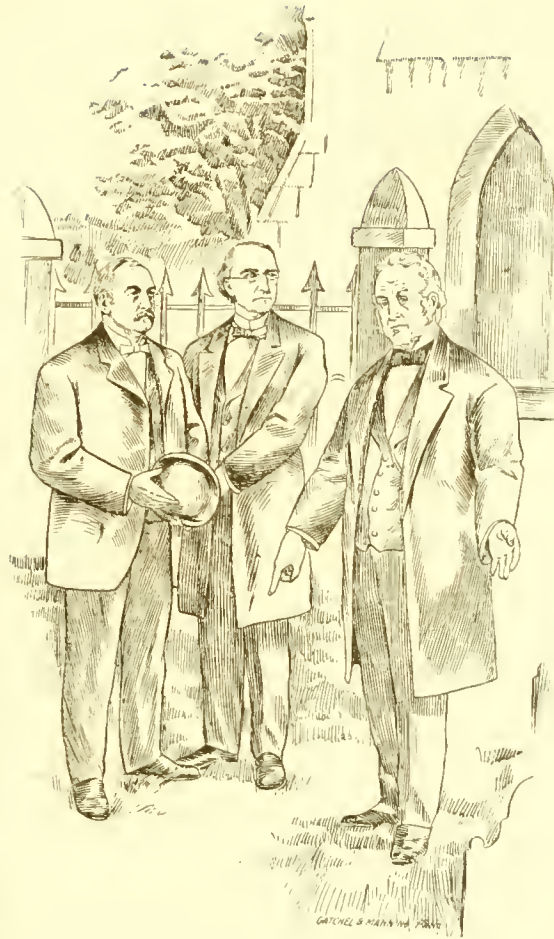
its monuments. As they started to leave, they noticed the venerable Doctor in the doorway of the church wrapped in thought. When they advanced he heard them and hastened toward the cemetery gate to meet them.

“Doctor,” observed Thomson, interrogatively, “you knew many of those who rest here?”

Clasping the hand of his questioner in one of his own, he hesitated for a moment, overcome with emotion, and then, slowly raising his right hand and stretching it out as far as he could, replied with great solemnity,

“I baptized them, married them and buried them.”

Above the Seceders' Cemetery, on a westward line from the Church, is a mass of rock half-hidden by some trees. From the top of this rocky eminence it is said seven churches can be seen. To the northeast, in the valley of the Eastern Brandywine lies Glen Moore. Fairview rises on the hill beyond. Following the Turnpike westwardly for six miles, as it stretches toward the Welsh Mountains, the churches of Honeybrook Borough are visible, while southwardly three miles or more, on the eastern side of the Western Brandywine, stands Hibernia. I have never verified this statement, but I have strolled along a narrow by-road that runs into the woods north of the cemetery, where members of the Manor Congregation tell me, Dr. Grier was often seen walking to and fro on Sunday mornings, rehearsing his sermon for the day, and arranging his “fifthlys” and “sixthlys.”



I BAPTIZED THEM, MARRIED THEM AND
BURIED THEM.

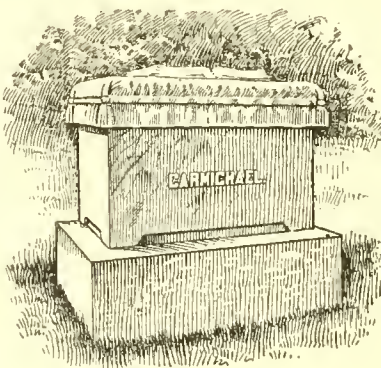
Brandywine Manor Church well illustrates the remark of McClune :

“The Presbyterians indicated the locality of their first Meeting-Houses and the religious associations connected with them, by giving them the names of the nearest known natural objects, as streams, valleys, levels. Thus Great Valley, Neshaminy, Deep Run, Head of Christiana, Octoraro, Doe Run, Chestnut Level, and Forks of Brandywine, or in the quaint style and orthography of Adam Boyd, ‘the Fforks.’”

The Friends, rejecting the Indian names as savoring of heathenism, called their houses of public worship after the township in which they were placed, as Birmingham, Goshen, Uwchlan, Nantmeal and Caln. That they did so is a matter of regret, as it has caused the original names of nearly all the streams in Chester County to be forgotten. In Lancaster, Berks, and other counties, a majority of the water-courses retain, with some modification, the names they received from the Aborigines, but in Chester County two streams only, the Pocopson and Octoraro, perpetuate the remembrance of the most friendly and unwarlike of the Indian tribes.”

Could Time but be persuaded to roll the years backward, how interesting to see—if only for a moment—some of the old parishioners who were wont to attend this place ; the genial physician in his two-wheeled gig ; the blushing bride dismounting on an “upping-block” under a shade tree near the entrance, and tarrying for an instant to adjust her hair by the aid of a bucket of water as a looking-glass ; the creditors of a bankrupt, forgetful of the beatitude of the merciful, seizing and selling the very pew of their unfortunate debtor ; interesting would it be even to hear the boisterous teamsters from Pittsburg, on their heavy wagons, maddened by the arrest of one of their number, timing themselves so as to pass the church exactly at the service hour. Time, however, refuses—obstinately refuses—

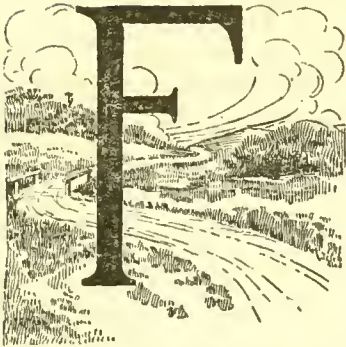
to grant my request, but memory recalls for me a Sabbath morning under these trees while this church was going up, and presents to my eye a restless boy on a rickety bench, listening with rapt attention to John Thompson, as he preaches from an improvised pulpit his famous sermon on "Heaven." It is a circuitous route to the Celestial City by the District Attorney's Office, but perchance, perchance, *Deo Volente*, I shall meet him again.



ON TO HIBERNIA.

"I am not one of those
So dead to all things in this visible world,
So wondrously profound—as to move on
In the sweet light of heaven, like him of old
(His name is justly in the Calendar)
Who through the day pursued this pleasant path
That winds beside the mirror of all beauty,
And when at eve his fellow-pilgrims sate,
Discoursing of the lake, ask'd where it was."

Rogers—Italy.



FROM Seceders' Cemetery to Hibernia Church, the public road parallels the Brandywine at a distance of a quarter of a mile or so and is intersected at three points: near Lafayette School-house, a stone's throw below the property once occupied by Dr. Grier; on the slope, south of Albin Reed's; and again

at Little Paoli, a half mile further on.

The first of these intersecting roads winds down a stony hill, over rough brakes, crosses the Wilmington and Northern Railroad and leads to a ford. On the further end of a log that serves as a foot-bridge, I notice a ragged urchin of six summers trying to measure the distance between his foot and the water. Upon discovering me he quickly draws up his legs and scampers off. Later on, reinforced by two girls older than himself, he slowly ventures down the road, with all the curiosity of childhood, to watch "the stranger." Stranger? ah, child! I am no

stranger here. Each feature of this country has lurking memories, whose tendrils clutch my heart. A quarter of a century before you were born I made this ford my stopping-place on



every Sunday trip to Brandywine Manor Church. Like you, I sat and calculated distances—not perpendicular, but horizontal ones—and sometimes, when the sun was streaming down the railroad tracks, a youthful pilgrim found himself delayed upon enchanted ground, persuaded that this stream made sweeter music than the Manor Choir.

At the next bridge, on the public road below Reed's, a little girl in overalls has left her mud pies, and leans over the guard-rail intently watching the fish play hide and seek in the shadows. She sees me coming and grasps the rail more tightly, then wipes her cheek on her shoulder, throws back her tangled hair, opens her big blue eyes, and smiles so sweetly that at once I think of Hawthorne's "sunbeams struggling through a dirty window pane."



" SHE SEES ME COMING," Page 48

Full thirty years ago, and yet it seems but yesterday I stood beside this very bridge and waited for the evening train to drop my weekly portion of Fargeon's "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," neatly wrapped in Harpers. Spot of my youth, what memories call from every bush and nook! From yon high rock how often have I seen the angry Brandywine rise furiously and spread itself until the meadow-land was one wide water-field. To boyish eyes, the leafless trees were masts of ships, and logs swept down from some decaying bridge were great sea monsters which one could see far off, and when the raging current brought them—as it sometimes did—close to my standing place, out went the iron hook and rope to catch them—they were whales and I a whaler. Nor did I share these sports alone, for there were others, but

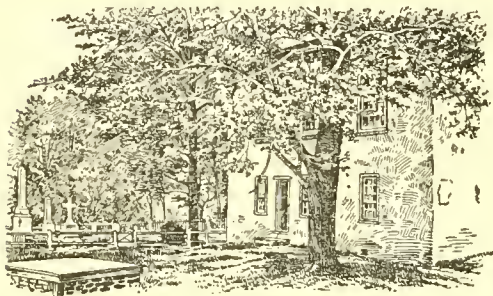
"they all are gone

Into the land of shadows—all save one."

The stones that marked the harbor of the old flat-bottomed boat have disappeared, but even now I hear the rattling of the chains that bound my "Nancy" to the willow, and grasp again for her deliverance two chestnut oars made out of splintered fence rails. As night comes on, I see the gig-lamps moving here and there among the alder bushes like giant fire-flies, until some splash or outcry breaks the spell—betrays the carriers.

A peaceful life it was, with restful Sundays and some sacred hours. Beneath a chestnut tree on yonder hill, I read the solemn words of Baxter's "Call," and felt the overpowering presence of the Eternal Judge. Saintly old Baxter, how unfashionable you have become. In these feverish days, for the most part your "call" falls on ears that are "deaf to a' things but the chink o' the siller." Many have grown so wise with the wisdom of Spencer that they have ceased to wonder—almost ceased to feel, save when they hear some Hjerrild saying to his dying friend, "Let us be honest, we may be whatever we like to call it, but we can never get God quite out of Heaven."

The road that passes Cedar Knoll climbs the hill eastward to Little Paoli, which consists at present of a house and a blacksmith shop. The house was formerly a tavern, but after its license was discontinued, it slowly developed into a store. In the summer of '75, when I first made its acquaintance, Enoch Worral was storekeeper. Calico and mint candy were its staples, and with each purchase a bit of advice was thrown in. Enoch was a versatile man—a capital story teller, a keen debater, a small philosopher, and above all, a staunch Presbyterian. No one ever had occasion to ask who kept the store, for its proprietor could always be seen walking up and down the road in front of it munching candy, thus serving the double purpose of



advertising his goods and preventing torpidity of the liver, of which he lived in constant dread.

The cross-road at Little Paoli leads straight to Hibernia Church. This church was built by Methodists about 1850; as long

as the rolling mills on the Brandywine were going, it was well attended. The building is severely plain, with seats as straight and rigid as any Orthodox Quaker could ask for. Of its pastors the best was Townsend, whose sermons were neither long nor learned, but loud and hortatory. The congregation waited in the church-yard until they heard his carriage strike the stony road at Little Paoli, after which, if the wind was not contrary, his voice—unmusical, but praiseful—was distinctly borne to them. He timed his melody so as to strike the chorus at the blacksmith shop near the church. In muddy roads he sang $\frac{2}{2}$, when roads were good, $\frac{2}{8}$.

Townsend had no doubts; for him the Bible was an inspired



"I SHARE THE FEELINGS OF ITS PRESENT OWNERS." Page 51.

book, Jesus Christ a Saviour of the lost, and Heaven a home. He knew in whom he had believed, and his message was one of love and hope and rest :

“ In simple faith like those who heard
Beside the Syrian sea
The gentle calling of the Lord,”

he lived and labored and died.

From the church yard you look out upon the hills beyond the Brandywine. Formerly a public road led down to the stream, but it has long been vacated. In the days when Hibernia Forge lighted up the country-side throngs of working men and women tramped up this road to worship. Hibernia Church was then known far and wide ; her “Special Services” were always crowded, and her “Harvest Homes” were magnets that drew all the neighborhood together.

In 1799, Samuel Downing wrote “that at very considerable expense he had erected and nearly completed a Forge on the West Brandywine for the manufacturing of Pig into Bar Iron in West Caln Township known by the name of Hibernia Forge.”

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Sam. Downing". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "S" and a long, sweeping underline.

Downing’s sentence is a little twisted ; so is the stream that runs through the property once owned by him, so is the railroad that accompanies it. As for Hibernia, it no longer stands for forges and fighting Irishmen, but for a picturesque bit of country through which passenger trains go whizzing without a stop—a country for anglers seeking sport, for lawyers courting isolation, in short, for every lover of nature who cares to see his mistress in her most attractive dress.

On account of its wild beauty, Hibernia possesses a peculiar fascination. I share the feelings of its present owner, Col. Franklin B. Swayne, who regards it as a veritable Eden.

"Eden" may be a little strong. "Fortunate" was the name of endearment applied to it in the Eighteenth Century before the forge was erected; "a tract called Fortunate," so ran the language of the conveyance to Samuel Downing. I know that there are those who say that "Fortunate" was the wording of the vendor, and that you never find it used after the fires were started, but envy can say anything.

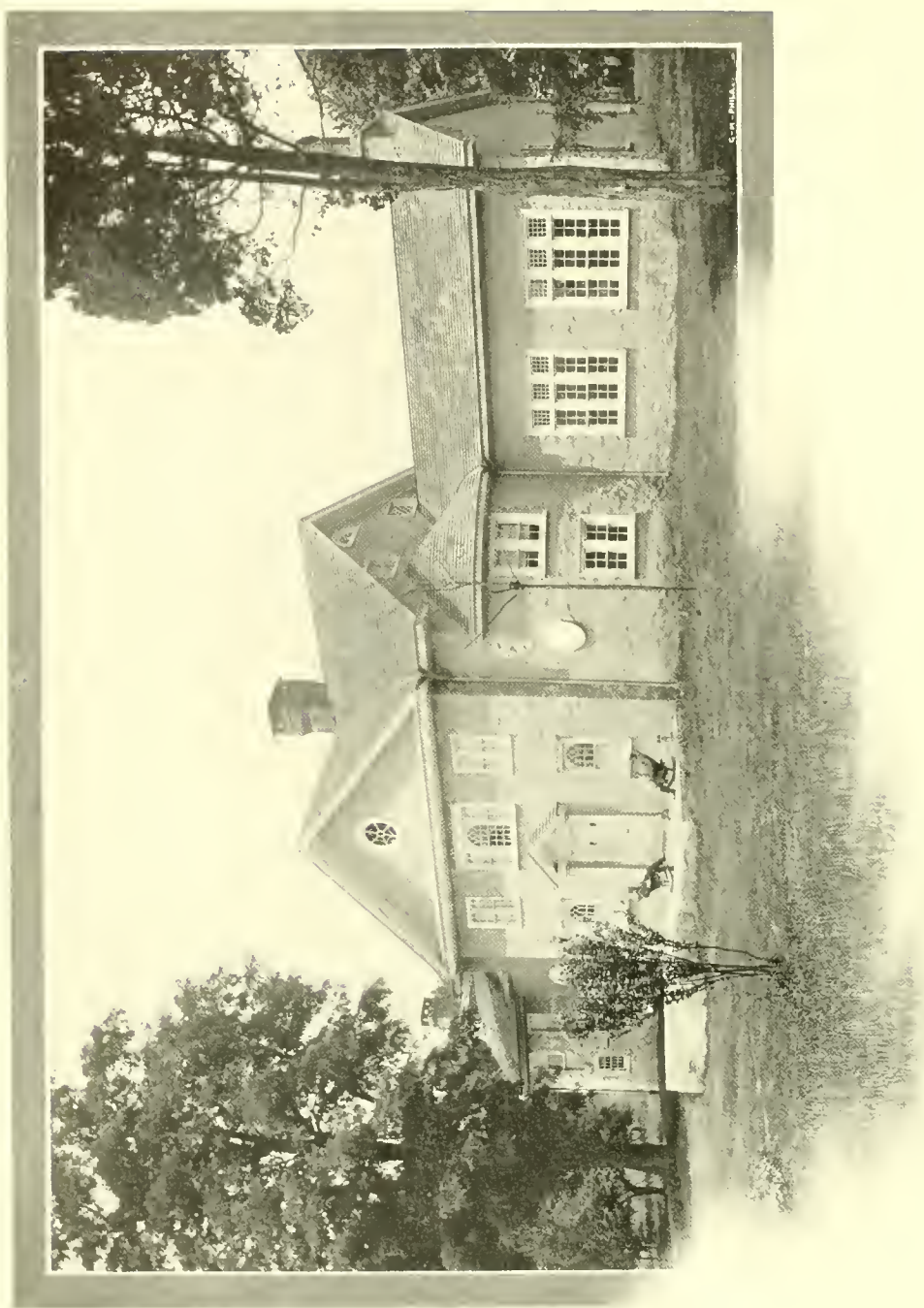
At the breast of the upper dam opposite the site of the old forge, I love to fling myself upon the sod and listen to the water as it goes dashing over the rocks. So often have I visited this place that even the little water snakes that lift their heads above the surface and cast their eyes about them, have ceased to view me with suspicion.

Along the lower dam the approach to the mansion house is a most romantic one. Graceful ferns, rugged rocks and arching trees, present themselves in ever varying combinations. "God made it," says the owner, and I echo the sentiment.

The mansion house sits on a hill to the right of the stream. When the Brookes owned the Forge, this house was the centre whence roads and paths radiated toward every point, making a kind of labyrinth. "Go out as you came in," remarked one in authority to a trespasser. "Faith, I know not how I got in," came the reply.

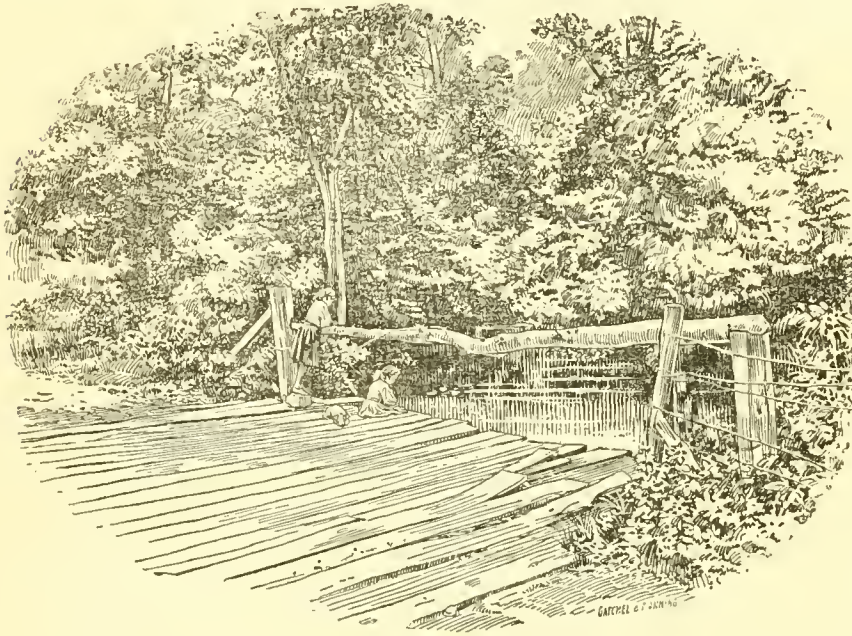
Since the occupancy of Colonel Swayne many of these roads have been abandoned, some of them formally vacated. One of the latter was almost as stony as the bed of the creek near which it lay, and yet, although the water used frequently to overflow and hide it altogether, so that utility might well commend the action of the jury, I doubt if all West Caln can show to-day a piece of public road quite so romantic as that which used to stretch along Birch Run.

Birch Run is a sportive little stream that empties into the dam on its western side, at a point where the road to the house



"THE MANSION HOUSE ON A HILL." Page 62.

begins to ascend. Everybody halts on the wooden bridge that spans the creek, to glance at its waters sparkling and flashing with bubbling music ; now, jumping over rocks, now, hiding under beech trees, dancing in the sunshine, eternally playing and prattling as if there were no serious business on earth, rejoicing



that the streamlet was born in West Caln, and joyfully bearing its contribution to the Brandywine.

Crossing the bridge, the road winds up the slope to the house, which recently has undergone material alterations. Its lawn still lacks some trees, all else appears complete. Its comfortable fire-places invite to contemplation, and sitting by them, one can dream the hours away most pleasantly. The present owner is a genial gentleman, fond of his dogs, his books and his home, with a little pardonable pride for his ancestral kindred who first took root in this locality.

In 1738, Francis Swain was the owner of two tracts of land containing about four hundred acres. These tracts were situated a little south of Hibernia, one of them embracing the site of the present village of Wagontown.

Francis Swain

Wagontown was then known as "Londonport-town," with "Popish Plains" not far off. On the east side of the Brandywine, but a little distance from Hatfield's Dam, was "Deer Park"—so the Penns called it, when they conveyed it to Andrew Culbertson, and one who wanders over it to-day will agree that it was rightly named.

Perhaps the best view of Hibernia in its entirety is that which one gets on the road from Little Paoli to the Church. One gets it, however, not by staying in the road, but by jumping over a fence or two and walking to a point where both dams are visible. Had West Caln nothing else to show but this poetical wilderness with these two sheets of sparkling water lying in the bosom of these mountains it would be glory enough for one township. The hills and valleys of this wildly wooded country rise and fall like the swell and drop of the sea. Beautiful as is this spot in the daytime, it is doubly so at night, when the floating moon conceals its deformities and touches every tree and rock and ripple with its mystic, shadowy half light. "Farewell, Hibernia!" I exclaim, as I leave it. "Farewell," reply two children in a boat, and as they say the word, I look once more at the lake and the lilies, and particularly at the old toppling stone wall on the further shore—the link that binds the present with the past—I shall never see it again.

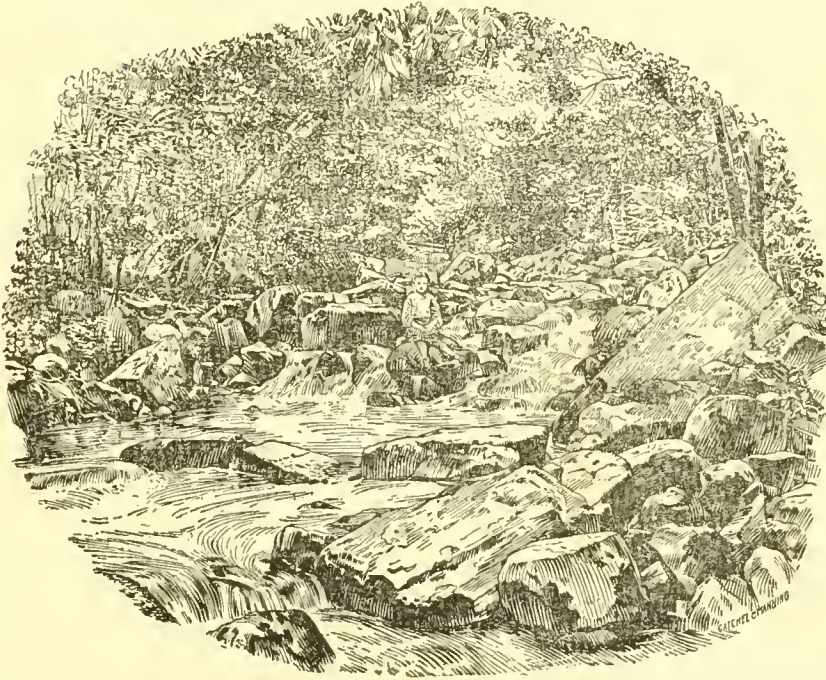
But I must haste toward Wagontown, quenching my thirst at the Railroad Spring—climbing the hill at the station and stopping at the summit for a moment to look back upon Hatfield's Dam and the Bridge, the next moment I turn and find myself on



"FAREWELL, HIBERNIA." Page 54.

the Lancaster Road, which leads eastward past Siousca. For many, unfamiliar with its history, this old road is nothing but a common country highway, hilly, stony and uninteresting. For me, however,

“the old road blossoms with romance,
Of covered vehicles of every grade ;
From ox-cart of most primitive design,
To Conestoga wagons, with their fine
Deep-dusted, six-horse teams in heavy gear,
High hames and chiming bells—to childish ear
And eye entrancing as the glittering train
Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain.”



BRANDYWINE INN.

“At the bridge,
The horses sudden tramp the sounding planks;
Where passes oft the Conestoga team,
Ringing its own announcement of approach,
With shoulder shaken bells—a monster wain,
Slow, rumbling, and which oft in winter sends
The shrilly creak from frosty wheels afar.”

T. Buchanan Read—The New Pastoral.

“The whole world being a large and noisy Inn, and he, a
wayfarer tarrying in it as short a time as possible.”

*Bishop Leighton—Stanley's History of the Church
of Scotland.*



OWN in a hollow across the stream from
Siousca, looking out upon Pennock's
Dam, is, or rather, *was* Brandywine
Inn, for its career as a public house is
ended.

The last effort in its behalf was made
in 1890. Besides the common argument
of necessity, various historical and sen-
timental considerations were urged upon
the Court; it was located on a Provincial Road, boasted the
name of a romantic stream, and incidentally suggested three
varieties of drink. But the Court was neither convinced by ar-
gument nor moved by sentiment, and forced the inn to settle
down into a quiet country farm house. I have never examined

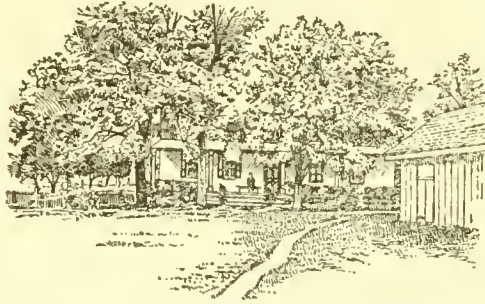


"BRANDYWINE INN." Page 95.

its cellar, never sat at its table, but if I wished to die in an inn, it is here I would pull off my "miry boots."

As I rest for a little while on the porch of this old hostelry, twilight induces thoughtfulness and thoughtfulness passes into reverie—a reverie that is broken by a childish voice exclaiming, "I hav'n't seen a wagon pass this evening."

"And I have seen a hundred," I reply. Yes, a hundred Conestoga wagons have successively left the Sign of the Wagon on the top of the hill west of the Brandywine, have lumbered down the road and forded the stream. I heard the sharp cracks of the drivers' whips, and their sharper curses, as the weary horses strained and tugged to pull their loads up the steep banks. I marked the wagons as they passed by me, every white top spotted with water and speckled with mud. I watched them slowly climb the eastern hill toward the Black Horse, and wind down the stony slope beyond the tavern, designated in the original survey as "east southerly." I saw them halting at the Ship, crossing the Brandywine at Downingtown, greeting other Conestoga wagons at the junction of the Lancaster with the Paxtang Road, and pushing on to the Delaware.

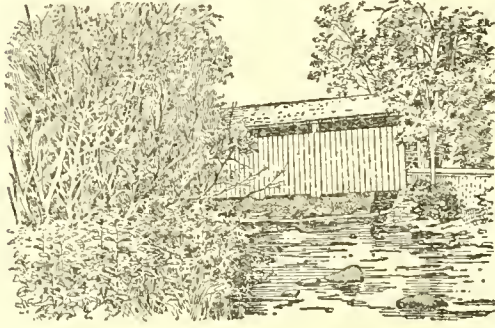


And borne along by fancy I followed the course of the stream as it slowly moved through the dark dam and joyfully leaped over its breast. I shouted my approval, as it played with the children on the rocky beach at Rock Run. I lost sight of it when it passed under the mighty arches of Coatesville Bridge, but caught it again entering Mortonville Dam, where it lingered long enough to gather energy for its anticipated plunge.

I watched it dashing up in spray as it swept past Indian

Rock—on through the rich meadows of Bradford, until it met its sister stream, and with the sweep of a river, flowed southward toward the Delaware.

To my strained eyes, the road, seemed like a succession of



hills—the stream, like a succession of turns. Life has both. With the deepening twilight, I find myself comparing and questioning: Am I a traveler on life's road, or a mere leaf on its stream? Memory points

out many a curve that I have rounded on a seemingly resistless current, but something within me insists that I am still a traveler—a traveler who declines to accept the tavern philosophy of Quarles—

“Our life is nothing but a winter's day,
Some only break their fast and so away,
Others stay dinner and depart full fed,
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed.”

I have enjoyed a long summer—I have not yet supped—I expect to climb many a hill, and when at last I go to bed, I hope to see the sun rise in the morning.

For the benefit of the historically inclined, who may think my poor weak fancy is disposed, now and then, to ignore the sober facts of history, I submit a petition, filed in 1770, which presents a picture of difficulties at this point that only those who have seen the Brandywine after a storm, can properly appreciate:

It was called “Little,” but it was found to be “hard to pass over,” and wagoners were “obliged to leave their wagons froze all night in said creek,” and “cutt them out” the next morning.

To the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, Commoners, and Officers of the County of Chester,
together with the Honorable the Justices of the Peace, of and for said County, whom
met at their Court of General Quarter Sessions of August term 1770

The Election of Divers of the representatives of the upper end of Peace
County and others

Most Humbly Sheweth

That landers in general as well as your Shuttlers
in particular have often found it very difficult and hard to pass over the weak branch of
Cromwell's Creek, where the great Shewen's road ending from Philadelphia to Lancaster
passes said Creek. That it is of a well known to many, and formerly felt by many, who have
had to stand many hours in said Creek waiting for in the several places of the water.
in order to pass with their baggage, and many of them obliged to leave their baggage
there all night in said Creek, some of them the same time loaded with silver and other
valuable goods, and therefore have them agreed upon of great day to put them out, there being
on part of the Disturbing Application that attend the young of said Creek of great of value,
which could be built with of great day, give is your Shuttlers well know that the sole power
of building bridges at said Creek, is by law granted in the Grand Jury Commoners and
Officers, of of County with the Approbation of the Justices of the Peace—Therefore &c.

The old inns of northwestern Chester County would make an entertaining story, but unfortunately, through a mistaken policy of the Commissioners, twenty years ago, all the papers relating to them were permitted to be taken away, and have since been divided up. From the little I have been able to glean,

their names were as varied as their locations. Many of them were borrowed from the animal kingdom, a few, like the "Sign of the Rainbow," were more or less romantic, while here and there a name, such as the "Sign of the Wild Cat," was strikingly suggestive of the entertainment furnished within.

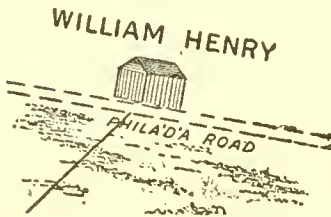
In one of the plots of Hibernia Forge, a road is mentioned as leading toward the "Red Horse." Black Horses were then common, so were White ones. Three miles east of the Brandywine, a "Black Horse" can still be seen, and this very Lancaster Road had a "White Horse" near its junction with the Paxtang Road, in Whiteland.

But where in Chester County would you expect to find "a red horse prancing on the sign"? To see even a sorrel, one must go to Delaware County. And yet, when you consider it, what perfect symbolism a red horse furnishes—at least to Biblical readers.

In 1787, grief was publicly expressed by the inhabitants of West Caln on account of the inconveniences experienced by them in reaching the "Red Horse."

"We find ourselves aggrieved," they say, "for the want of a public road to lead from the Wilmington Road to the Lancaster Great Road, which we find very inconvenient by obliging us to go about three or four miles, whereas if there was a road across we might at least go in a mile."

The language in the body of the petition was for the unsophisticated, the endorsement on the back disclosed its real significance: "Road from a White Oak Tree on the Wilmington Road to William Henry's Tavern." I never knew much of Henry's history, but I have felt more or less sympathy with him since the time I first discovered that Cornwallis stole his clothes.





"ABOVE THE OLD LANCASTER ROAD."

*West Caln according to orders
I advertised the Township of no return
Came in Except Wm Henry that Lost a
Chest of Clothes Taken by Lord Corn-
wallis valued at £15 which is willing to be
Qualified to* *Wm Davison* *apaper*

In Reading Howell's map of 1792, but one inn—the Red Lion, appears on the Paxtang Road between the Manor Meeting House and the county line, and on the Old Lancaster Road, between the Ship and the Compass, but one—the Waggon.

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, both these roads were lined with taverns. The little village of Wagontown had two—The Turk's Head (now McFarland's Store), and The Waggon (now Grubb's).

that well known tavern stand

SIGN OF THE "WAGGON."

On the old Lancaster road, 38 miles from Philadelphia and 25 from Lancaster, to-

On the Horse Shoe Pike, which, with some slight deviations, followed through Honeybrook the course of the Paxtang Road, the traveler had the widest latitude of choice.

On leaving the Manor Meeting first met the If the enter of this hos

THE RISING SUN TAVERN.

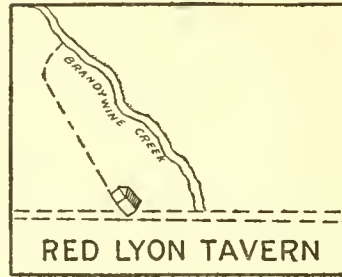
SITUATE in Honeybrook township, two, miles west of the manor, meeting house, on the Downingtown and Harrisburgh turnpike road, with 122

ing the Manor House, he Rising Sun. tainment ely was un-

satisfactory, it was but a short walk to the Eagle (at Rockville), or the Red Lyon (at Rocklyn), and if the potions there supplied

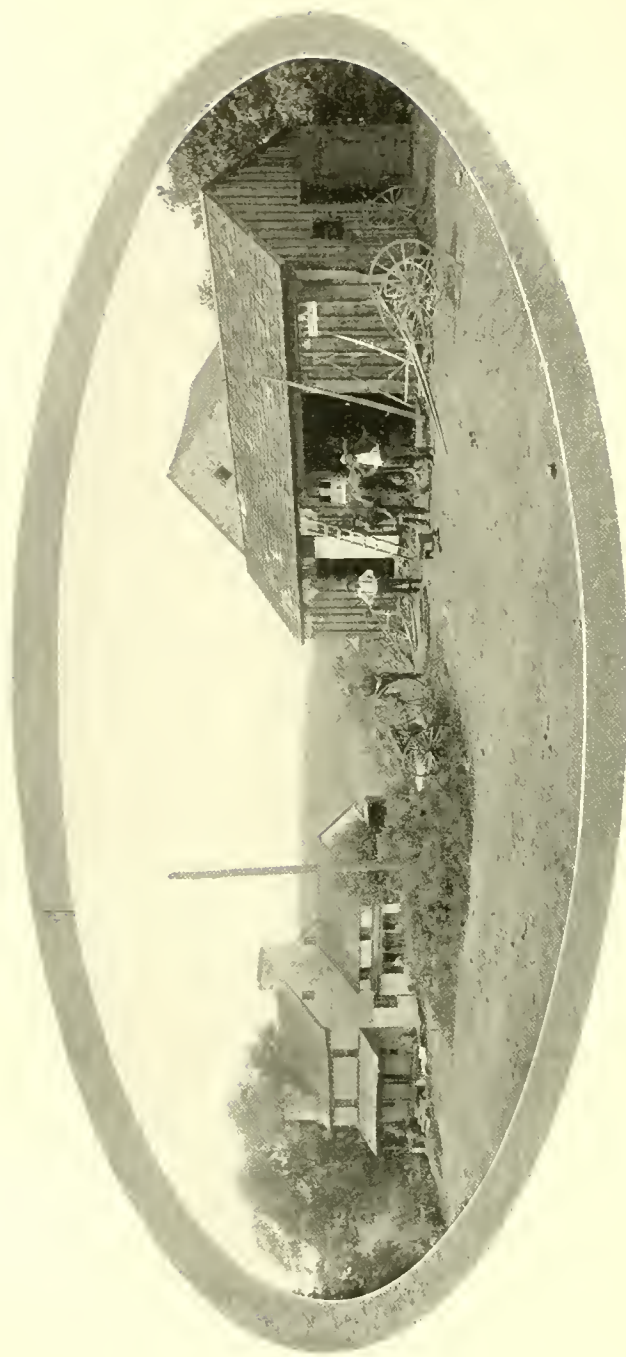
were not sufficiently strong and spicy, he could lose himself and his money at the Wild Cat.

During the second War with England, most of these taverns were recruiting points. At Sarah Hughes's tavern (Little Paoli), in Brandywine Township, the field company and staff officers of the Brandywine Regiment met, uniformed as far as

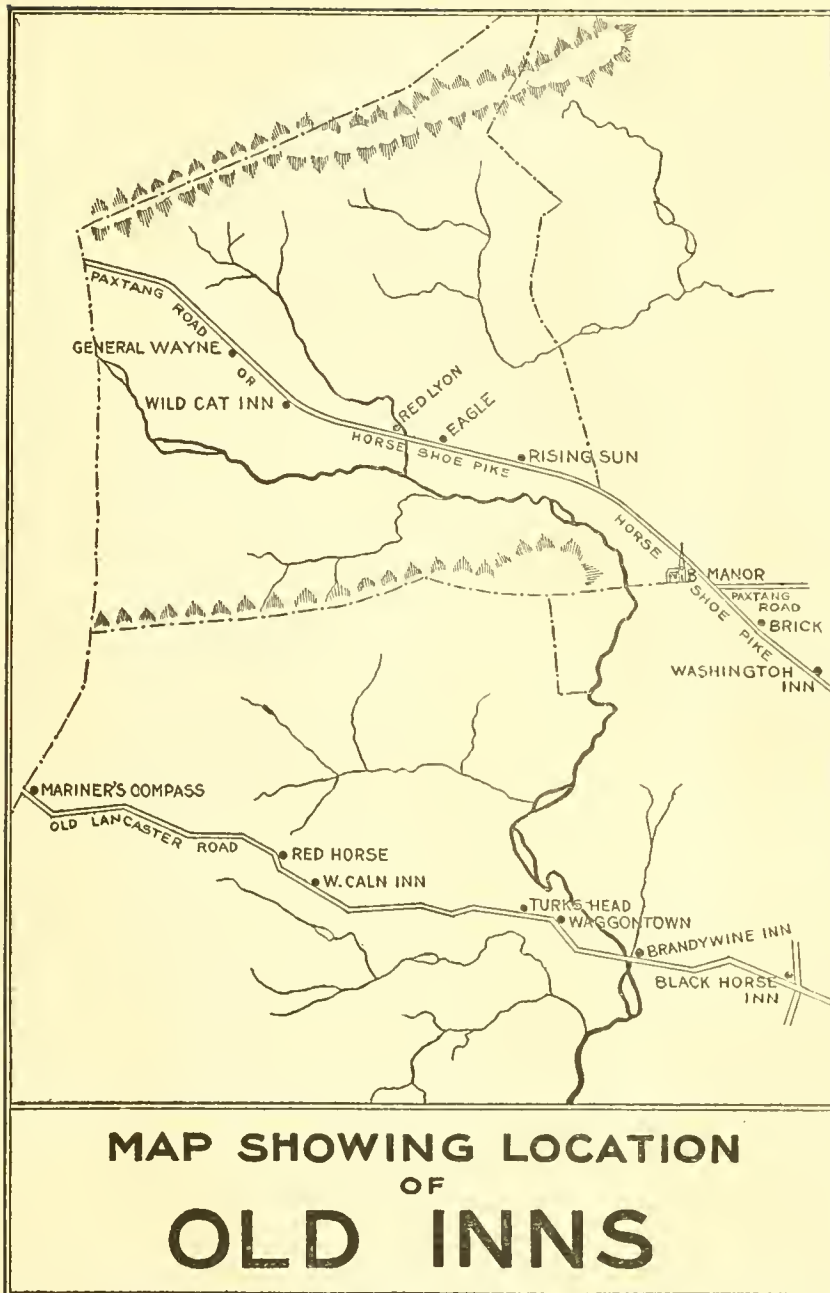


practicable, with side arms and firelocks, and continued there during the time of three whole and successive days, in order to be disciplined according to law.

About the same time, the gentlemen composing the Chester County Troop, and other gentlemen wishing to serve their country in the way of troopers, were invited to the Turk's Head at Wagontown, and the Mariner's Compass; while the Brick, not to be outdone, opened its doors to all persons who were disposed to join a new corps of artillery. Broad sword exercise was advertised "at John Gibson's Sign of the Eagle, on Monday, and on the next, at Whistler's Sign of General Wayne."



"LITTLE PAOLI." Page 62.



PENNOCK'S DAM AND OTHER DAMS.

“Over the wheel I, roaring, bound
All proudly,
And every spoke whirls swiftly round,
And loudly.
Since I have seen the miller's daughter,
With greater vigor flows the water.”

Goethe—The Youth and the Mill Stream.



WHAT is the largest body of water in Chester County?

Some years ago this question was not infrequently propounded to applicants for Teachers' Provisional Certificates. Those who had seen Pennock's Dam answered the question correctly—the remainder failed.

While the day of its supremacy is over (Icedale having eclipsed it, and several others equalled it), its past honors and present beauty forbid our ignoring it. On the tufted islands near its head the blue heron still lights, on the green banks of its western side tired laborers from the mills of Coatesville still find comfortable resting places.

The road along the dam was made for lovers. What sighs, what vows these trees have heard! This certainly is Love's vacation ground in summer! Vacation ground? No, I withdraw the words, for here he plies his arts assiduously, here shoots his arrows with most careful aim. And well he may, for the Revo-



"THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN PENNOCK'S DAM." Page 64.

lutionary Home of the Whig Association of the Unmarried Young Ladies of America can yet be seen a mile beyond these western hills. In 1778, they pledged their honor "never to give their hand in marriage to any gentleman, until he had first proved himself a patriot in promptly turning out when called to defend his country." Since wars have ceased, I have heard it said that the female descendants of the original members of this Association have shown a disposition to compromise on Candidates for County office. For the truth of this statement, however, I cannot vouch.



Half a mile from the breast of Pennock's Dam, down the railroad track, you come to Rock Run Beach. Many of the dwelling houses in Rock Run Village front on the public road leading to Coatesville, their yards sloping down to the stream. When the water is low that part of its bed which is uncovered, is enjoyed by the children of the neighborhood in common. I saw it once on a summer's afternoon when it looked like a bank of flowers. Upon drawing nearer my illusion was dispelled. What I had taken for flowers were fluttering garments that partially concealed the bodies of a lot of little bathers, who were rolling about, half naked, with all a child's delightful unconsciousness. Some of the children you see there are so small, you wonder the stream does not wash them away, others so dirty, you feel you are look-

ing at their first dip. How they enjoy it. Up to their ankles, up to their knees, up to their armpits, stumbling over the rough stones and slipping on the smooth ones, falling against each other and splashing and shouting in childish glee—a happy, rollicking scene is Rock Run Beach at bathing time. After the bath the bathers dry their suits upon their backs. Rock Run, which gives its name to the village, is the largest tributary of the Brandywine above Coatesville. Like Birch Run, it has its source in West Caln, and on its way used to turn a number of mills. To-day these mills, for the most part, are closed, and their dams are almost filled up. On the bridge that spans the Brandywine at Rock Run Village the most prosaic soul will stop instinctively to view the mountainous hills that rise on either side, with their break-neck slopes and masses of rock. The sinuous stream, the little cottages which the sun relieves of squalor and touches with gold, cottages that look as if they might have been washed down from the top—these, with groups of children at the water's edge reaching for flowers, and maidens exchanging confidences under the trees on the opposite side, make up part of a picture which once seen is rarely forgotten.



Strolling down the railroad to the breast of Worth's Dam, you halt again to face a beauty that you can neither adequately

sketch nor describe. How charming must this stream have been in all its virgin purity before its defilement by man. Beautiful by day, it seems a ministering angel at night, as it rushes down the valley to cool the flaming furnaces which stand with gaping mouths and fiery tongues under the Pennsylvania arches, that circling high above the stream, are lost in clouds and smoke.

The machine-shop past which carts are coming and going, and behind which boys are throwing their lines into the race, is a landmark. It was once a part of Fleming's old mill.

In 1744, there was surveyed and laid out to George Fleming, a tract of two hundred and thirty acres of land in West Caln, on the western part of which he shortly afterwards built "a water corn-mill or grist-mill."

While "as yet there were no roads to nor from said mill," he obtained a connection (on paper) with a road leading to Wilmington, but had great difficulty in getting the Supervisors of West Caln "to call the inhabitants of ye township to cutt and clear ye sd roads."

This was one of the earliest mills on the northern part of the Western Brandywine, the earliest being a saw mill on the Brandywine not far from the present Icedale Station. Some say the foundation stones of this mill, laid in 1740, can yet be seen.

In 1749, Francis Swain erected a saw mill on his plantation near Wagontown, and prayed for a road leading into the Great Road to Wilmington.

Some years later a road was laid out and used, which was known as "Swayne's Mill Road to Wilmington."

In conveying mill properties to-day we treat them with a disrespectful brevity, using any terms that occur to us, such as "messuage and tract of land," or "land and buildings thereon erected," leaving "tenements and hereditaments" to complete the description, but in the early days their owners sketched them

with much minuteness of detail, as if loath to let them go. And not unreasonably, for in many instances they had hewn the timber, had marked out the races, had carried the stone, had opened up roads to the far-off markets. When they parted with them, they transferred to their grantees "all the mulctures, tolls and profits, all the implements, gears and utensils, all the head-wears, mill dams, mill ponds, banks and stanks." I doubt if a grantee of to-day who happened to see the word "stank" in his deed, would know what he was getting, and I am sure that many a conveyancer could not inform him whether it was a burden or a benefit. Bouvier does not give it, and the word without more has an unsavory odor. But it is not so bad as it sounds; it may be a mound to dam up water,

"Stank up the salt conduits of mine eye,"

says Fletcher. It may represent the pool itself. Call it a "round pool," and how beautiful it becomes, a round pool like that described by George Eliot in her *Mill on the Floss*, "framed with willows and tall reeds," and with "gentle rustlings" and "light dipping sounds of rising fish," with Tom and Maggie sitting on its brink looking at the glassy water, and wondering, perchance, "about Christian passing the river over which there is no bridge."



"ON THE BRIDGE AT ROCK RUN VILLAGE." Page 66.

HAND'S PASS.

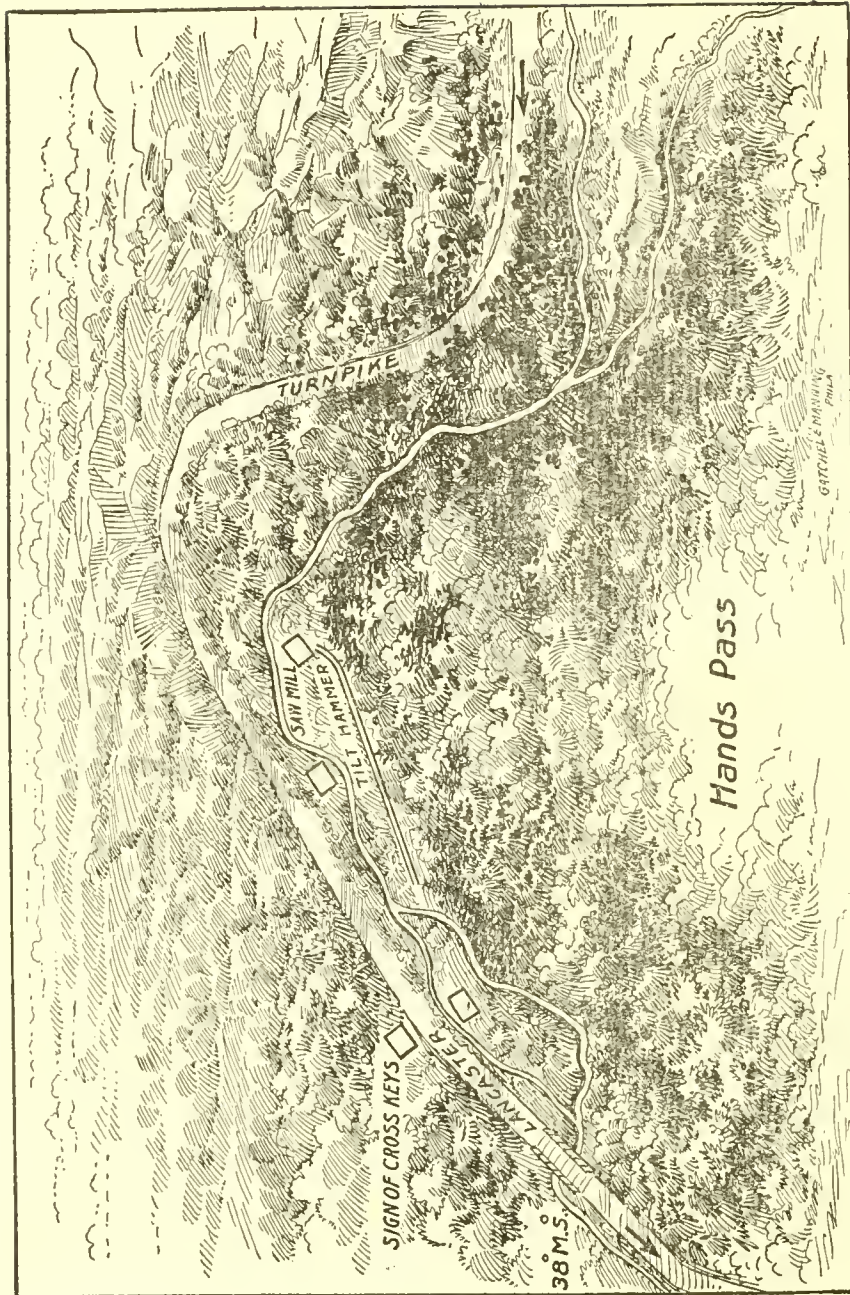
“The Farmer, fond and familiar,
Revealed his luck and his gains :
At last o’ercome by the liquor,
His hands abandoned the reins—
He slept till the morning awoke him,
Away in the woods alone,
To find that his clothes were rifled,
And his friend was Moses Doan !”
Everhart—The Doans.

“Some he did rob, then let them go free,
Bold Captain McGowan he tied to a tree.
Some he did whip and some he did spare,
He caught Captain McGowan and cut off his hair.”
A local rhymster of Fitzpatrick’s time.



AND'S PASS! Examine Robert Brooke's survey-book of the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike, and you will note on one of its pages the following course: "S 85 w, 7.0 to angle at *Hand's pass*." As then laid out and used, this angle occurred three-fifths of a mile west of the 37th mile stone, and about two-fifths of a mile

west of a road that led "from the Turnpike road across the Gap road at Fleming's Mill to the new Lancaster or Strasburg Road." Since Robert Brooke in 1806 was sufficiently interested in the pass to sketch it, I have thought that those who are familiar with its history, might find pleasure in his drawing.



In Revolutionary times this rocky pass was the favorite haunt of two notorious robbers, James Fitzpatrick and Mor-decai Dougherty, whose names and deeds are still invested with the glamour which too often attends successful villainy. Seated on a rock that affords me a view of the pass and the valley with which it connects, Balzac's analysis of a criminal career recurs to me :

"A man first sins against his conscience; then he conspicuously sins against that delicate bloom of honor, the loss of which does not mean general disrepute; finally he fails distinctly in honesty; but though he falls in the hands of the police, he still is not yet amenable to the assizes; and even after the disgrace of being condemned by a jury, he may be respected on the hulks if he maintains the sort of honor that exists among villains, which consist in telling no tales, in always playing fair, in sharing every risk."



SIGN OF CROSS KEYS.

Fitzpatrick and Dougherty had passed through all the stages mentioned by Balzac, and had finally reached the point where they were veritable outlaws. It is true, "the disgrace of being condemned by a jury," had not been incurred by them, but this was largely

owing to the fact that the two rogues had never given any twelve good men an opportunity of conferring this degree.

Fitzpatrick was the son of an Irish emigrant. Bound to a blacksmith at an early age, in a few years he became an expert at his trade, and by the time he reached his majority was widely known, not merely as a horse shoer, but as a hunter, wrestler,

“roller of bullets and thrower of fifty-sixes.” With brawny arm, and blue eyes fairly shining with daring, he was called from the forge to the flying camp, which he accompanied as far as New York, where he was charged with a breach of discipline and flogged. At once he deserted the army, swam the Hudson River, made his way across New Jersey to Philadelphia, was recognized, apprehended, and lodged in the Old Walnut Street Prison. Released on condition of re-entering the service, he deserted again, and returned to his home in Southern Chester County.

While working on John Passmore’s farm in West Marlborough, he was re-arrested, and only recovered his liberty by subterfuge. Inflamed with hatred on account of his corporal punishment and successive arrests, Fitzpatrick became “an active, unscrupulous partisan of the cause of the King.”

Dougherty was reared in the same neighborhood as his Captain (West Marlborough being responsible for both), and the two worthies were as much alike as two drops of water.

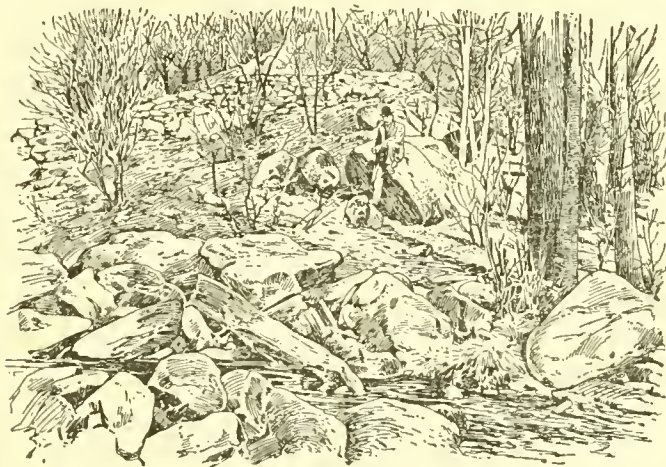
Hand’s Pass was their headquarters in Chester County, from which place of concealment they issued on their desperate expeditions and daring adventures.

Fitzpatrick was also a companion of the Doans. In a low groggery on Chestnut Street, in the City of Philadelphia, he had met the notorious “Moses,” tested his prowess in a bout and been badly beaten. Thereafter they were boon companions. In his History of the Doan Outlaws, John P. Rogers names Fitzpatrick and Moses Doan as the two most feared and renowned refugees of that trying period; “Fitzpatrick the bandit of Chester and Doan the brigand of Bucks.”

“Moses,” like Fitzpatrick, was a ruddy faced, heavily built man, of enormous strength. His big black scalloped-rimmed hat thrown back upon his head, displayed a heavy jaw and a large mouth. In winter time, his bear skin overcoat, with pis-

tol butts protruding from its pockets, added not a little to his vicious look. His stout legs were usually encased in blue yarn stockings, and his shoes shone with broad French silver buckles. He loved display, and was proud of his family, whose strength and agility justified the remarks of General Howe—"the most daring fellows that ever lived. I believe the devil himself couldn't match them."

Possibly on this rock on which I sit, they sat and exchanged their confidences. And what confidences they were.



How chagrined "Moses" must have felt as he told Fitzpatrick of the robbery at Clingan's place in West Caln. Clingan was a Magistrate who lived on the Old Lancaster Road a little west of Wagontown, and who enjoyed the distinction of having been a member of the Continental Congress. These facts, however, did not deter "Moses" in the least, but rather invited a visit, particularly when he understood that in some business transaction Clingan had received a large amount of gold. While searching for it, one of "Moses'" companions announced that he had found it. Clingan's desk had been opened and there stood a large leathern bag full of money. Seizing this bag and also a violin

with which to have a jubilee over their luck, they mounted their horses and rode off. The bag, however, which they had supposed to contain gold was filled with copper, being the church collections which Clingan had brought home from Sunday to Sunday.

Fitzpatrick, on the other hand, could proudly relate how he met an old woman near Caln Meeting House, on her way to the City with all her little stock of money, to procure a stock of goods ; how, not knowing him, and but little expecting at that time the honor of his company, she made known her fears that as Captain Fitz was in the neighborhood she might fall into his clutches and be robbed of her whole fortune ; how, after obtaining her secret, he told her he was the man she dreaded, but assured her there was nothing he would disdain so much as to wrong a weak and defenceless woman ; and how, to prove his declarations true, he had drawn from his pocket a purse of guineas, presented it to her, and wished her a pleasant journey as he turned off into the woods.

Despite his many crimes there was, as one has observed, “a rough chivalry in the character of the man which exhibited itself in his marked gallantry toward women, in his open, generous disposition to aid those on whom ill fortune bore heavily.”

Lewis, who wrote a number of interesting articles on Fitzpatrick, particularly emphasized his Irish traits of wit and generosity. “He had his peculiar humor, which he frequently indulged at the expense of others. Even in his treatment of those whom he chose to punish, he often proceeded in such a manner as to render them objects of ridicule, rather than pity. He despised covetousness, and in all his depredations was never known to rob a poor man. Indeed, he often gave to the poor what he took from the rich.

“The Whig Collectors of public moneys were the especial objects of his vengeance, and all the public money which he could

extort he looked upon as lawful prey. One of these men he not only plundered of a large sum, but took him off to his cave in the woods, where he detained him two weeks, to the great alarm of his family, who supposed him murdered. He was often pursued by whole companies of men, but always escaped them by his agility, or daunted them by his intrepidity. On one occasion, fifty or more persons assembled, well armed, and resolved to take him if possible, dead or alive. They coursed him for some hours over the hills, but becoming weary of the chase, they



PASS SCHOOL HOUSE.

called at a tavern to rest and procure some refreshments. While sitting in the room together, and every one expressing his wish to meet with Fitz, suddenly to their astonishment, he presented himself before them with a rifle in his hand. He bade them all keep their seats, declaring that he would shoot the first man that moved. Then, having called for a small glass of rum and drank it off, he walked backward some paces with his rifle presented at the tavern door, wheeled and took to his heels, leaving the stupefied company in silent amazement.

“Not long after this occurrence, another party of eighteen or twenty men was hunting with guns and rifles upon the South Valley Hill. Stepping from behind a tree, he presented himself to one of the company separated a short distance from the rest, and asked him whom he was seeking? The man answered, ‘Fitz.’ ‘Then,’ said Fitz, ‘come with me and I will show you his cave, where you may find him.’ The bold man-hunter went accordingly. After leading him some distance from his companions, Fitz told the fellow who he was, bade him ground arms, tied him to a tree, cut a withe and flogged him severely. He then told him he might go and inform his companions where to find the Fitz they were hunting. When they had arrived at the place he had decamped.”

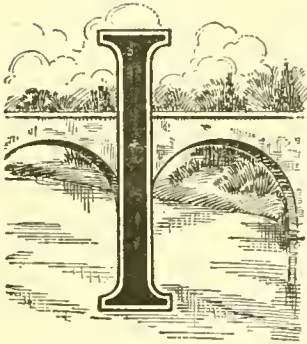
Fitzpatrick and “Moses” sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. In August, 1778, Fitzpatrick was arrested by Captain McAfee near Castle Rock, and on September 26th, was hung at Chester. After the capture of his Captain, Dougherty fired a parting shot and disappeared. “Moses” was shot by Captain Gibson, on the Tohickon, and his brothers were—but let Everhart tell their end :

“The people poured in the city,
As if to a feast or fair ;
And all of the streets were crowded
That led to Center Square ;
And up, on a dizzy platform,
With clerks and men of the law,
Three rogues, arrayed in their halters,
Waited the terrible draw !
Black caps were over their faces,
And each had a ghostly shroud ;
Their hands were pinioned behind them,
And the Parson prayed aloud :
Then came a marvelous silence—
And then a shock and a gleam—
The last of the Doans were swinging
From under the gallows beam.”

COATESVILLE.

“ But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears, which ‘ bold bad ’ men despise ;
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above.”

Crabbe—The Village.



IN the world to come if Providence assigns me a place as comfortable as Coatesville, I shall be content.”

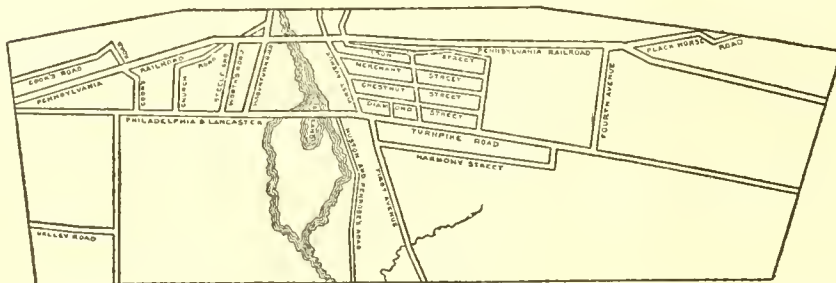
I asked to have the sentiment repeated, and the editor did it unblushingly, without changing a word. He knew, or thought he knew, his borough topographically, industrially, politically and morally, and this was his estimate. Never having heard a citizen of my County use such eulogistic terms even of the County-seat, and Coatesville being but a country town, I stood amazed—the thought of future habitations in this place had never occurred to me.

It led me to philosophize with Henry Giles upon the tendency in our nature to idealize the country of our affections : “ which clothes an uncouth edifice with glory ; which causes the

sight of a treeless mountain to stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet ; which moves us to weeping by the hearing of a rustic tune. Men will hold with the utmost tenacity of affection, to countries the most unsightly, the most unpicturesque and the most unlovely ; they will cling to regions, barren and inclement, aye, and love them just as fondly, as if they were veiled in Araby the blest, or were the fairest spots in the fairest districts of Italy."

I would not have my readers believe for a moment that the environments of Coatesville are unsightly and barren. On the contrary (when you can see them), they are wild and picturesque, the kind that lay a tenacious hold upon the memory ; but the smoke is everlastingly obscuring these hills so that it does seem most incongruous to associate this hollow with Paradise. Still, the sentiment is patriotic and honors our humanity.

"The spirit is bound by the ties
Of its jailor the flesh ;—if I can
Not reach as an angel the skies,
Let me feel on the earth as a man."

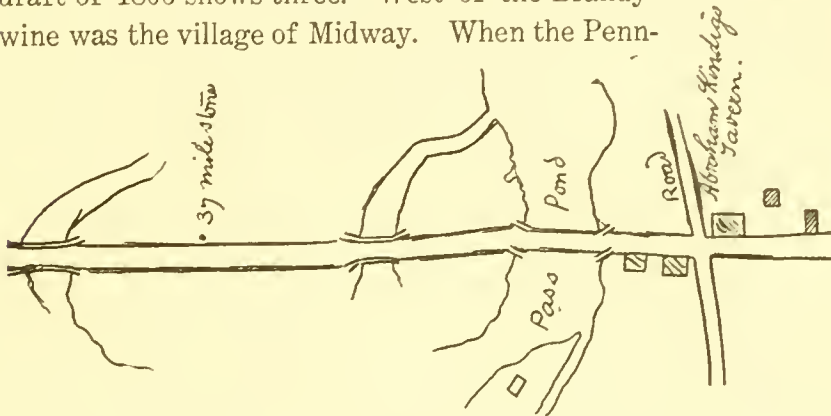


As originally laid out, Coatesville was somewhat coffin-shaped. The ill omen which attended her birth, however, never seriously affected her development. She has filled up the valley of the Brandywine with her mills, and scattered houses over the slopes of South Mountain ; she has eclipsed Phoenixville in her industries, and now equals West Chester in her claims.



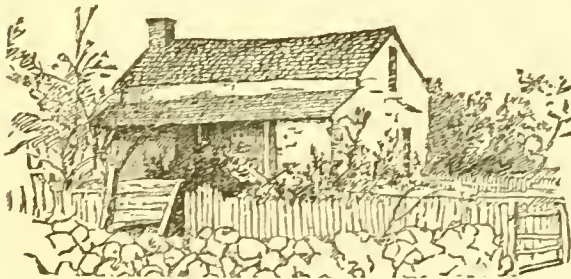
"As It Rushes Down The Valley," Page 67.

In the Eighteenth Century it might not inappropriately have been called Flemingsville, but the less euphonious and more obvious name of Bridge-Town was applied to it, from the bridges over the Brandywine. Robert Brooke's draft of 1806 shows three. West of the Brandywine was the village of Midway. When the Penn-



sylvania Railroad was first built it had its terminal at Columbia, and Midway was just half way between Columbia and Philadelphia. The old Midway House was the passenger station for the railroad, when it was owned by the State, and it continued to be used as such for a number of years after the railroad had been purchased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

In the course of time, Moses Coates, the son of an Irish Quaker, the inventor of the "self setting saw mill" and the



owner of large tracts of land on both sides of the Brandywine loaned his name to Bridge-Town and it became Coates-Villa.

About 1810, Isaac Pennock bought a saw mill on the Brandywine, a short dis-

tance South of the Turnpike Bridge and converted it into an iron mill. The house to which he brought his bride, sometimes referred to as "the first house in Coatesville," was not pretentious, but in those golden days, love in a cottage was not a dream of poets, but an actuality.

It is surprising how well trained every citizen of Coatesville seems to be in the catechism of his borough. Ask him what inducements the town offers, and he will at once reply, "Six, abundance of good workmen, unsurpassed railroad facilities, cheap fuel and raw material, fine factory and mill sites, excellent water, and generally a beautiful, healthy and delightful resort."

So frequently do you hear these reasons, so overwhelmed are you by their reiteration, so submerged is your mind that upon coming to the surface again you find yourself unconsciously sputtering, "abundance—unsurpassed—cheap—raw—fine—excellent—beautiful—healthy—delightful."

On pay-days an army of foreigners leaves the mills, and heads for the hotels. It is a weekly harvest for the proprietors, whose white-coated bartenders stand ready to receive them. At nine o'clock the throng is thickest. "Are you all down, and is your all down?" If so, then make room for others, for others are coming.

The work of counting money is reserved until later. When the midnight hour has struck you will find some of these white-coated men retiring into an inner room to add the notes and the silver; one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred, five hundred, the end is not yet—so vanishes the result of the labor of the sons of toil. "Money was made round, let it go round." Such is the cardinal axiom of their philosophy.

Coatesville is largely cosmopolitical. Polanders and Russians, Italians and Swedes, descendants of Attila, and descendants of Ham, all have a place in the procession on its streets, and justly so, for all have had a part in producing the cargoes

of steel that go northward and southward on the line of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad. How the engines heave and snort and tug and strain! At last they move! Steel for the army! Steel for the navy! Steel for the agriculturist! Steel for the mechanician! Steel! Steel! This is the age of steel.

A man who cannot tell you a rule of grammar, but knows the color of steel, draws the salary of a judge. Another, who is unable to write his name, collects his weekly wage of fifty dollars, for he knows the proper heat for steel.

“What friend is like the might of fire,
When man can watch and wheel the ire?
What e’er we shape, or work, we owe
Still to that heaven descended glow.”

Steel built that great house on Main Street. Steel built the town and steel sustains it. All hail to the power of steel! but despite Schiller’s exclamation, “the might of fire” does burn out some of the virtues, does consume some of the finest instincts.



SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

“Oh! I have travelled far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband.
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.”

Henry Kirke White—The Savoyard's Return.



ON the crest of the high hill south of Coatesville, known in some of the old records as “South Mountain,” you find yourself overlooking the town, or rather, overlooking the smokestacks which constitute that portion of the town that borders on the Brandywine.

What a number of stacks there are! What a multitude of chimneys belching out thick black smoke! You begin to count them, and when you have about completed the calculation some little chimney sends up a throatful to remind you that you have overlooked it. Count again, but you will never include them all. Looking southward, you mark the course of the Brandywine for half a mile or so by the same kind of black smoke. You are in the land of mills—plate mills, tube mills, paper mills.

Your County History will tell you that Lancelot Fallowfield, of Great Strickland, Westmoreland County, England, was one of the first purchasers of land from William Penn. Not long afterwards John Salkeld, a noted Quaker preacher, who came from that part of England, bought Fallowfield's right, took up his land, and may have suggested his name. What an eccentric character Salkeld was. How beneficial his presence would be in some of our churches to-day. In speaking of the social life of the Irish Friends, Myers says: "It not infrequently happened that some good Friends, wearied with the arduous du-



A. F. HUSTON.

ties of the week, would drop off into restful slumber. But woe betide these offenders of good order and the testimony of truth, if John Salkeld chanced to be present at the meeting! Their dreams were then of short duration. On one occasion . . . when he noted several members overcome with drowsiness, he suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'Fire! Fire!' Every one was awake immediately, and one of the excited sleepers cried out, 'Where? Where?' 'In Hell!' responded John, 'to burn up the drowsy and unconcerned.'"

South Mountain, on which I stand, is in East Fallowfield Township—the home of the first rolling mill in America.

"My great grandfather," says A. F. Huston, "moved into

East Fallowfield Township to a place now called Rokeby, about 1793, and established a mill for rolling sheet and strip iron. Its name was 'Federal Slitting Mill,' run by water-power—Buck Run. This was the first rolling mill in America, so far as I have been able to learn.

"The strips were slit up (hence the name *slitting* mill) into rods for making nails. All nails were then forged out of rods by hand on the anvil. There were no boiler-plates made or needed at that time. I have an old ledger of the slitting mill bearing the date of 1798, which was probably about the date of the first work done at the mill. Rebecca, daughter of Isaac Pennock, married Dr. Charles Lukens, the latter going into partnership with his father-in-law. But in 1816, the doctor and his wife moved to Coatesville, where he operated the mill called Brandywine (now Lukens). It was the first and for many years the only mill at that place. It was there the first boiler-plate made in Pennsylvania, was manufactured. It is probably, too, the first in America, so Dr. Charles Lukens (my grandfather) was the pioneer in this branch of the iron manufacture."

Coatesville is bounded on the north by Rock Run, on the south by Bernardtown. Bernardtown is not given much space on the map of the County, indeed, if I remember aright, it is not even printed in small type, but in the Quarter Sessions of Chester County its productivity is seen in its quarterly crops of crime.

My attention was first called to it by the testimony of Officer Umstead, Chief of Police of the Borough of Coatesville, in a case where he had made a raid on a notorious house in that neighborhood, and undertook to describe his experiences.

"How many persons were there?" asked the prosecuting officer.

"About forty," replied Umstead.

"How many persons were in the room when you got there?"

“Three.”

“What had become of the rest?”

“Stuck in the front door, back door, windows, chimneys, holes in the boards, and cracks.”

Is it possible, thought I, that this description can be correct. I resolved to visit it, and found on a side of one of the hills of East Fallowfield, a lot of chicken coops just high enough to allow for comfortable roosts.

“What kind do you raise?” I asked a colored woman, whom I took to be the owner, “leghorn or dominic?”

“Dem aint no chicken coops—dem’s houses.”

“Dwelling houses?” said I.

“Dwellin’ houses,” said she, and dwelling houses they were, with double-faced wall paper for partitions.

“And the store boxes to the right of them, what are they?”

But the owner had left me, I must make my own investigations.

“What do they use these store boxes for?” I queried.

My question was answered by a curly head peeping out through a broken board, then another, and still a third at the door; the door reminding one of the opening in an East African hut, where the occupants ask their visitors, not to “walk in,” but to “crawl in.”

As the box in front of me had a placard on it, giving the name of the owner, I determined to take it down for future reference. When I got within reading distance, this is what I read—

“ROOMS TO LET.”

Below the bridge which one crosses in going to Bernardtown the Brandywine makes a great turn to the east and then changing its course a little westward passes through the hamlet of Modena.

This Village was named after the Modes, who were among

the earliest settlers. William Mode, who died in 1839, at the age of eighty-seven, said he well remembered the Indians—"men, women and children—coming to his father's house to sell baskets . . . that they used to cut and carry off bushes from their meadow, probably for mats to sleep on." In William's boyhood, "deer were so plenty that their tracks in the wheat field in time of snow were as if marked by a flock of sheep. Wild turkeys in the winter were often seen in flocks feeding in the corn and buckwheat fields, while squirrels, rabbits, raccoons, pheasants and partridges, abounded."

From Modena to Mortonville a distance of two miles the walk along the public road is alluring. Are you fond of wild flowers? Do aged buttonwoods stretching their white arms across the stream, striving to clasp their comrades on the other side appeal to you? Is it a pleasure to rest yourself against a fence rail and watch mud-turtles sun themselves on the logs of a slough? Have unexpected turns, jutting rocks, massive boulders surrounded by laurel, or streamlets playing leap-frog over stones that try to obstruct their freedom, any interest? You will find them all in these two miles of road, and when you have passed the last rocky turn, Mortonville lies before you—the westernmost village of Newlin Township.

Of the many bridges with which the Western Brandywine is spanned from Coatesville to the Forks, one only is of stone. Stirred by some aesthetic impulse, the Commissioners, in 1826, determined to build a bridge at Mortonville that should be worthy, at least, of a pencil's sketch or an hour's contemplation.

The bridge erected at that time is still standing, measures about three hundred and fifty feet in length, and contains three arches. North of it, not more than fifty yards, is the breast of Mortonville Dam, a dam more widely and unfavorably known than any other body of water in Chester County.

What possibilities Mortonville Dam offers to a writer like



"TWO LITTLE FRIENDS OF MINK HOLLOW." Page 87.

Conan Doyle. How quiet and peaceful it looks a short distance above the breast, and yet what secrets lie beneath its calm exterior ; what tales of ruthless deeds come bubbling up at times ; but eyes like Doyle's are needed to perceive them, minds like his are needed to translate them. Here are facts, scenery and names, euphonious and alluring names. What more interesting title could one ask for than the Mortonville Mystery. Besides being alliterative, Mortonville is as good as Gondreville, and Gondreville was good enough for Gaboriau.

At Mortonville one enters the Township of Newlin and leaves East Fallowfield behind. Historically, Newlin is one of the most interesting of all townships, but to-day I rise from the contemplation of Mortonville's horrors, strongly impelled to retrace my steps to Modena just to look again in passing on the innocent faces of two little friends of Mink Hollow.



LAUREL.

“Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.”

Lathbury.



IN this day of post-cards, you will not find many collections that do not contain one of “Roaring Rocks, Buck Run.” The mouth of Buck Run is just below the covered bridge near Mortonville, and can be easily seen from the public road, on the eastern side of the Brandywine.

About a mile up the run, near the southern line of East Fallowfield Township, Doe Run unites with Buck Run, losing its identity and name. Individually, these streams contribute much to the picturesqueness of the townships through which they flow, and have for years turned the wheels of six or seven paper mills.

Roaring Rocks is a delightful spot, but I must let it speak for itself. My allegiance to the Brandywine compels me to leave it with only a word of introduction.

Buck Run comes in from the west. A little farther down, on the east, is Hemlock Road. The highway on either side is lined with hemlocks, which extend down a precipitous bank to the water's edge, some thirty feet below. In the winter time, the green tops of the hemlocks give a touch of color to the white

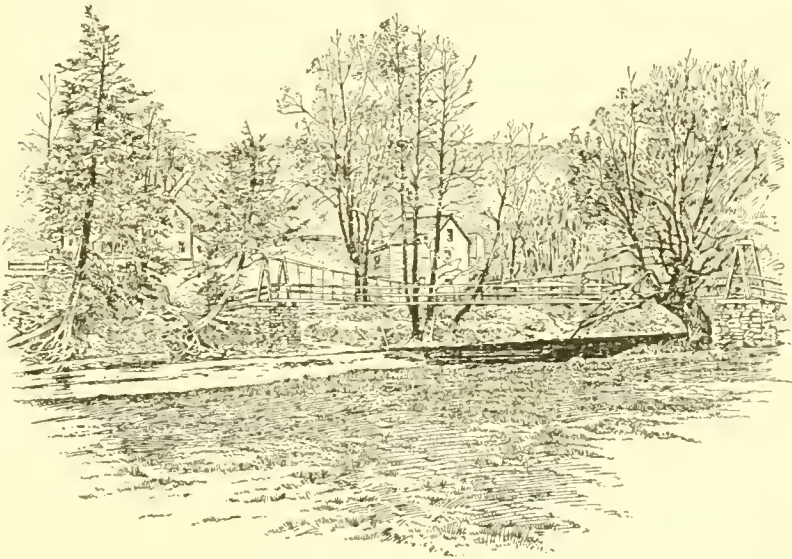


"THE PLEASING GLOOM OF HEMLOCK ROAD." Page 89.

landscape; in summer, when the moon is full, their sombre shadows on the road and in the water, inspire just that kind of tender melancholy that makes lovers sigh and dream and fear.

I know of nothing like it along the stream except "The Spruces," near Bernardtown, and unfortunately, at that point the hemlocks have suffered greatly, almost irremediably, from the axe of the Hun.

Emerging from the pleasing gloom of Hemlock Road, a walk of a few minutes brings you within sight of Laurel Station, a little wooden eight by ten, without an operator, without a time table, in short, without any conveniences; where each passenger is expected to look for the engine as it rounds the curve and flag it with his handkerchief.



If your waiting period is a long one, or the train is behind time, you may either amuse yourself with the foot-bridge to the right, that crosses the Brandywine, or climb the hill to the left and solemnize your thoughts by entering a country graveyard on the hillside.

Two hemlocks stand at the entrance, two guardians who have faithfully watched for years the graves on which their shadows rest. Many of these graves have had no other custodian. Marked only by common stones, gray and moss-grown, nameless and dateless, with no grassy mound beside them, there is naught that reveals love's fond remembrance.

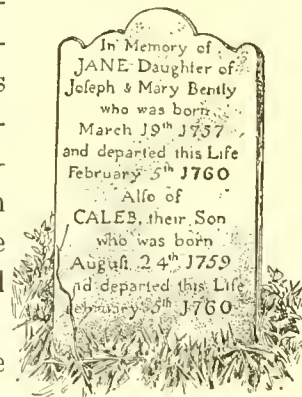


In the lower part of the graveyard, however, is an old one, possibly the oldest, containing both name and date,—“Jane daughter of Joseph & Mary Bently, February 5, 1760.”

A century and a half! How long it seems, and yet that walnut tree at the northeastern corner saw that childish form interred, heard “the ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” but it is the only living witness. Her father, her mother, her story, are unknown to me, unknown to most who wander here, perhaps unknown to all. Beneath these hemlocks, by the side of this little grave, one of Hervey’s “Meditations” strikes me with unusual force—“We are tenants at will.” What I am writing will soon be written, my notice to quit will soon be served and I shall leave the stream I love, forever.

Last Sunday was Easter, and the ringing bells, the joyous ode of St. John Damascene and other majestic melodies of the Latin Church are still sounding in my ears—

“HE IS RISEN.”



Pleasant is the meadow that lies south of Laurel, broad and level and rich and green, but as I walk over it to-day, I find my eyes turning toward the two hemlocks on the hill, and hear the words of Manning echoing in my heart: "We must suffer under the load of our imperfect nature, until God shall resolve our sullied manhood into its original dust and gather it up once more in a restored purity. The hope of the resurrection is the stay of our souls when they are wearied and baffled in striving against the disobedience of our passive nature. At that day we shall be delivered from the self which we abhor and be all pure as the angels of God. O healing and kindly death, which shall refine our mortal flesh to a spiritual body and make our lower nature chime with the eternal will in faultless harmony."

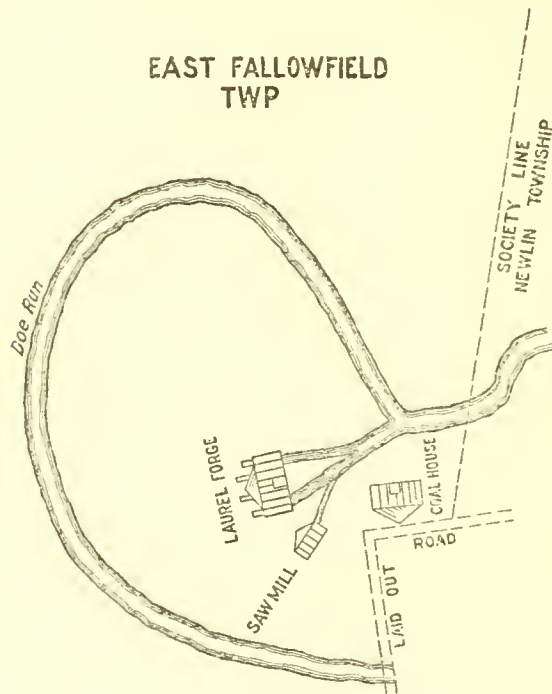
At a May Meeting of Hepzibah Baptist Church, Joshua Broomall, the oldest resident of the neighborhood, informed me that a meeting-house of that denomination was once located alongside of the hillside cemetery near Laurel, and that some of its foundation stones could still be seen. From a deed dated February 1, 1773, I find one Jeffrey Bentley "Out of Love and Esteem which he hath unto the said People called Anabaptists and such as do practise the Baptism of Dipping and Professing the Doctrine of Personal Election and final Perseverance, observing the first Day of the Week for the Sabeth," conveying to John Garrett, of Christiana Hundred, James Shields, of Newlinton, and Thomas Davis, of Sadsbury, an acre and a half of land, "in trust, to the use and Benefit of such of the said People called Anabaptists . . . which now are or which hereafter shall be and continue in unity and Religious Fellowship and Remain Members of the said Religious Society and not by the Rules of their dissopline censured, disowned and excluded from their Religious Communion."

So far as I have been able to learn, Bentley was well versed in the doctrines of his denomination and exemplified them in

his life. His affection for his church continued until his death. By his will he directed "20 shillings yearly and every year to be paid to Rev. Mr. Griffith or any other Minister that may supply the Meeting House by Brandiwine in the Township of Newlin."

Jeffrey Bentley

Jane Bently was the infant granddaughter of Jeffrey.



1797. LAVERTY'S FORGE. O. R. P. Vol. 19, p. 217.

"WHEREAS your Petitioners have been at a great expense in erecting a Double Forge known by the name of Laurel Forge,"

SAMUEL LAVERTY,
WM. LAVERTY,
JESSE LAVERTY.

1793. O. R. P. Vol. 18, p. 17.



JOHN RUSSELL HAYES. Page 93.

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES.

STAR GAZERS' STONE.

"But sweeter far in this old garden close
To loiter 'mid the lovely, old time flowers,
To breathe the scent of lavender and rose,
And with old poets pass the peaceful hours.
Old gardens and old poets—happy he
Whose quiet summer days are spent in such
sweet company.

Hayes—The Old-Fashioned Garden.



HE atmosphere of the Chester County Bar is not conducive to poetical development. Usually a few years of practise suffice to dry up the fountains of emotion, and formal processes clog the wings of the most vivid imagination, if indeed they do not denude them of every feather. Hayes acted wisely in leaving it early. The "small office where the uncautious guest goes blindfold in," was not to his liking, he longed for the pleasant country-side—for fields of crimson clover, wooded slopes and grassy hills and

"peaceful silver rivers flowing on from mill to mill."

He sought the objects of his love in old Newlin, and found them.

He never would have found them had he remained at the Bar. What black-letter lawyer ever heard the ring-dove's brood-

ing plaint, or the tilting laughter of the happy bobolink, or the blue bird's gush of cadenced melody !

What commercial practitioner ever paused to notice the pale narcissus or the purple Canterbury-bell. Hayes hears them, sees them, knows them all, and paints them for us in agreeable verses.

A singer of flowers and birds is Hayes. A lover of Fairie Land, an appreciative reader of Spenser, fond, too, of the pretinesses of Herrick. His light and airy fancy has peopled the mossy glades of Embreeville with fairy creations. To-day, as the shadows fall, I hear their music.

“For behind the soft sweet fern
Where the fire-fly lanterns burn,
Is the band of players hid ;
There the green-robed katydid
Tweedles on his violin
Elfin music high and thin.”

Deeper in the wood, perchance, were my eyes but free from legal dust, I might see his Fairy Fleet.

“I sat beside a forest grove,
And there I chanced to see
Come sweeping o'er the tiny tide
A fairy argosy.

“The ships were shells of hazel-nuts
That grow in green wood dales ;
Rose-petals on pine-needle masts
Did serve them for their sails.

“The tiny navy moved in state
Before a zephyr light,
And as it swept along, I trow
It was a winsome sight !

“But when the little admiral
Did through his glass spy me,
He turned and with his tiny fleet
Fled far o'er that small sea !”

To the Brandywine, Hayes sings a song of heartfelt gratitude—

“ Dear Stream of Beauty, flowing gently down
Among the windings of my native hills,
Gathering from all thy tributary brooks
A richer force, and bearing from far heights
Eternal tidings to the hoary sea :—
Thee would I celebrate.”

And well he may, for in his infancy it sang his lullaby, in boyhood's hours he rambled on its banks, and when the golden years of youth succeeded, its pastoral solitude and hundred hills spoke kindly to him

“ With messages from nature's inner heart.”

Among its sunny meadows he tells us he first breathed the joyousness that delights

“ In all the tranquil loveliness and charm
Of field and dell, of tree and stream and sky,
Blue misty hill and dreamy woodland soft.”

He is one of thankful multitudes who love its placid beauty, its fords, its water-falls, its windings ; love

“ Each quiet little gulf and gleaming bay.”

For him, a loveliness clings round each scene along its course,

“ The upland fields of fertile Honeybrook,
The willowed banks of pastoral Fallowfield,
The silent wooded hills of dear Newlin,
Home of arbutus and primeval pines,
From those high crystal springs that gave thee birth,
To thy last reach in Delaware's far fields.”

Leaving the Hayes Homestead with all its delightful associations, and smothering all poetical sentiments with the reflections that I came hither as a local historian, I turn off the Embreeville highway at Henry K. Harlan's house and take a narrow road leading northward.

In a field on Henry K. Harlan's farm, about two hundred and fifty yards north of his house, is a quartzose stone scarcely two feet above ground. When I first saw it some children were jumping over it, but since the Historical Society of Chester County has given it appropriate surroundings and constructed an approach to it, the stone has acquired a little more height and dignity and delivers its message with greater pride.

"I am no common flint ; astronomical hands christened me more than a century ago, Indian Hannah looked at me many a time with curious eyes, and neighboring men and women used frequently to gather here, and turn their wandering gaze starward. When was I planted here ? In 1764, by two great English mathematicians, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. I mark the site of very important astronomical observations, and am thirty-one miles west of what was once the southernmost point of the city of Philadelphia, and from me a due south line of fifteen miles was run to determine the latitude of the boundary line between the provinces of Pennsylvania and Delaware."

I have never heard it say that it is half a mile west of the Chester County Almshouse, but perhaps, in omitting this fact, it only follows the advertising precedents of the neighborhood.

In the early days of the provinces border disputes between settlers claiming under the Penns and those claiming under Lord Baltimore, were frequent. In 1732, an agreement was entered into by the respective Proprietaries for running the line fifteen English statute miles south of the latitude of the southernmost part of the city of Philadelphia. This agreement, however, did not end the dispute, for the Maryland party threw all manner of obstacles in the way of having the line actually laid upon the ground, forcing the Penns to resort to the English High Court of Chancery. In 1750, when Lord Chancellor Hardwicke entered a decree of specific performance of the agreement directing the marking of the line in accordance with its manifest



"SURROUNDED WITH STONE."

"ORIGINALLY."

"I AM NO COMMON FLINT." Page 96.

meaning, he referred to the importance of the case as establishing the boundaries of two great Provincial Governments and three counties, and observed it was "worthy the judicature of a Roman Senate, rather than of a single judge, and my consolation is, that if I should err in my judgment, there is a judicature equal in dignity to a Roman Senate, that will correct it."

After thirteen more years of quibbles and technicalities, the proprietaries of the two provinces finally agreed to employ Mason and Dixon to run the disputed line. In the latter part of 1763, they began their labors in Philadelphia. They determined the exact latitude of the southernmost point of the city, (then Cedar Street, now South Street,) and found it to be 39 degrees, 56 minutes, 29.1 seconds north. In January, 1764, they moved westward to John Harland's farm, and setting up their instruments in his garden, proceeded to determine the exact latitude of this point. Finding they were about 357 yards south of the latitude of the starting point, they planted the stone that distance north of their observatory in the garden. Carroll Hayes, Esq., who has given the subject no little attention, says, "a measurement of 357 yards south from the stone brings us south of the Harland house and the Embreeville and the West Chester road. It seems probable, therefore, that the garden at that time was not north of the house, as now, but was on the sunny slope running south from the road towards the Brandywine. This would provide a much pleasanter point for observations during the wintry months of January and February, than north of the house."

The romantic name of Star Gazers' Stone was no doubt given it by the neighbors and onlookers, who probably watched with great curiosity and awe these mysterious observations of the stars. Mason and Dixon encamped here for two and a half months from January 14 to April 2, 1764; after which they commenced measuring due southward fifteen miles in order to de-

termine the latitude of the disputed boundary lines between the two provinces.

They had come thus far westward to avoid the many streams flowing into the Delaware River, but, as Hayes observes, they must have been unpleasantly surprised, for in the very first mile of their southward measurement, they had to cross the Brandywine Creek three times, first, just below the Harlan house, then near the present Wilmington and Northern Railroad bridge, and a third time near the present Embreeville carriage bridge.

In order to do their surveying and measuring in the most accurate manner possible, Mason and Dixon had their axe-men cut a swath or "visto," eight or nine yards wide, through the forest ahead of them, "in general seen about two miles, beautifully terminating to the eye in a point," as they say in their report to the Royal Society. These vistas, and also those afterwards opened in continuing their lines, were declared to be "the straightest and most regular, as well as extensive vistas that perhaps ever were made."

But the record of these various movements and observations is more interesting as told by Mason and Dixon themselves.

The following are extracts from this Note Book having special reference to the Star Gazers' Stone. The location of the stone is usually referred to as being "in the forks of the Brandywine :"

"1764, January 7. Set out from Philadelphia with a quadrant to find (nearly) a place in the Forks of Brandywine having the same latitude as the south point of the City of Philadelphia.

"8. Fixed our station by the house of Mr. John Harlands (being about 31 miles west of the City of Philadelphia).

"9. Returned to Philadelphia.

"10. Prepared for moving.

"11. The observatory taken down and put with the rest of

our Instruments into three Waggon, except the Telescope &c of the Sector which was carry'd on the Springs (with our Beds under it) of a single horse Chair.

“12. Left Philadelphia and reached Chester that night.

“13. Arrived at Thos. Worth's Esq. and lodged there that night.

“14. Arrived at Mr. John Harlands and set up the Sector in his Garden (inclos'd in a Tent) and in the Evening brought the Instrument in to the Plane of the Meridian and took the following observations,—”

“15. Cloudy. Turn'd the Instrument facing the East.”
(Then follow more calculations.)

“16. From these observations finding we were not far from the parallel of the southernmost point of the City of Philadelphia, we ordered carpenters to erect the observatory.”

(After giving the observations of eight stars, the mean of these is calculated.) “Mean . . . 10.5 minutes, equalling 356.8 yards (according to Mr. Norwood's measure) the Sector is to the south of the said point of the City of Philadelphia.”

After giving the observations of five stars, the mean is calculated as “10.2 seconds, what we are south of the parallel of the southernmost point of Philadelphia ; but the mean of the results from eight stars must be preferred to that of five.

“17. Employ'd one man cutting a visto in the direction of the meridian southwards.

“19. Employed 4 men in cutting the visto.

“20. Employed 4 men at Do.

“Apr. 2. Began to measure from our observatory (at Mr. Harlands). Employed 5 men.

Chains Links Levels

1 61

— — 4 These 4 levels 22 ft. each. Found these Levels were not so proper for use as the 16½ ft. one.

2 91 — Enter'd Brandy Wine.

Chains	Links	Levels	
28	00	—	Enter'd Brandy Wine.
9	00	—	
—	—	17	of the 16½ ft. Level which we shall allways use thro the whole.
9	00	—	
		20	
7	00	—	{ To a stob on the no. side of Brandy Wine
2	04	—	
			{ the 3d time.
		40	To a stob on the so. side of Brandy Wine.
		60	To a Mark in Mr. Wilson's Field," &c.

The running of this accurately measured north and south line, together with the practical continuation of it southward, in the Delaware-Maryland boundary line, gave Mason and Dixon "a most inviting opportunity for determining the length of a degree of latitude, from the measure of near a degree and a half."

This plan was accordingly submitted by Mason and Dixon for the consideration of the Council of the Royal Society, which authorized them to carry it into execution at the expense of the Society. They did this in the latter part of 1766 and the following years, after the completion of their boundary line work.

As showing the great degree of accuracy demanded in this work, they were directed "to measure the lines carefully over again with fir-rods, which they sent to them, together with a brass standard, of 5 foot, with which the rods were to be compared frequently, and the difference noted, and also the height of the thermometer at the time; for the lines had been all measured before with a standard chain, which, though sufficient for the common purposes of surveying, was by no means to be depended upon in so nice an operation as that of measuring a degree of latitude."

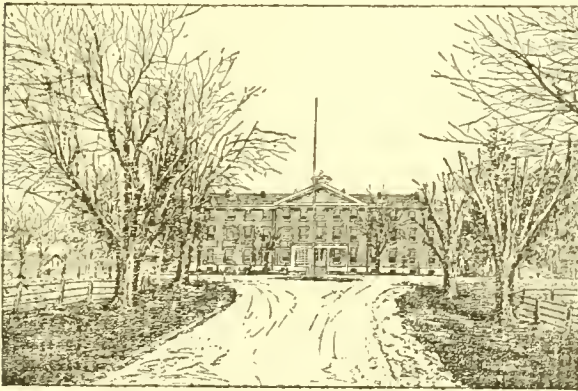
The result was that a degree of latitude was found to be 68.896 English statute miles. "This measure of a degree," says

the Astronomer Royal, speaking in 1768, "seems to me to be as well stated, and as much to be depended on as any that has been made."

This is the only instance in which a degree of latitude was ever actually measured on the earth's surface ; the calculations in other cases having been based upon a process of triangulation.

Other important observations taken by Mason and Dixon at their observatory on the Harlan farm, under the authorization of the Royal Society, were for the purpose of determining, by means of an astronomical clock, the difference in the force of gravity at this point and at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Observations were also taken here of an eclipse of the moon, and of some immersions of Jupiter's first satellite.

From the foregoing facts it is manifest that the Star Gazer's Stone is a monument of more than ordinary historical interest, well worthy to be marked and preserved, as is being done, by the Historical Society of Chester County : not only did it have to do with important astronomical and other scientific observations, but also "with the running of a long and bitterly disputed bound-



ary line between two great colonies, now two great commonwealths, a line that later acquired added and fateful significance through being the border line between slavery and freedom."

A half mile west of the Star Gazer's Stone the walls of the Chester County Almshouse rise on a southern slope, and sepa-

rated from it by a hundred yards or more, stands the Asylum for the Insane.

Passing along the highway one catches a glimpse of groups of aged and harmless lunatics in circles on the grass, enjoying the sunlight and air. Hopeless imbeciles ! bedecked with ribbons and flowers, how sad the reflections their condition awakens,

“ But there’s a happy change, a scene to come,
And they, God help them, shall be soon at home.”

A little further and the road brings you to the entrance of the Almshouse, where you frequently see a number of the inmates lounging ; sometimes, sitting on the fences, at other times, lying under the maple trees, or shuffling along the roadside ; pale veterans with bent forms beaten down by misfortune, with here and there a harmless idiot. Care worn faces look at you as you pass by, but only for a moment, and with uncertain eyes ; then they lose their interest and resume their old expression. A sorrowful lot, some boisterous, many quiet, and a few smiling, but alas, with “ that vague and uncertain smile that is sadder and more heart-breaking than tears.”

INDIAN ROCK—INDIAN HANNAH.

"I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
Then a darker, drearier vision,
Passed before me, vague and cloudlike,
I beheld our nation scattered."

Longfellow—Hiawatha.

"That rocky heap
Where Indian Hannah used to keep
Her native state and pride declare,
As Lenape's unchallenged heir."

Everhart—The Foxchase.



HE Brandywine glides through Newlin with a certain serpentine gracefulness that is only faintly hinted at in any of our county atlases.

As it leaves this township, it raises its head a little to survey the channel in front of it, and then, diving under Northbrook Bridge, straightens itself out on the other side.

Often have I watched it moving toward me, its quivering body glistening like silver, or glorious with the hues of the setting sun. To-day, entranced by its beauty, I find myself forgetting my mission. I am seeking a rock—an historical rock, which by my reckoning should be a few hundred yards west of this bridge, and here it is, at the bottom of the left bank, near a turn of the stream. One is not impressed with its propor-

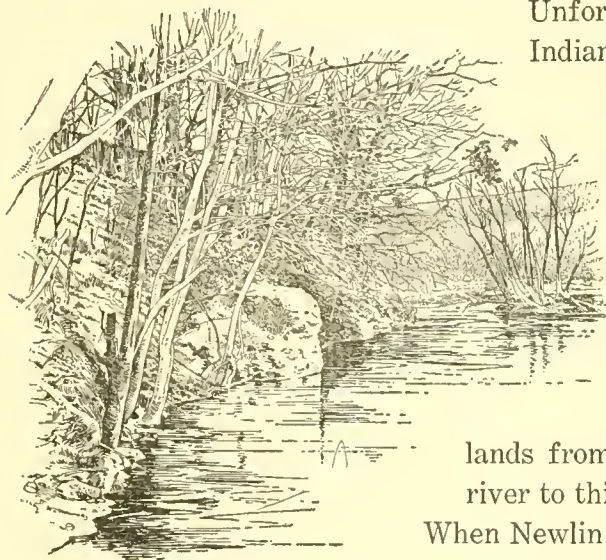
tions, but in the days of the first settlers it was the most important rock of the Western Brandywine.

“Upon this rock I love to soar,
In fancy, back to days of yore ;
When thro’ these wild romantic woods,
And o’er the Brandywine’s bright floods,
The Indian hunter’s loud halloo
Rung out, and glided his canoe :
Methinks I see the wigwam near,
Methinks the war-whoop now I hear ;
And horrid yell of victory,
While up the distant stream, I see
The dusky forms of warriors red
With blood from many a foeman shed ;
Here on this spot, in ancient days,
Methinks the council-fire’s blaze
Went up ; while, here, beneath this shade,
The savage war-dance was displayed ;
Perhaps upon this rock, at night,
The Indian lover, by moonlight,
Once wooed his dusky paramour,
Before her father’s wigwam door !
But ah ! where are they now ?—no more
The war-whoop rings along this shore ;
No more along this silver tide,
The light canoe is seen to glide ;
No trace of wigwam here is seen,
Upon these beauteous banks of green ;
The council-fire has long gone out,
And hushed is now the war-dance shout ;
The Indian warrior’s feet have fled,—
They rest with all the mighty dead.”

In 1724, the Free Society of Traders conveyed a tract of seventy-one hundred acres of land to Nathaniel Newlin, for eight hundred pounds, current money of Pennsylvania. Shortly afterwards, Newlin began to dispose of portions of this tract, reserving a yearly quit rent of one English shilling for each hundred acres. At the end of six months, warrants had been

issued by him for nine parcels, some of which were located on the Brandywine.

Immediately there was trouble with the Indians, who alleged that after Penn had purchased all their lands in Chester County, he reconveyed to them a mile in width on each side of the Brandywine from its mouth, up the West Branch to its head.



Unfortunately for the Indians, the writing establishing this claim was lost or destroyed.

In 1706, the Commissioners of Property purchased from the Indians their claim to these

lands from the mouth of the river to this rock.

When Newlin undertook to convey land along the Brandywine above this rock, the Indians vigorously asserted their ownership to a strip on each side as far as its source, and stoutly denied Newlin's rights to sell or interfere with their enjoyment of any portion of it.

At the session of the Provincial Assembly held at Philadelphia in the summer of 1725, Checochinican and other noted Indians attended "the House" in person, and upon being asked to state their grievances, declared :

"When William Penn came to this country he settled a perpetual friendship with us and after we sold him our country he reconveyed back a certain tract of land upon the Brandywine for a mile on each side of the creek, which writing was by the

burning of a cabin destroyed, but we all remember very well the contents thereof. That William Penn promised that we should not be molested whilst one Indian lived, grew old and blind and died, so another, to the third generation; and now it is not half the age of an old man since and we are molested and our lands surveyed out and settled before we can reap our corn off, and to our great injury Brandywine Creek is so obstructed with dams that the fish can not come up to our habitations. We desire you to take notice that we are a poor people and want the benefit of the fish for when we are out hunting our children with their bows and arrows used to get fish for their sustenance, therefore we desire that these dams be removed, that the fish may have their natural course. If you hear us not we shall be obliged to come again next Spring. We hope we are all friends and desire to continue so as long as we draw breath."

In their address to the Governor the representatives of the Province properly ascribed the trouble to a "too wilful resolution" on Newlin's part to hold and settle the lands that he had purchased, and hoped he would be "more condescending." This hope was not realized, and it was only after the Commissioners of Property told him plainly that "*it was in vain for him to pretend to that land, let the disappointment be what it would, so long as the Indians laid claim to the same and would continue upon it,*" that they accommodated the matter with him, and then not very satisfactorily, for in order to get a substantial assurance that he would not molest them from their claims, it was necessary to dispatch a sergeant at arms to wait upon him, after which he appeared before the House in person and subscribed the paper, promising that neither he nor his heirs would "by any means disturb or molest the Indians in their possession or claim."

About the time that Nathaniel Newlin was entering into his own recognizance for good behavior a little Indian girl was just



"DIED AT THE COUNTY HOME IN 1802."

beginning to open her eyes on the wrongs of her people, who were moving from the county.

Of all the chapters on early Chester County History written by Joseph J. Lewis, three-quarters of a century ago, none is so interesting as that which relates to Indian Hannah, "the last of the Lenapes" in Chester County, who died at the County Home in 1803. "The circumstance of her being for a number of years the sole survivor of her people," says he, "seems to entitle her to a notice which the merit of her character would not alone have procured her. She was one of a family that adopted the English manner of naming, called themselves Freemen, and inhabited for a number of years one of a small cluster of wigwams in Marlborough Township. Her principal abode after she set up for herself was a wigwam upon the Brandywine on the land of Humphrey Marshall, or rather on her own land. During the summer she travelled much through different parts of the county and distributed her baskets. These were fabricated chiefly after the manner of those now in use by our own school-boys, and painted with various colors—red, orange, green and purple. The colors with which she variegated her work were derived chiefly from stones found by borders of the brooks, and it is a little remarkable that although her red and yellow were known by some of the whites, none were able to discover her fine green and beautiful purple.

"But making baskets was not her only occupation. She, forsooth, was a doctress also, and practised the healing art to no inconsiderable extent. So great was her fame in this line that J. Parker, of Kennett, an excellent and venerable old man, was induced to visit her wigwam to procure her prescriptions for his children, who were ill. She furnished him with a few herbs and pounded roots—her only medicines—with directions for their use, and charged him five shillings for her receipt, which sufficiently demonstrated that she had, at least, learned the value of money.

“In her trading excursions,” said one who knew her, “she was always attended by a dog, and if he was ahead when she approached a house, she would say, ‘Cotch-aming,’ or ‘Cotch-amingo,’ whereupon the dog would drop his tail, fall back, and walk beside her. She was also attended by her pigs, which would follow her wherever she went and stay at a house as long as their owner. Whether she took them along as a cheap way of feeding, or having no one at home to feed them, I cannot say.”

When asked about traditions relative to her ancestors coming or settling here, she would tell how ages ago her people lived on the other side of a great water, how one day they observed a woodpecker coming from over the ocean with an acorn in its bill, and concluded there must be a woody country on this side. She would tell, too, how her people caught great quantities of fish in the Brandywine—a hundred shad at a haul—with dragnets made of grape-vines.

“Considerably advanced in life she left her solitary wigwam,” says Lewis, “and was supported for a number of years by several of her friends in their own houses, but some of them dying, and she becoming childish, mischievous and troublesome, she was at length, at the age of ninety, removed to the Poor House, where, although indignant at being obliged to live in such a receptacle of wretchedness, she was shown every attention that the nature of her wants demanded and the kindness of the steward could suggest. Here she died a few years afterwards, and was buried by the steward in the paupers’ burying grounds.”

“Though a long time domesticated with the whites, Hannah retained her Indian character, with her copper complexion to the last. She had a proud and lofty spirit, hated the blacks, and deigned not to associate even with the lower of the whites. Without a companion of her race, without kindred, surrounded only by strangers, she felt her situation desolate, often spoke

emphatically of the wrongs and misfortunes of her people, upon whom alone her affections dwelt, and seemed to view all around her with an eye of suspicion. Hence her countenance was strongly indicative of distrust, which, joined with an air of pride that never left her, rendered the expression of her face strong and remarkable. In her conduct she was perfectly moral, and by no means given to the vice of drunkenness, to which so many of her nation were subject."

A bow shot or two up the stream from Indian Rock, to the north of the public road, marked by a group of oaks, is an Indian Burying-ground.

Curiosity stuck its spade into this ground some years ago, and in one place, after digging down about four feet and a-half, found an Indian skeleton almost complete. It lay with the head



toward the East, facing North, the figure being slightly bent. On one of the fingers was a copper ring ; a few shreds of coarse cloth were near the foot, and close beside it were nineteen round, opaque white beads, one painted Venetian bead, and a copper coin.

Other excavations, ostensibly scientific, uncovered portions of other skeletons with their heads to the East ; skeletons of Delawares, who, having seen the "darker vision" of Hiawatha, lay down to rest beside their beloved stream.

Why disturb them ? Surely the Indians of Newlin suffered enough when living to be let alone when dead.

I never look at one of these unearthed relics without feeling to the full the sentiments of Bryant on the Disinterred Warrior :

“ Gather him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior’s scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
The homage of man’s heart to death ;
Nor dare to trifle with the mould
One hallowed by the Almighty’s breath.

.
“ A noble race ! but they are gone,
With their old forests wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Ah, let us spare, at least, their graves.”

FROM NORTHBROOK TO CHADS'S FORD.

“How changed since here the Indian trod.
And was it strange that he should stand,
Battling for this all-lovely land?
That he should bathe his hands in gore,
The white man's blood, upon this shore?
Rise, soldiers, from your gory graves!
Rise, Revolutionary braves!
And say for what ye fought and fell,
When England loosed her hounds of hell.”

Dr. John Lofland—The Banks of the Brandywine.



THE bridge at Northbrook is destitute of beauty and but for its historical associations, would be absolutely uninteresting.

In 1795, some petitioners represented to the Court: “It is now about twenty-eight years since a bridge suitable for the passing of carriages, was erected at the expense of a few neighboring inhabitants, over the West Branch of Brandywine Creek near to Humphrey Marshall’s Mill, that the bridge continued in public use for several years, and especially during the time the American Army lay at Valley Forge, when, by their waggons passing from the Head of Elk, &c., with corn, it was considerably used and much injured, so that after a time it became impassable for carriages, but remained as a foot bridge

till about four years since, when it was thoroughly repaired at the considerable expense of a few persons aided by a trifling subscription."

Humphrey Marshall's Mill has long been a wreck, but the remains of it are yet visible on the southern side of the stream. Humphrey himself was a farmer and stone mason, with a strong bent toward botany and astronomy. His Botanic Garden at Marshallton, begun in 1773, contained a rich collection of forest and ornamental trees, and his work, entitled *Arbustum Americanum*, was the first truly indigenous botanical essay prepared and published in the Western Hemisphere.

The village of Marshallton lies in West Bradford on a ridge in the "forks of Brandywine." In 1719, the Friends who had settled here requested leave to hold a meeting for worship. In 1722, Chester Quarterly Meeting granted it.



HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S HOUSE.

The site was purchased from Edward Clayton in 1729, after which a log house was moved up from Abraham Marshall's farm. About 1765, the present Meeting-house was built.

Eli K. Price, who was born within view of Brandywine battle-ground, has left this picture of the early Friends :

"I see them, in my mind, back to the beginning of this (19th) century. Then the oldest men were in the costume Benjamin West painted them in the likenesses of his parents and others, and in his picture of the treaty with the Indians under the elm at Shackamaxon, and as William Penn stands in front of the Pennsylvania Hospital, but as taller men, for William



"ITS EASTERN SISTER." Page 115.

Penn evidently derived his figure to a considerable extent from his Dutch mother. The dress was a body coat of ample material, with standing collar, cut single-breasted, with one row of buttons covered with the same cloth, one row of button-holes, the front of the coat being slightly curved, and the whole falling to the knees; with waistcoat in proportion, with pockets parting below where the buttoning ceased, and so deep as partly to cover the lap, the openings covered by a flap, all of drab color; then came the small clothes, buckled at the knees; and often they wore buckled shoes, but on going out on horseback the high fair-top boots were essential. The person was covered with a genuine broadbrim, not rolled up nor standing out horizontally, but inclined upward on three sides at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in a few instances in the city looped up higher. But by the end of the first quarter of this century signs of the leveling tendency of republicanism had set in; the colors of the cloth became darker, and the dignity of the small clothes and fair-top boots were sunk in the trousers. And what a let-down was that! But the diminuant process has continued. The brim

is now narrower, the crown of the hat higher; the coat is cut from a smaller pattern, is fitted closer to the body, is more trim, but looks not so venerable."

As I leave the cool shadows of the oaks that surround

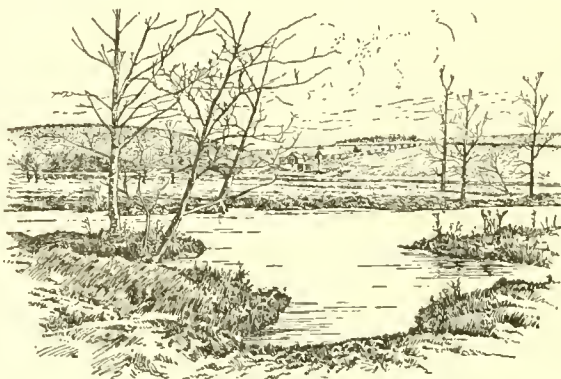


FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

the Meeting-house, I recall the form of an aged Friend who lived in this community, to whom God had given more than

the usual allowance of wit. When some Presbyterians once talked about tearing down an old hall, and building a chapel for their denomination at Marshallton, he shook his head to a suggestion for a contribution and remarked to their spokesman, "I can't give thee anything towards erecting the new one—my principles forbid that—but I will gladly contribute something towards tearing the old one down."

About a mile and a half south of Marshailton and less than half that distance down the stream from Humphrey Marshall's dismantled Mill you find yourself at Trimble's Ford. It was here that a division of the British Army under Lord Cornwallis, crossed the Western Brandywine on the morning of September 11th, 1777. From this ford to



Jefferis's Ford, on the Eastern Brandywine, is two miles. East of the stream lies West Bradford Township, west of it, Pocopson—the latter township being formed in 1849 from parts of Pennsbury, East Marlborough, Newlin and West Bradford. West Bradford was the western division of the old township of Bradford, beginning at the southeast corner of the Society Tract and by the line of the same to its northern corner.

At Wawasset, a mile or so further south, the Brandywine is spanned by the longest covered bridge in Chester County. On a dark night I have known drivers to listen carefully for a minute or so, and then send their horses through the bridge at the same pace that Tam O'Shanter sent his gray mare, and for much the same reason.

A mile or so from this bridge the Western Brandywine meets its Eastern sister, and together they journey southward. Some days they seem to meet with much reluctance, each appearing to be anxious to continue her course alone; at other times I have seen them rush into each other's arms so impetuously as to completely cover the little island at their confluence. Onward they go, loosening boats from their moorings, and sweeping every tent from their banks, laughing uproariously as the occupants go scampering toward the roads dragging their clothes behind them; mad with joy, and rejoicing in their strength, they spread their waters over the meadows and move tumultuously toward Lenape, scattering the crowds, overturning the pavilions, bursting all barriers and carrying everything before them. Seldom, however, does this occur; for the most part they flow quietly through the meadows of Bradford and seemingly enjoy the presence of the throng that gathers in the Park. And a mirthful throng it is—lovers in their light canoes, speeding up the stream to avoid too curious eyes, school children in heavy boats, advancing a few feet and receding as much, fortunate when they escape the dam breast—little steam launches, loaded to the water's edge—fishermen sitting on roots of trees, ready to swear as each boat passes. Such is Lenape in day time. At night—but no! Let us pass on.

Wawasset, Lenape and Pocopson, are Indian names, two of which are applied to railroad stations and one to a township, all of them having more or less of what Hawthorne calls "the oil-and-honey flow which the aborigines were so often happy in communicating to their local appellations."

Prior to the erection of the bridge at Lenape, the place was known as Wistar's or Shunk's Ford.

At the Battle of Brandywine some light troops belonging to the division which went with Howe and Cornwallis to attack Washington's right flank, passed by this ford. The farm was

then owned by John Brinton, "an eccentric, daring little man and a furious Whig, somewhat intemperate in his habits, and in the latter years of his life so extravagant in his deportment when excited by liquor, that he was commonly called 'Crazy Johnny.' When the British companies approached his house he greeted them with a hearty '*Hurrah for George Washington!*' They immediately arrested him and treated him very roughly. They threatened to kill him instantly, if he did not hurrah for King George. They prevailed after some time to make him say, 'Hurrah for King George!' but he immediately added — 'Washington.' Finding him utterly unmanageable, they plundered his house and took him with them as a prisoner to Philadelphia. As long as he lived he always affected the costume of that day, especially the old Revolutionary cocked hat!"

From Lenape to Painter's Bridge is a mile of beautiful meadow land, the greater portion of which is owned by Charles E. Mather. The road that runs along the east side of the Brandywine from Lenape to Painter's Bridge is shaded with trees, and here and there presents some rocky scenery that holds the eye and awakens sentiment. On these bottom lands the grass in places is as close and fine as plush. To the right of the stream, close to the bank, stands a row of great trees, stolid and dignified, protected from the onslaughts of the water by a substantial stone wall, and extending almost to the lower end of the meadow where a fence of swinging gates accommodates itself to the rising and falling of the stream, whenever it chooses to enlarge its boundaries. This end of the meadow is occasionally referred to as "Dungeon Bottom," but for what reason I am unable to say. Bottom land it is, and is so called in various proceedings, but why "Dungeon?" Even an inquiry from that "hand-and-glove associate of all forgotten men and things—the Oldest Inhabitant," has failed in giving me any solution.



"Holds THE LIFE AND AWAITS SENTIMENT" Page 116

Tradition says that it was at one time densely wooded and a favorite haunt of bears.

Painter's Bridge is crossed by the Street Road. Upon the construction of this bridge some changes were made in the course of the road. The road was a continuation of Marlborough Street in Kennett Township, its history being as follows :

In 1768, a number of petitioners were "apprehensive that it might be Conducive to the General Advantage of the Publick if the Road that is now Called Marlborough Street was Extended nearly Eastward upon as Streight a course as the Ground would admit of into the road that leads . . . to Philadelphia.

"It might lead through that part of the County where proposed with very little Detriment to Individuals as it might Probably Be Laid along Lines Between Plantations as also Between Townships that is at Present Badly accominodated with roads to the metropolis even to Carry the Produce of their Labour to market."

In 1775, Marlborough Street was connected with the Edgemont Road.

Less than a quarter of a mile south of Painter's Bridge, Popson Run flows into the Brandywine from the west, and on the same side, a turn or two below, a group of rocks marks a well known fishing place for bass. On the left of the stream a grove of trees indicates where Birmingham Park once entertained great crowds. Pennsbury Township lies on the west of the Brandywine, Birmingham on the east. William Brinton, one of the earliest settlers in this section of Chester County, came from the neighborhood of Birmingham in England, and as Futhey observes, selected for his wilderness home the name that would recall to his memory the early associations of his life. Upon the division of the County in 1789, the greater part of the original township fell into Delaware County. Until 1856, the

Street Road was the northern boundary of the township in Chester County. In that year it was enlarged by the addition to it of the southern end of East Bradford Township.

“The name of the township was originally pronounced Brummagem, and it is so given on Holmes’s map of the early settlements of Pennsylvania. The name is derived from Brumwycheham, the ancient name of Birmingham, and was used in common with Birmingham, which signifies the home of the descendants of Beorm, a Saxon chief.” How painful it must be for its citizens to reflect upon the concluding words of Futhey: “Birmingham in England was formerly the great emporium for plated ware and imitation jewelry, and hence the word Brummagem came to signify anything trashy or common.”

Standing at Brinton’s Bridge, noting the changes in the roads approaching it, I dropped a stone into the water below to sound its depth. Shades of Pluto! what a noise ensued and what a smell of sulphur arose to my nostrils. It seems that a fellow beneath the bridge was fishing, and the stone in descending happened to strike his cork. How unreasonable some creatures are! Trepan their innocent heads and, as Stevenson says, you will find “no more than so much coiled fishing line below their skulls.”



"AMOS BRINTON LOCATING CHADS'S FERRY."

"I AM NINETY YEARS OLD, AND REMEMBER THE TWO FERRY POSTS. THE FERRY WAS ABOUT TWENTY FEET NORTH
OF BRINTON'S RUN."

CHADS'S FERRY.

“Nimm nur Fährmann, nimm die Miethe,
Die ich gerne dreifach biete!
Zween die mit mir überfahren,
Waren geistige Naturen.”

Uhtand—Auf der Ueberfahrt.



PENCE a sheep, half as much more for a hog, three pence for every single person on foot, a two-pence a piece for two.”

Such were the rates of ferriage established for Chads's Ferry by the Court of Quarter Sessions, at its August Term, in 1737.

John Chads had agreed to provide a good boat for the accommodation of travelers on the road from Philadelphia to Nottingham, with sufficient hands to attend the same as should “from time to time be needfull for the Carriage of all persons, Cattle, Horses and Goods which on the road aforesaid are to be carried over the said Creek.”

His appeal for fixed rates was based on personal experience: “For as much as your Petitioner has since he erected the said Boat carried Sundry Travellers & others over the said Creek for want of a settled Table of fees has been obliged to take such sums for his fare as they were pleased to bestow upon him which many Times fell short of a reasonable ferriage.”

A century later, the Bar of Chester County emulated Chads's example by expressing their preference for a *certain* fee bill over the ancient but doubtful honorarium. As a member of

that body let me affectionately offer a glass of Brandywine water to the shade of John Chads, while I present to my readers a copy of his original petition:

At the sitting of the Court of Quarter Sessions held at Chester the 31st of May 1737.

*The Petition of John Chads of Birmingham
Humbly sheweth. —*

*That y^e Pet^r has by order of y^e Court & Officers of
Chester County made in pursuance with y^es^rs^r Warrant
built a Boat or flat for carrying of Carts, Carriages
and Travellers over Brandywine Creek at y^e Great
Road in Birmingham a^d. — And forasmuch as
y^e Pet^r did agree with y^e Court to carry people
over y^e Creek for such sum as y^e Court should be pleased
to set for y^e same Therefore y^e Pet^r might
humbly pray that y^e Court be pleased ~~to set~~
to say what sum or sum of money he may receive
for carrying of carts and men and horses over y^e Creek
a^d. — And y^e Pet^r shall pray —*

John Chads

The first boat or flat built under his agreement with the county, for “Ye Carrying of Carts, Carriages and Travellers over Brandywine Creek on ye Great Road in Birmingham” was not elaborate. There was no carved figure at its bow, no siren whistle, no gilded stern. Its timber cost three pounds eleven shillings and six pence; its construction and “other conve-

niences" ten pounds more. Twenty-nine pounds eleven shillings and ten pence was the total amount expended by Chads, which included a trip to Philadelphia, with "incidental" expenses.

1737
 Letter County of Dorset from Chads -
 May To: plank and timber for a flat - - - - £3: 11: 6
 To building the said flat and erecting the other conveniences - 10: 0: 0
 To iron work for the flat - - - - - 6: 7: 0
 To a cable to the small house for the flat - - - 6: 4: 6
 To three plankmen, heavy for the house - - - 0: 7: 10
 To a barrel of tar - - - - - 0: 10: 0
 To expenses going to Philadelphia to provide the ropes and other things - - - - - 0: 12: 0
 To dining hotel at London for 4 weeks 8 pence - - - 0: 12: 0
 To outfit for the carpenter 5 weeks at 5 pence - 1: 5: 0
 To a good clock for the house of flat - - - - 0: 2: 0

Charles Beckett Vicar of Chads: 14th. Century 29: 11: 10

This sum he borrowed from the county's funds, and started in to conduct the business of publican and ferryman. For five years he maintained the ferry, his boat crossing the river in sunshine and rain, swept by Spring's flood and buffeted by Winter's ice; for five years his hostelry opened its doors to wayfarers and then, suddenly (for some reason that does not appear, the early license papers having been abstracted), the Court refused to continue his license, whereupon he asked to be relieved from the care and management of the ferryboat, and to be discharged from the moneys borrowed by him for the building of the ferry: "For as much as it can be made appear that the Profit of the fferiage will not without some consideration be sufficient to support and maintain the necessary repairs thereof and the Honorable the Justices have thought proper to Debar your Petitioner from keeping a house of Entertainment."

The Court, however, refused to grant any of his prayers, and Chads's Ferry continued open. A few years before, the county had taken measures to erect wharves and causeways and suitable landing-places, for in times of freshet "peoples landing had been very difficult."

Two years later the Court renewed Chads's license and once again he essayed a double role, which he steadily continued until 1760, when his boat having outlived its usefulness and become water-soaked, we find him sending a bill to the Commissioners:

To Wood to Burn of Old Boat and of Trobel of Do

In addition to this bill he presented another for five weeks diet for the boat builder, at six shillings a week.

Twelve years later the second boat, in its turn, was ready for the flames, and the Commissioners again considered the question of rebuilding "the flat" for carrying passengers over

Such niggardliness deserves reprobation. However, the boat was only needed until a bridge was built—after which the ferryman's occupation was gone.

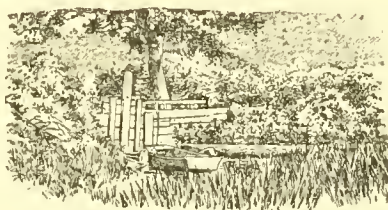
On January 31, 1803, a jury recommended "that a bridge should be erected over Brandywine Creek at *Chadd's* Ford, and that the place most convenient and least expensive was about thirteen perches below the said ford."

In May of the same year a road was laid out, beginning "at a public road near the *intended bridge* near Chadds ford about fifteen perches south . . . and from thence into a road called Starve Gut Road."

Any recommendation by Chester County, at that time, should have been cheerfully acquiesced in by her minor sister Delaware, particularly when the deplorable condition of the former's territory was apparent from the names that were given to her roads, but not until 1828 did she become responsive, not until 1828 did the bridge go up.

Sitting by this stream, contemplating odd bits of history, it is remarkable how one's emotions deepen as night comes on, and sometimes night comes on most unexpectedly. One afternoon, while ruminating here, anticipating the beauty of a sunset among clouds, the sun seemed all at a swoop to drop behind the hills of Pennsbury. Instantly the woodlands lost their green, the opposite bank receded from my sight, and every living object on which my roving eye had rested, disappeared; a moment later each wavelet of the Brandywine became a mighty breaker that pounded on the rocky shore and threatened to engulf me. Out of the darkness that was settling down in great black curtains all about me—I saw with straining eyes the outlines of a strange, grim figure looming up—I felt the touch of chilling spray and heard immediately in front of me the grinding of a keel. The figure beckoned and I started. Despite my efforts to retreat I found myself advancing, and beheld with open eyes the misty

features of Old Charon, as I had carved them years ago from Dore's illustrations of Dante's Comedy. How was it possible for David Hume to jest with such a steersman? But let me look him boldly in the face ! A happy thought, for as I face him, lo ! he stands resolved into a little boy, who, having gently touched me in my dream, is waiting now, with oar in hand, to take me to the further shore.



THE BATTLE AT THE FORD.

“Upon this hill did Freedom’s Father stand,
Design’d the saviour of a sinking land;
Battling with Britain’s host for liberty—
Approaching armies now I seem to see;
Like pent up tides let loose, they rush in might,
With clashing steel, and waving banners bright;
Like wheat before the farmer’s scythe, they fall,
And scenes are here which stoutest hearts appal:
Methinks a freeman’s dying groan I hear,
And now a Britain’s death shriek fills mine ear;
The expiring Hessian turns his eye in shame,
To Europe’s shores, and sighs to think he came
To fight a people, who no wrong had given,
Whose cause was sanction’d in the sight of Heaven.”

Lofland—Thoughts.



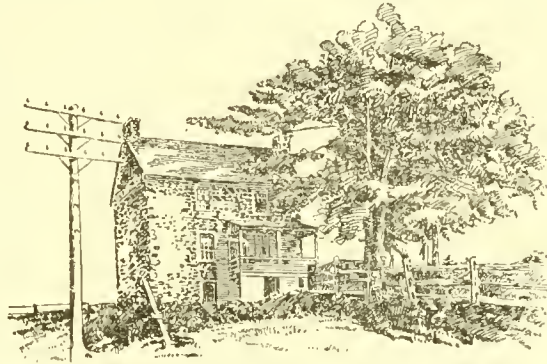
HAVE visited many battle and duelling grounds, but never have I witnessed so romantic a scene or so lovely a landscape, as when I ascended the lofty hill on which General Washington took his stand, and poured down a deadly fire on the enemy in the valley. In company with a party of literary gentlemen, I enjoyed the splendid prospect, while imagination pictured to my view the grand drama that had been enacted there in other days. It is a beautiful rolling country, and from the summit of the hill the variegated landscape extends as far as the eye can reach in all directions. But no mementoes are left of the



"THE HILLS . . . ARE OCCUPIED BY KNYPHAUSEN'S TROOPS," Page 138.

battle. A calm sunshine and solitary silence now rest on those fields, those hills and valleys, which have been drenched with American and British blood."

As Lofland's poetical temperament sometimes lured him into hyperbole, I feared that in this instance, his "lofty hill" might have to be reduced to a moderate elevation back of John Chads's old stone house, a short distance northward from the ford that bears his name; but after climbing the knoll on a hot day in June, I was quite content to adopt his phraseology—indeed, dispute was impossible.



It was up this hill that Washington rode, with a few attendants, on the morning of the battle, and with the aid of glasses endeavored to ascertain the character and position of the hostile forces west of the Brandywine. When cannon balls from the enemy's artillery began to drop about him, he remarked to those whom curiosity had collected, "Gentlemen, you perceive we are attracting the notice of the enemy; I think you had better retire."

Retire! gentlemen, for the enemy has arrived and the uncertainty that has long prevailed, is ended. There is no longer need for Washington to cast his eyes behind him, he need only look across the stream. In the woods on the west side, British redcoats and whiskered Hessians are gathering fast. The designs of Howe against Philadelphia are clear, though the route taken has been, as Washington remarks, "a strange one."

It is three weeks since William Bardley sent his dispatch

that the British fleet of one hundred ships had anchored off the river Patapsco.

Would the enemy land at Baltimore or further up the bay?

That question Bardley could not resolve, but four days later Howe answered it definitely, by landing his army of eighteen thousand men "in good health and spirits and admirably supplied with all the implements of war," at the Head of Elk. He was as near to Philadelphia at Brunswick as at Elkton, but Sir William, as Irving observes, had chosen a circuitous route, in the expectation of finding friends among the people of Cecil County and of the lower counties of Pennsylvania, where many of the inhabitants were Quakers and non-combatants.

On August 24th, Washington led his ill-assorted troops decorated with sprigs of green, through the crowded streets of Philadelphia toward the Brandywine, and the next day he reached Wilmington just as the British anchored in the Elk.

There were famous old mills of the Brandywine that must not feed the army of Howe. These mills were built at the foot of the slope down which the stream makes its last rush from out the hills. "Begun by Oliver Canby, ancestor of a long line of straight-coated Quaker millers, they were known far and near in those early days, when the wheat crop of the country was harvested upon a narrow strip along the Atlantic, and grists came to them not only from the fat fields of Southeastern Pennsylvania and Northern Delaware, but from Maryland, and even New Jersey."

There were stores at the Head of Elk that had also given Washington much concern. On August 27th, however, his diligent efforts enabled him to write to the President of Congress: "I this morning returned from the Head of Elk, which I left last night. . . . I am happy to inform you that all the public stores are removed from thence, except about seven thousand bushels of corn. This I urged the Commissary there to get off



"A MODERATE ELEVATION BACK OF JOHN CHADS'S OLD STONE HOUSE." Page 127.

as soon as possible, if the enemy should not prevent it, which their situation gives them but too easy an opportunity of doing."

On the 7th of September, General Howe's plan of operations was very uncertain: "Since General Howe's debarkation in Elk River, writes Washington to Major-General Heath, "he has moved on about seven miles; his main body now lies at Iron Hill, and ours near a village called Newport. In this position the armies are from eight to ten miles apart. . . . Some imagine that he will extend himself from the head waters of the Chesapeake to the Delaware, and by these means not only cut off the counties on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and two of those belonging to the Delaware State, from affording us any assistance, but will secure the horses, cattle, and forage, of which there are considerable quantities in that country. This, in my opinion, considering how far the campaign is already advanced, would take up more time than he could spare. For, supposing him to be able to form such an extension, he would be as far from Philadelphia as he is at present, and he would be subject to an attack upon some part of his line, which, from its length, could not be properly supported. A few days past he advanced two or three miles forward, during which there was pretty sharp skirmishing between our light troops and his van. We had about forty killed and wounded, and I imagine the enemy had considerably more, as ours were thinly posted behind cover, and they were in column."

On the 9th, Washington writes another letter to the President of Congress, for the intentions of Sir William have become clearer:

"The enemy advanced yesterday with a seeming intention of attacking us upon our post near Newport. We waited for them the whole day; but they halted in the evening at a place called Milltown, about two miles from us. Upon reconnoitring their situation, it appeared probable that they only meant to amuse

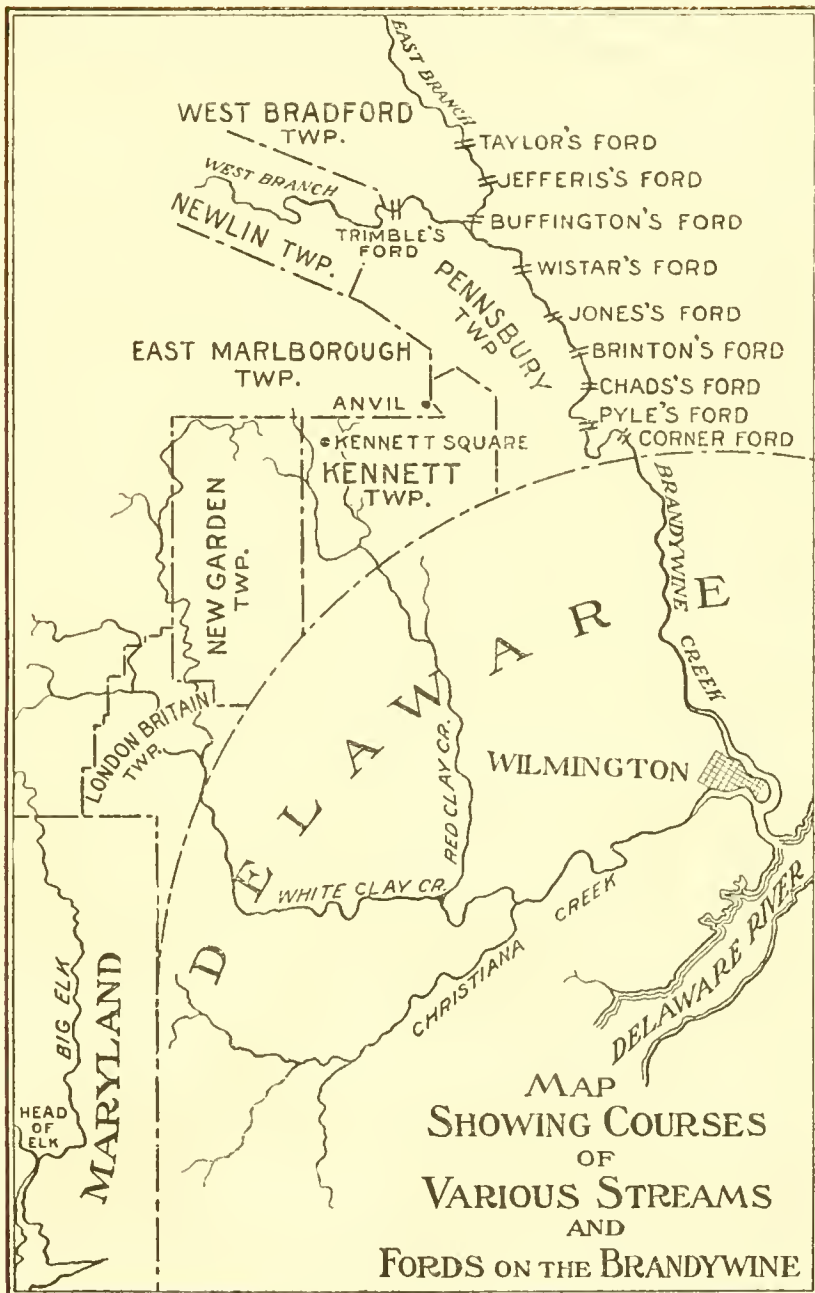
us in front, while their real intent was to march by our right, and, by suddenly passing the Brandywine and gaining the heights upon the north side of that river, get between us and Philadelphia, and cut us off from that city. To prevent this, it was judged expedient to change our position immediately. The army accordingly marched at two o'clock this morning, and will take post this evening upon the high grounds near Chads's Ford."

The advent of Washington at Chads's Ford aroused the neighborhood to the greatest pitch of excitement. The first account the inhabitants had of the enemy after their landing, located them at Iron Hill, a place not much known; the next report advanced them to Allen's Tavern, in the settlement of New Garden; at which place a man had actually seen them, in fact, had been so near them as "to discover the buttons on their coats."

Some persons, who had manifested a disposition to support the American cause, began to remove their families and drive off their stock to a safe distance from the British plunderers, others of greater faith remained at home, trusting in Providence, and watching with interest the construction of intrenchments and the disposition of the American troops along the Brandywine.

At Chads's Ford, the course of the Brandywine is south-easterly. Below the dam, near the bridge, its width is a little less than one hundred and fifty feet. Above the dam, it exceeds that measurement at many points, while in times of freshets the tussocky meadow of a thousand feet between the eastern bank of the dam and Chads's house, is frequently covered with water.

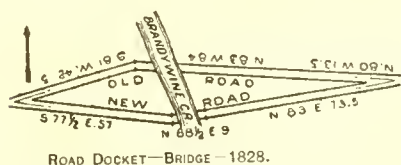
Werner, the Hessian Lieutenant of Artillery, who prepared a map of the battle, calls it a "creek," Stedman, who served under Cornwallis, and wrote an account of the engagement, speaks of it as a "rivulet," and also as a "river." "Brandy-



wine River" is the term used twenty-five years later by astute petitioners, who wanted a bridge at the Street Road Fording, and its use was justified by the fact that the Brandywine sustained a ferry three miles below, and occasionally defied travelers on the Nottingham and Starve Gut roads to cross it.

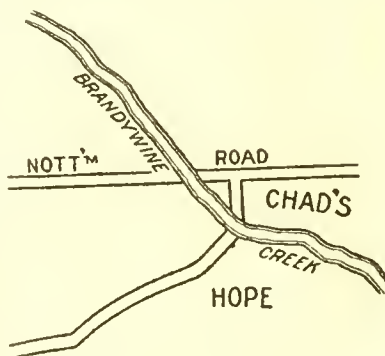
With the last hundred years, dam and bridge and railroad embankments, have made many changes around Chads's Ford—the ferry posts are fallen, the ford on the old Nottingham Road has left no hoof-prints on the banks of the stream, Starve Gut Road has changed its course, and the willows bow their heads to the water where once the forest trees lifted their branches high in the air. And yet a short walk up the railroad track is all that is needed to enable one to appreciate the remark of the English Chief of Engineers, concerning the topography of this country: "an amazing country,—a succession of large hills rather sudden, with narrow vales—in short, an entire defile."

At the time of the battle, the country was covered with forests through which there were various public roads, running from north to south, and from east to west.



Of the latter the most important was "Ye Great Road leading from Chester to Nottingham," which passed by Welch's Tavern and Kennett Meeting House. Travelers on this road forded the Brandywine three hundred feet or more north of the present bridge.

In 1754, a road was granted, which afterward bore the significant name of Starve Gut Road, a name applied to it (so tradition says) because no dinner was provided for the viewers. This road



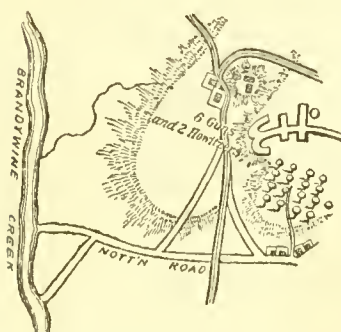
ROAD DOCKET, 1754.



“BELOW ‘HAIR’S FORD.’”

began at the Nottingham Road near the east bank of the Brandywine and crossed the stream about one hundred and fifty feet south of the present bridge. ("Beginning at a Stake on the Great Road leading from Chester to Nottingham, on ye Land of John Chads, thence on sd Land S. 2 E. 22 perches to Brandywine Creek, thence crossing said Creek, etc.") In later road proceedings it is referred to as Starve Gut or Lower Ford Road. The Upper Ford and the Lower Ford were within six hundred feet of each other. North of the Nottingham Road and running in the same direction at a distance varying from one to two miles was the Street Road; at right angles with each of these roads, on the west of the Brandywine, was the Great Valley Road leading toward the north; on the east side of the Brandywine was another road running south by Sconneltown across the Street Road to the Birmingham Meeting-house.

Washington took his position on the east side of the Bran-



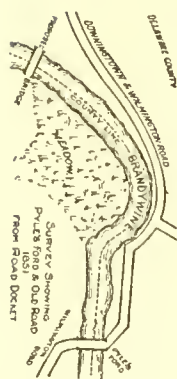
FROM WERNER'S MAP.

wine, where a redoubt, with artillery, commanded by Proctor, was thrown up on the bluff bordering on the flat ground, a little north of the Nottingham road. This redoubt directly faced and commanded the passage at Chads's Ford.

The right of the American army composed of six brigades in three divisions, under Sullivan, Stirling and Stephen, extended two miles up the stream. Sullivan, the senior officer of the three, was in command, and was stationed at Brinton's Ford with orders to guard all the fords above that to the Forks of Brandywine. In accordance with instructions received from Sullivan, Colonel Hazen placed a Delaware regiment at Jones's Ford (Painter's Bridge), one-half of his own regiment at Wistar's Ford (Lenape), and the other half at Buffington's Ford (Shaw's Bridge).

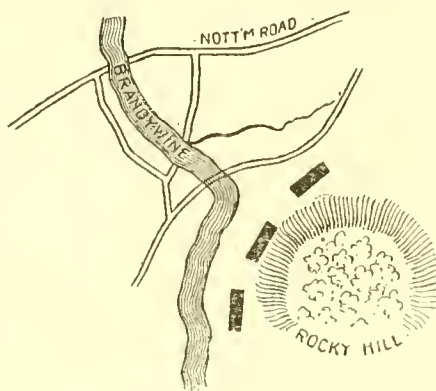
The Pennsylvania Militia under Armstrong, constituted the

left and stretched along some rough ground known as Rocky Field, or Hill, to Pyle's Ford, two miles below, where Colonel Eyre placed his cannon. This



PYLE'S FORD. part of the

country was thickly wooded.



FROM WERNER'S MAP, 1777.

NAMES OF ROAD AND HILL INSERTED.

Wayne's division, with Proctor's artillery, occupied the ground at the ford. Greene's division (consisting of the brigades of Weedon and Muhlenberg), formed a reserve, and took, during the battle, a central position between the right and the left wing.

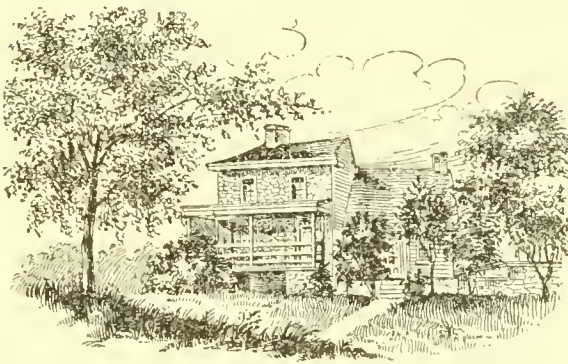


East of the ford about a mile, on the north side of the Nottingham Road, the Commander-in-Chief established headquarters at the old Ring Tavern. A half-mile farther down the same road, Lafayette lodged in a little house belonging to Benjamin Gilpin.

On the 10th of September, having arranged his army and thrown out Maxwell's Light Artillery on the west side of the Brandywine to guard the approaches to the Ford, Washington

resolute and hopeful, awaits the enemy.

It is patent to him, it is patent to his staff, that the approaching contest will be an unequal one. Surveying his



LAFAYETTE'S QUARTERS.

forces, increased as they have been by the militia of Pennsylvania, by volunteers, and by the division of Sullivan, Washington may count fifteen thousand men, but excluding the sick, and those who lack

clothing or effective arms, his army does not contain twelve thousand really serviceable troops.

Opposed to them, is Howe's army of eighteen thousand veterans, in excellent condition, thoroughly equipped, and commanded by officers of long experience and unquestioned military skill.

But, Philadelphia must not fall without a battle ; the public demands one, and Europe is waiting, open-eyed, to see if Americans can stand before the King's troops in a fight in the open and upon equal conditions. Hitherto, as Lafayette declares, they have fought "combats, but not battles."

On the 10th of September, the two grand divisions of the British army—one of eleven thousand men under Knyphausen, the other of seven thousand men under Cornwallis, meet at Kennett Square, and the plan of battle for the morrow is discussed. Washington has taken a strong position. An attack on the left, impossible ; in front, problematical ; storming might result in success, but would certainly result in terrible loss of life ; the right is his weak point, he shall be taken in flank by a long cir-

cuitous route. It succeeded at Long Island, why not at Chads's Ford? The division of Cornwallis shall make a wide detour, cross both branches of the Brandywine, get in Washington's right and rear at Dilworthtown, and cut him off from Philadelphia. Meanwhile Knyphausen shall conduct the troops under his command to the high ground on the west side of the Brandywine, commence a brisk cannonading and feign attempts to cross the stream. When advised of Cornwallis's arrival at Dilworthtown by the sound of cannon, let Knyphausen cross the Brandywine, and in a combined attack, crush the American army or drive it down the Delaware Peninsula.

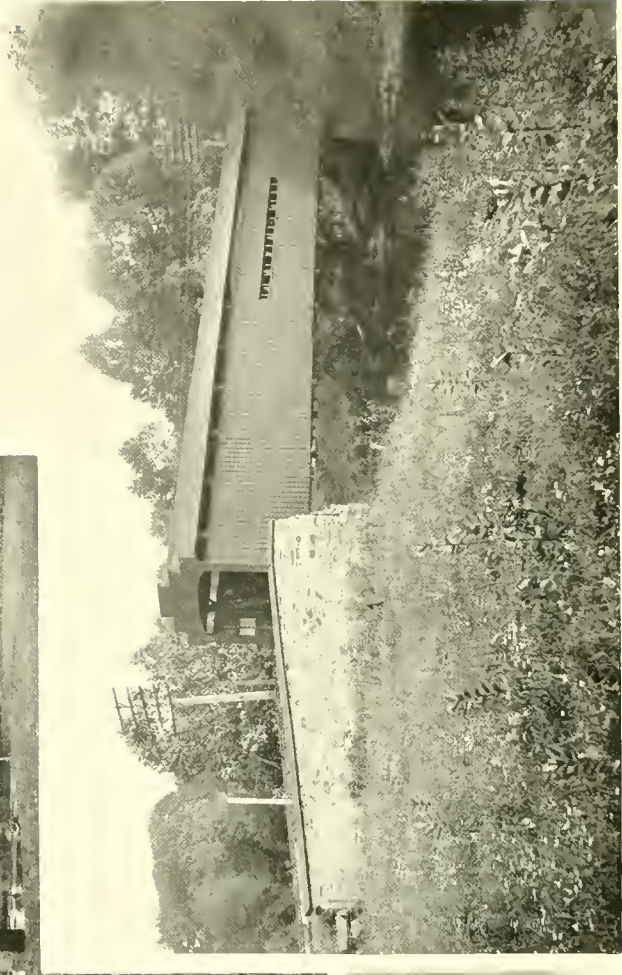
The morning of the 11th is hot and foggy. Cornwallis starts at daybreak, Knyphausen, between seven and nine o'clock. Knyphausen has seven miles to go, Cornwallis, sixteen. From a point a mile east of Kennett Square, Cornwallis's division in light marching order—without knapsacks—thread their way through the fog northward toward Trimble's Ford, while Knyphausen's division march eastward toward the Brandywine hills of Pennsbury, west of Chads's Ford, five miles south of the "forks."

Maxwell's riflemen also move—move as far as Kennett Meeting-house and stop. A scouting party go a little farther and hitch their horses right in front of Welch's Tavern. New England rum and apple-jack are palatable drinks for thirsty soldiers, but not when murderous Hessians watch the door and await their exit. With retreat from the front cut off, what shall they do? They do the only thing possible—run from the back, firing as they go—a mere sputtering volley, which injures nothing but their own horses.

By half-past nine o'clock, Knyphausen's troops reach Kennett Meeting-house, where Maxwell's riflemen, from behind the graveyard wall, fire into them, and fall back. Some of the enemy drop. How many, who never rose again, the records do not state, but enough to cause confusion. Momentary confu-



"PAINTER'S BRIDGE."

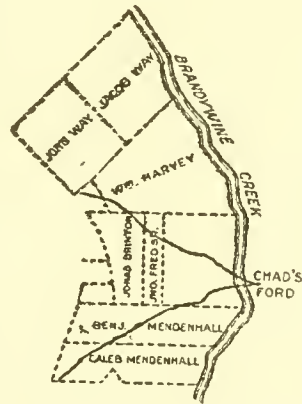


"BINTON'S BRIDGE." Page 133.

sion, however, out of which order soon issues, and the march is resumed—this time with caution. Caution may well be taken, for the country is woody, and the sharpshooters of Maxwell are out to-day to quit scores for operations lately had on White Clay Creek, when the enemy was supported by artillery.

Knyphausen is in high spirits, full of confidence, full also of a certain grim humor, which manifests itself when an English Quakeress rushes out and implores him not to go down to the Ford. “Dear man?” she exclaims, “George Washington is on the other side of the stream, and has all the men in *this* world with him.” “Never mind, Madam,” replies Knyphausen, with a laconicism worthy of Wallenstein, “I have all the men in the *other* world with me.”

The skirmishing continues from the Meeting-house to the Brandywine. Despite the efforts of Maxwell, Knyphausen reaches the high ground near the Ford in an hour’s time, and shortly afterwards, Ferguson’s Corps of Royal Riflemen throws up light works on which to put two guns to answer Proctor. Immediately the companies of Porterfield and Wagoner cross the Ford and attack them. In fighting their way up the woody valley they force a company of the enemy to seek protection back of William Harvey’s house, where Proctor fires on them, and incidentally fires on Harvey, who, seated on his porch, obstinately declines to move, and resolutely declares his intention to protect his property at all hazards from Hessian plunderers. Only when a twelve pound cannon ball plunges through his kitchen wall and ploughs up his “piazza,” does he appreciate the significance of neighbor Way’s remark, “Thee is in danger, come away.”



FROM MAP OF PENNSBURY, 1770.

Porterfield and Wagoner must also withdraw—Maxwell, too, for a heavy column, coming south from Brinton's Ford, out-flanks them and forces them to cross the stream. A little later, and the hills for half a mile back from the Brandywine are occupied by Knyphausen's troops, and Knyphausen's guns are placed in position to command the Ford.

Amos House, who has left his dwelling near Chads's Ford, and been "succeeded therein by Lord Stirling and his attendants," goes down to his premises after the cannonading has commenced, "to see what discovery he can make," and rides "under the cannon balls that are discharged from the artillery on the hills on each side of the creek, without receiving any injury therefrom."

By repeated feints, the Hessian General has purposely wasted the morning in skirmishing, for too many troops must not be brought into action until Cornwallis gain his position.

At noon, the hot skirmishing is over. There is a little desultory firing on both sides—nothing more—seeing which, Washington's Secretary, Colonel Harrison, writes a note to Congress that there is no doubt but that the enemy will be repulsed.

But what of Cornwallis and his division? They *were* on the Great Valley Road, and Howe with them. Colonel Bland, on the west side of the Brandywine, near Jones's Ford, saw his column moving toward Trimble's Ford, and Captain Simpson actually gave them three rounds. At eleven o'clock, Lieutenant-General Ross sent this message to Sullivan:

"GREAT VALLEY ROAD,

"DEAR GENERAL,

11 o'clock, A. M.

"A large body of the enemy, from every account five thousand, with sixteen or eighteen field-pieces, marched along this road just now. This road leads to Taylor's Ferry and Jeffrey's Ferry, on the Brandywine, and to the Great Valley, at the Sign of the Ship, on the Lancaster Road to Philadelphia. There is also a road from the Brandywine

BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE

in which
THE REBELS
were defeated.

September the 11th 1777.

by the Army under the Command of

GENERAL
ST WILL^{MS} HOWE.

NOTE The Operations of the Column under
the Command of His Excellency
Lieutenant General Knyphausen
as engraved from a Plan drawn
on the Spot by S.W. WERNER
Lieut^{nt} of Hessian Artillery.
Engraved by W^{MS} FADEN,
Charing Cross,
1778.

References to the Column under the
Command of L^{td} Gen^l Earl Cornwallis.

- A.A. Column under the Command of Lieutenant General
Earl Cornwallis after having crossed the Forks
of the Brandywine at two o'clock in the afternoon.
- B.B. The Third Brigade which was not brought into action,
but kept in reserve in the Rear of the Fourth Brigade.
- C. Two Squads of Dragoons which were not employed.
- D. Light Infantry and Chasseurs beginning the Attack.
- E.E. Attack of the Guards and Hessian Grenadiers who formed
the Enemy on the first onset.
- F. A Part of the Enemy's Right flank forced by the 1st Light
Infantry and Chasseurs.
- G.G. The 1st British Grenadiers, the Hessian Grenadiers
and the Guards entangled in the woods.
- H.H.H. March of the 2^d Light Infantry, 2^d Grenadiers and
4th Brigade toward Dilworth where they destroyed a Corps
of the Enemy strongly posted.



Published according to Act of Parliament by W^{MS} Faden Charing Cross April 13th 1778.

References to the Column under the Command of His Excellency Lieut^{nt} Gen^l Knyphausen.

- a.a. Column under the Command of His Excellency Lieutenant General
Knyphausen in march at 9 in the morning, his Van having drove back
the Rebel Detachment which attempted to defend the Defile, from
Wheat Tavern to the Heights of Chalfont.
- b. Heights and Woods occupied by the Rebels.
- c. Small Troops raised by D^r.
- d. The British Riflemen posted behind a House and supported by two men
of Gen^l Stairs Brigade.

- e. The Queen's Rangers pursued the Enemy dislodged from the Wood F.
- f. Four Pieces of Cannon with the 10th Reg^t to support the Attack of the
Advanced Troops and the 28th Reg^t who crossed the Valley into, got to
the Heights i, which the Enemy abandoned at their approach as well as
the Heights e.
- k. March of the Troops to take the Fort on a hill was done under the Fire of
of Cannon in j and under that of the Enemy in m.

- n.n.n.n. Position of the Column from i after ten in the morning all five in the
afternoon when Gen^l Howe made his Attack on the other side of
the Brandywine Creek near Dilworth. The Position of the Rebels was
done as u.u.u.u.
- p. March of the Troops to the Ford under the Fire of the Cannon q. The
Enemy fled from their Battered van.
- r. First where the Troops crossed the Creek and charged the Enemy who as just

appeared them with some numbers, but soon gave way. The Riflemen to Queen's Rangers
with the 2^d 4th and 5th followed by all the British Regiments and by Gen^l Stairs
Brigade forced the Enemy to abandon their Batteries m.m. And after some Resistance
near the House s.s to retire at v from which position they fired upon the Troops with
four Pieces of Cannon. The Rebels afterwards retreated to Chester, the Night followed
their march and covered them from pursuit. L^{td} Gen^l Knyphausen's Column having
pursued 6 miles and remained in the position u.u.

to Chester by Dilworth Town. We are close in their rear with about seventy men. Captain Simpson lay in ambush with twenty men, and gave them three rounds within a small distance, in which two of his men were wounded, one mortally. I believe General Howe is with this party, as Joseph Galloway is here known by the inhabitants, with whom he spoke, and told them that General Howe was with him.

“Yours,

“JAMES ROSS, Lieutenant-Colonel.”

Information of this kind smacks of moral certainty, and acting on it, Washington orders Sullivan to cross the Brandywine and engage Cornwallis's division; as for Greene, let him cross above Chads's Ford and strike Knyphausen on the left flank.

The troops are put in motion, and Green advances to the edge of the stream, when behold! the movement is checked, for it seems a certain Major Spear has traveled from Martin's Tavern to Welch's Tavern, and seen nothing.

“BRENTON'S FORD, 11 September.

“DEAR GENERAL,

“Since I sent you the message by Major Moore, I saw Major Spear of the militia, who came this morning from a tavern called Martin's, at the fork of the Brandywine. He came from thence to Welch's Tavern, and heard nothing of the enemy about the fork of the Brandywine, and is confident they are not in that quarter; so that Colonel Hazen's information must be wrong. I have sent to that quarter, to know whether there is any foundation for the report, and shall give your excellency the earliest information.

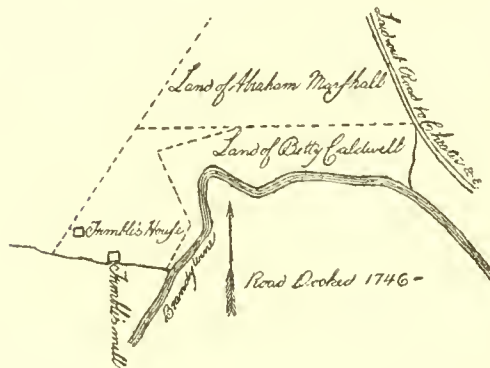
“I am, &c.,

JOHN SULLIVAN.”

Who was Spear, or Spicer as he is sometimes called, and of what militia? To this question historians are dumb. Stone can not place him, “neither,” declares he, by way of excuse, “can Egle.” Pennsylvania does not want him, and New Jersey long since renounced all claim to him. Stone thinks his lie is too great for a spy—requires too much ignorance on the part of his hearers,

and accordingly regards him as "a tavern hero." But whether drunken patriot, wily spy, or tavern hero, Spear unquestionably saved the Battle of Brandywine for the British. "The misfortune which happened to us on the 11th of September," writes Washington to Sullivan a month and a half after the battle, "I ascribe principally to the information of Major Spear, transmitted to me by you, and yet I never blamed you for conveying that intelligence. On the contrary, considering from whom and in what manner it came to you, I should have thought you culpable in concealing it. The Major's rank, reputation and knowledge of the country, gave him a full claim to credit and attention. His intelligence . . . was a most unfortunate circumstance, . . . but it was not your fault that the intelligence was eventually found to be erroneous."

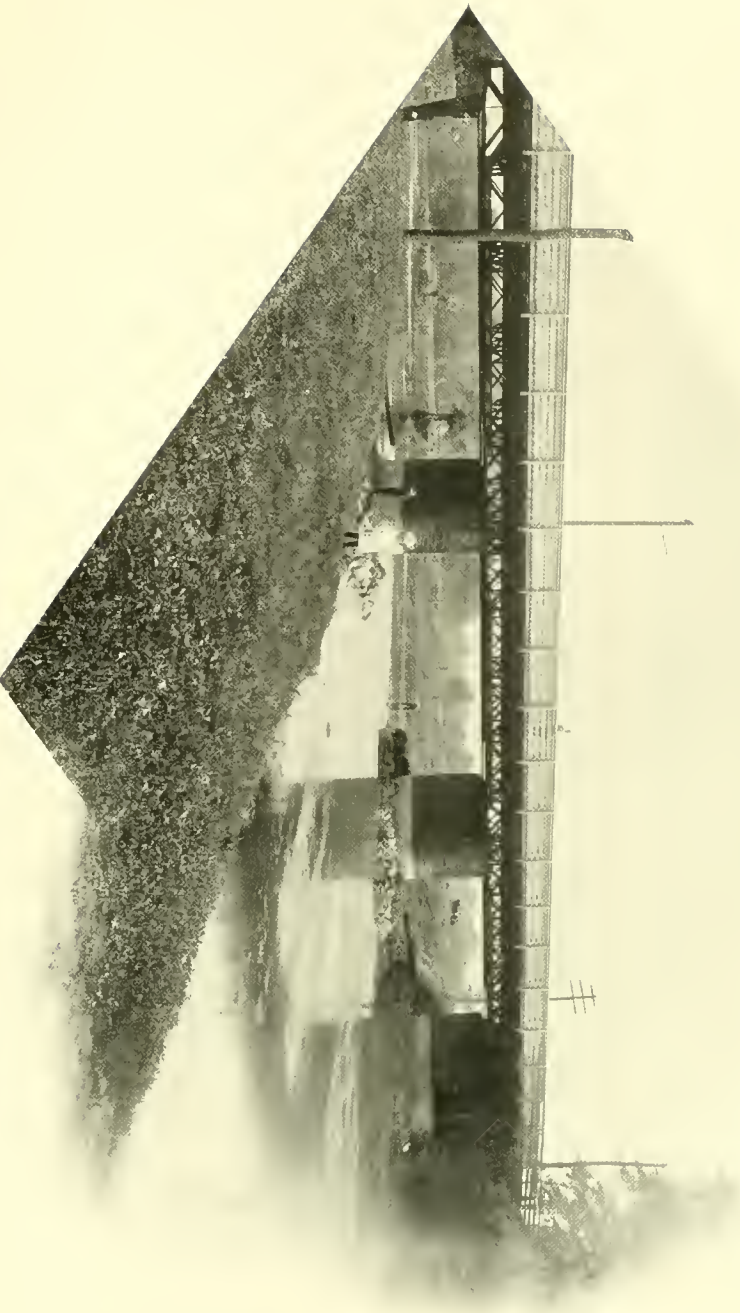
But enough of retrospection. Spear's "intelligence" deceives Sullivan and fills the mind of Washington with painful



uncertainty. Did Cornwallis march up the Great Valley Road in the morning? If so, did he cross Trimble's Ford? or, did he march down the right bank of the Brandywine and reunite his column with that of Knyphausen?

The light horse sent out to reconnoiter, support the latter view, but all is in doubt.

At two o'clock doubt no longer exists, for 'Squire Cheyney rides up to Sullivan with information both definite and ominous. "The British have crossed the Brandywine and are almost at hand, approaching from the north." Sullivan listens, but cannot believe it. "Lead me to the Commander-in-Chief," prays Cheyney. When his request is granted, he finds even Washington



"LENAPE." Page 133.

incredulous, and his staff inclined to sneer. "If you doubt my word," exclaims the now thoroughly disgusted 'Squire, to Washington, "put me under guard until you can ask Anthony Wayne or Persie Frazer if I am a man to be believed." "I would have you know," says he, turning to the attendant generals, "that I have this day's work as much at heart as e'er a blood of you."

A few minutes later, Cheyney's statements are corroborated by a dispatch from Sullivan, enclosing a note from Colonel Bland :

"TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.

"DEAR GENERAL :—Colonel Bland has this moment sent me word, that the enemy are in the rear of my right about two miles, coming down. There are, he says, about two brigades of them. He also says he saw a dust back in the country for above an hour. I am, &c. JOHN SULLIVAN."

"A QUARTER PAST ONE O'CLOCK.

"SIR :—I have discovered a party of the enemy on the heights, just on the right of the two Widow Davis's, who live close together on the road called the Fork Road, about half a mile to the right of the Meeting-house (Birmingham). There is a higher hill in their front.

"THEODORIC BLAND."

It is a certainty, most deplorable, but nevertheless a certainty, that Cornwallis has crossed both branches of the Brandywine, and the head of his column is halted at Sconnelltown, the men eating, and their horses refreshing themselves on all the corn patches within reach.

An hour ago, the women of that village were gathered about a wheelwright shop, wringing their hands and mournfully crying, "The English are coming, and murdering all before them, young and old." At present, they are interested in scarlet uniforms and gold lace, and find the officers "handsome men of uncommon social disposition."

Even the common soldiers look well, but looked better

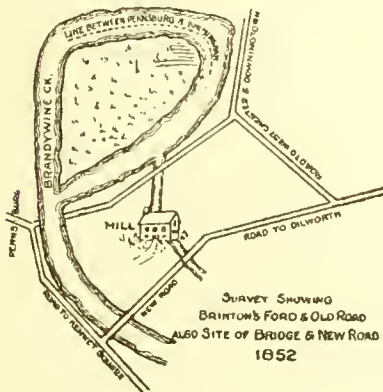


"ORDERING HAZEN'S REGIMENT TO PASS A HOLLOW WAY." Page 144.

an hour ago, when they came out of the woods into Emmor Jefferis's field above the Ford. Jefferis, himself, does not appreciate them, for Jefferis's cellars were stored with liquors before they came, and now contain only empty casks. Right heartily did they drink to the health of King George, after which Sir William honored their host by pressing him into his Majesty's service. Up the hill toward Sconnelltown they went—Cornwallis's men a trifle out of step, boisterously inquiring, "Where are the rebels?"

Let them march a mile further to Osborne's Hill, and if their eyes are good, they will see some of them forming on the high ground near Birmingham, with a few light companies thrown forward into the walled graveyard.

Meanwhile, Colonel Hazen, who saw the British crossing the Brandywine at Jefferis's Ford, has made a rapid movement down the stream, taking up his detachments at Wistar's Ford (Lenape) and at Jones's Ford (Painter's Bridge), and has met



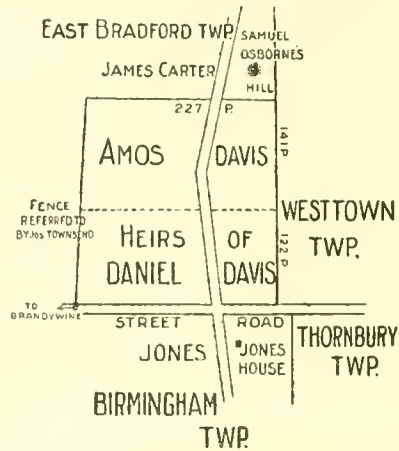
Sullivan coming up from Brinton's with orders to march with his division, join with and take command of that and those of Stirling and Stephen, and oppose the enemy. Where the enemy is, what route the other divisions have taken, where he may form a junction with them,—of these things, Sullivan knows nothing, but turns eastward on

the Street Road, and after going a short distance, is suddenly headed by some British soldiers in the road, not more than forty yards from his advance guard.

Whereat, he turns off to the right, and going a little distance, discovers the divisions of Stirling and Stephen "in the

rear and to the right." Ordering Hazen's regiment to "pass a hollow way, file off to the right and face to cover the artillery," Sullivan attempts to form his men "on an advantageous height in a line with the other divisions," but unfortunately almost half a mile to the left.

A lad by the name of Joseph Townsend, who has been strolling through the fields of East Bradford ahead of the British army, stops for a moment at Amos Davis's line fence. To his great astonishment he sees the Hessian advance guard at the Street Road—seven hundred yards off—fired upon by a company of Americans in the orchard north of Samuel Jones's brick dwelling house; then, turning his eyes northward, he feasts them with "a grand view of the British army advancing over and down the side of Osborne's Hill and the land of James Carter, scarcely a vacant space left."



Seeing "such a tremendous force coming on and ready to engage in action," Joseph, "while under no apprehension of danger," nevertheless finds that his "inconsiderate curiosity" has prompted him "to exceed the bounds of prudence," and concludes it best to retire. Does actually retire to Osborne's Hill, from which point the British generals have been watching Stirling and Stephen form their line on a hill a hundred rods or more southeast of Birmingham Meeting-house. The ground is well selected, "a natural glacis" in front and a thick wood in the rear, but what a gap between them and Sullivan.

Stirling and Stephen think that Sullivan's division should be brought on to theirs, and this gap closed. Sullivan agrees



"SOUTHEAST OF BIRMINGHAM MEETING HOUSE." Page 144.

with them, but Howe has already determined that such movement shall not be effected, has already ordered an attack.

From his post in the center, Sullivan commands the artillery to play briskly. He will stop the progress of the enemy and give the troops time to form, particularly Deborre's brigade. Martinet Deborre moves strictly according to rule, insists on every punctilio of military etiquette, claims the right of the line and values precedence above service. Martinet Deborre is a conspicuous figure to-day, in the next battle he will not be seen.

Sullivan's soldiers are ignorant of tactics. "When in line of battle, it became necessary for a regiment to assume a position to the right without breaking ranks," says Lafayette, "instead of filing simply to the right, the left began a never-ending counter march." In closing the gap, Sullivan's division is confused. Their commander sends four aides-de-camp to rally the troops—the confusion becomes worse. He goes himself, but no sooner does he form a second party than the first runs off. He might try a third were time not so precious. But suppose the hill whereon his artillery is placed should be carried by the enemy, rout would be total, retreat impossible. A final word of inspiration is all he can give before he gallops to the center. A few minutes later and the Guards and Grenadiers are upon them. Some of the regiments fight—the most fire and flee. Is it lack of courage, or lack of captaincy? Much may be said on either side. Let us go to the center.

The center stands firm. For an hour and a half the divisions of Stirling and Stephen, aided by the three regiments of Hazen, Ogden and Dayton, from Sullivan's division—in all not more than three thousand men, withstand the British column of double their number. Five times the British soldiers drive the Americans from the hill, five times is it retaken. Only when Cornwallis turns the whole fire of his artillery upon them

does he force them to withdraw, and then they take their artillery and baggage with them.

Eastward toward Dilworthtown they retreat, until they reach a point now known as Sandy Hollow, when

“The wave of retreat checks its course there because,
The sight of its master compels it to pause.”

Greene is at hand. His division has double-quickened it from the Ford—four miles in forty-five minutes. Opening his ranks he lets the retreating forces pass, and faces the enemy.

Weedon's brigade is drawn up in the narrow defile, Muhlenberg's brigade on the side of the road. “There is a time to pray,” declared the fighting parson in his last sermon to his congregation, “and there is a time to fight.” That time has come. Flushed with success the British troops advance and—stop. They charge again and again, but are as often driven back. “A brief action” is the term used by Howe. Montross, then, must be wrong, for he tells us that it was the heaviest fire of the battle.

At the Ford, is much confusion. Wayne has little more than a thousand men to meet Knyphausen's division that is preparing to cross. Enveloped with smoke, from his own and the American cannon, Knyphausen marches his column, under the command of Grant, into the stream. Proctor's guns plow great gaps in the advance ranks—so that for days the farmers fish dead bodies from the water—but the enemy moves forward, makes the crossing, captures the redoubt. Wayne is loath to retire—will not retire until a body of British troops from Cornwallis's division on his right, forces him not only to withdraw, but to make a hasty and disorderly retreat.

Greene also has withdrawn, and night has come.

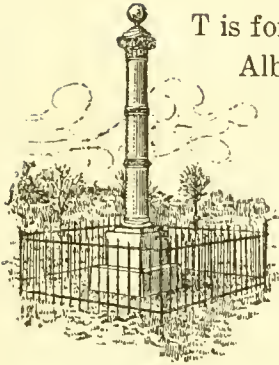


"WALKING ABOUT THESE QUIET GROUNDS," Page 147.

OBSERVATIONS.

"I looked and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be."

After a Tempest—Bryant.



It is forty years since I first sat on the porch of Alban Seal's store at Birmingham, and handled with childish curiosity a lot of balls that had been found on the battlefield of Brandywine; forty years, since I first gathered violets in the Quaker graveyard; forty years, since I first gazed with awe on a dark spot on the Meeting-house floor, which the sexton told me was blood.

Forty years have added no houses to Birmingham, but have somewhat altered the aspect of the graveyard. Then, no stones appeared above the grass, now, there are monuments to Wayne and Lafayette, and statues of Lazarus, Mary and Jesus. Some say this marble Lazarus illustrates the pitiful condition of the ragged Continentals; this Jesus the glory of self-sacrifice. Gifted souls are they who discern such things in these statues; my poor weak eyes see naught but three spoiled blocks of marble uselessly encased in glass.

While time has affected the appearance of the graveyard, it has wrought no change in the list of questions asked by those who visit here. Walking about these quiet grounds, on this August afternoon, I find myself the target of some old interrogatories.

"Where was Lafayette wounded?" asks one who looks inquisitively around to find a marker. "On which of these hills

did Sullivan form his line of battle?" inquires another, and gravely adds, "his preceding conduct seems to me most reprehensible." By way of interlude, a girlish voice says tremulously, as girlish eyes look at the hard sun-baked ground, "Do you think a real Lord Percy fell here?" Then follow a number of queries relative to Stirling, Stephen and Deborre, ending with the philosophical question, "What would have been the result had Washington's orders to cross and attack Knyphausen been carried out?"

The shaft erected to Lafayette in 1895, by the Chester County Historical Society, stands on the north side of the Dilworthtown road opposite Mrs. Biddle's lawn, and contains the following inscription :

ON THE RISING GROUND
A SHORT DISTANCE SOUTH OF THIS SPOT,
LAFAYETTE
WAS WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE,
SEPTEMBER 11, 1777.

A commentary on this statement was furnished by the historian who delivered the address on the occasion of its erection. He expressed the view that Lafayette was wounded before Sullivan's division was forced from the height first occupied by it. His conclusion, however, is against the weight of the evidence. "Somewhere upon that slope I was wounded," said Lafayette, when he visited this battlefield in 1825, "somewhere upon that slope," extending his outspread hand toward a piece of land fifty rods below Sandy Hollow. But what matters it whether it was this spot or that—"the honor," as Lafayette viewed it, was of mingling his blood "with that of *many other American Soldiers* on the heights of the Brandywine."

To the query, "On which of these hills did Sullivan form his



"OSBORNE'S HILL"—FROM A FIELD SOUTH
OF THE STREET ROAD.

"EMINENCE ON WHICH SULLIVAN FOUND HIS LIME,
ACCORDING TO HOOTON."

line of battle," it is impossible to give an authoritative answer. Colonel Hooton and his committee, in their report to McCall Post in 1900, assert that the British line of battle formed on the west side of the road from Sconnelltown to Birmingham, north of the Street Road, could hardly have been less than a quarter of a mile from left to right, and as Sullivan was seven hundred feet west of the right of this line, he must have been almost half a mile west of the point where the road from Sconnelltown intersects with the Street Road.

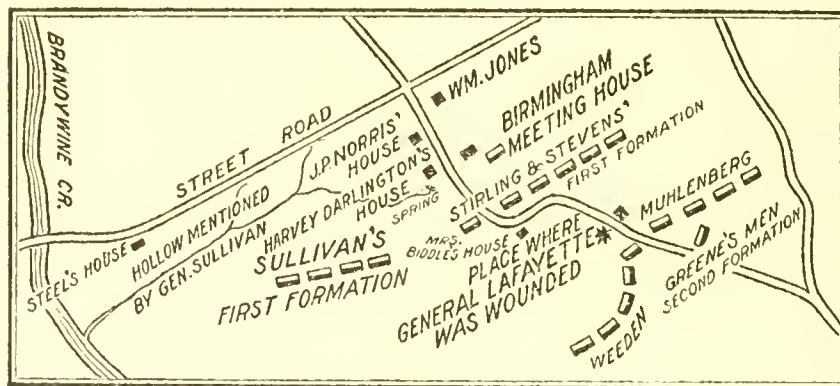
"In their reading of Sullivan's statement," they say, "the historians who have written about the Battle of Brandywine have all concluded that as soon as Sullivan saw the British he went right into the field and formed his line of battle . . . about where Parker Norris's house now stands. In this conclusion *they make no allowance for the length of the British line of battle west of the Birmingham road.*

"It is not likely that Sullivan made the extraordinary movement of turning the head of his column to the right and into the fields at the south, at the point where he first saw the British ahead of him.

"By such a movement he would expose his left flank and the rear of his entire column to the enemy, and they not more than seven hundred feet distant. Is it not more probable that he about-faced his whole column, and after he had marched a safe distance away from the British, ordered them into the field on the south, and marched until he was in a line with the other two divisions at least a quarter of a mile south and west of where historians think he formed his line.

"Thomas Sharpless, whose father lived on the ground of the battle, says his father told him that his father, the grandfather, told him that the American line was first formed on an eminence about a quarter of a mile southwest of where Harvey Darlington's spring house stands, a proper position on which to

plant artillery and place infantry. It is almost in a line with Stirling and Stevens' position and distant almost half a mile.



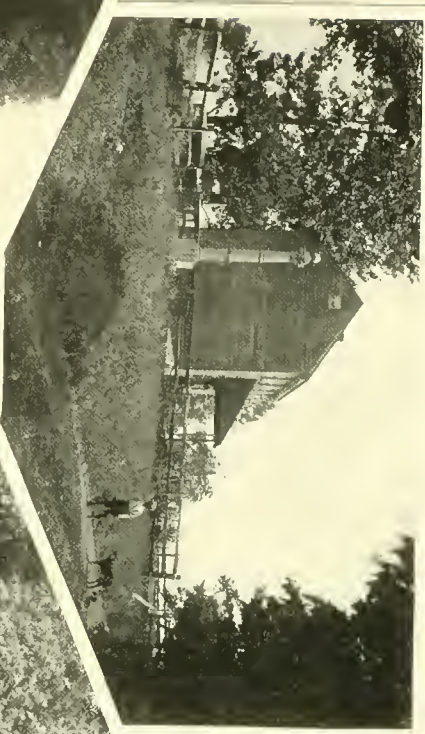
FROM HOOTON'S MAP.

"Any one visiting the battle ground possessed of this information and reading Sullivan's report, will see at a glance that this was undoubtedly the place where his line was formed."

Many visitors to the battle-ground will differ with Hooton in his concluding observation.

As to the reprehensibleness of Sullivan's conduct before he turned into the Street Road, one may be pardoned for adopting Washington's opinion in preference to Bancroft's. "All the fords above Chads'," writes the Commander-in-Chief, "from which were taught to apprehend danger, were guarded by detachments from your division. . . . Upon the whole, then, no part of your conduct preceding the action, was in my judgment reprehensible." Washington understood the actualities, Bancroft did not.

What would have been the result had Washington's orders to cross and attack Knyphausen been carried out? I know not. "These *would have beens*," as Carlyle says, "are mostly vanity, and the World's History could never in the least be what it would or should by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is."



"MRS. BIDDLE'S LAWN."

"SHAFT TO LAFAYETTE."

"SANDY HOLLOW."

POINT LOOKOUT AND GUYENCOURT.

“Once did I linger there alone, till day
Closed, and at length the calm of twilight came,
So grateful, yet so solemn.”

Rogers—Italy.

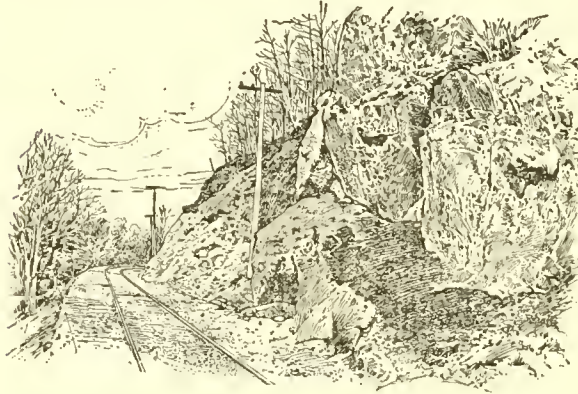


HALF a mile or more below Cossart, which station is about two miles south of Chads's Ford, a sign-post on the railroad embankment gives notice to travelers that they have reached the circular line between Pennsylvania and Delaware.

As I cross the arc, the sorrowful words of one of her historians recur to me: “From the smallness of the State of Delaware, both in population and territory, and the few (even of Delawareans) who manifest any interest in its affairs, the author has been compelled to issue this book in numbers of thirty-two pages each, at thirty cents per number.”

Poor Vincent! Could he but have anticipated the method now in vogue, and inserted in his history some eulogies and engravings of “distinguished people,” he might have published a second volume out of the profits of the first. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Verily, Solomon was a wonderful philosopher.

The sign-post is a stone's throw from Point Lookout, and Point Lookout, I rejoice to say, is in Pennsylvania. Clambering up its steep sides my legs give evidence of a number of muscles of whose existence I have hitherto been unconscious. It is a rugged mass of rock, and the path is briary, but ample re-



ward for a day's travel is found in one view of the sweeping curves of the Brandywine, and in the golden greens beyond. What vitalizing air, too, one inhales on its summit, air that Fred-

erika Bremmer would have called "the very breath of God."

As I stand in contemplation, some alder bushes on the farther side open and a little girl breaks through and kneels on the brink to fill her pitcher with water. Hardly has she done so and turned her back, before two older girls shoot by in a canoe, leaving only a momentary line on the surface of the stream. I would that I could set some of the features of this picture before the mind's eye of the reader, but I cannot do, and shall not attempt what Thackeray said in a similar instance the best guide-book that ever was written cannot do; I can, however, follow his instructions, can, "Lay down my pen and ruminate and cry, 'Beautiful!' once more, and to the reader, 'come and see.'"

About three-quarters of a mile up the stream from Cossart are the "Twin Bridges"; one span crossing the water, the other stretching over the meadow. Ashmead is authority for the statement that this was done by the Commissioners of Delaware



" ABOVE SMITH'S BRIDGE." Page 155.

County on the score of economy, believing the bridge over the land would cost less than to fill the eastern approach with earth.

In the bend of the Brandywine, opposite Point Lookout, can still be seen some ruins of an old saw mill, which has long disappeared. Sometime previous to 1777, William Twaddell (which name, according to my friend, Dr. Jesse C. Green, was once called Twaddle) became the owner of the mill and was interested in increasing its capacity. When the American Army lay encamped at Chads's Ford, Twaddell bargained with a number of deserting militiamen to dig a race for him, extending from above Pyle's Ford to his saw-mill, situated nearly three-quarters of a mile below. When the race was about finished Twaddell, in apparent alarm, came running to where the men were working, shouting out, "the British! the British!" whereupon the deserters hastily decamped, without waiting to be paid for their work.

It is said that hidden in a wood not far from Point Lookout, is the Rock of the Devil's Footprint, "a solid rock, circular in shape, with a human foot stamped in the surface, side by side with the impress of a cloven hoof." Those who have looked for it have invariably reported their inability to find it, but upon inquiry, I learn that in every instance they have confined their explorations to the woods on the Pennsylvania side.

You will not find a description of this rock in the historical pages of Smith or Ashmead, but in Lippard's *Blanche of Brandywine*, to which book, for the benefit of those who have never read it, I shall devote the next two pages.

The romance opens in England on the seventeenth of July, with a beautiful girl and white-haired old man as the chief, I may say, the only figures. The reader is requested to remember three dates on three dark panels, to wit: the seventeenth of July, the eleventh of September and the fourteenth of November, after which he is required to take sudden leave of the Lady Isidore

and the Earl of Monthermer, that he may be transported to Chads's Ford and formally introduced to Lord Percy (the old Earl's son) and Captain Howard.

Lord Percy is "the heir of the broad lands of Monthermer, renowned in the Court of Windsor, famed in the circles of Almack's, the envy of one sex and the adoration of the other." Captain Howard is a kind of valet who is constantly remonstrating with his Lordship for falling in love with a "country Phillis, daughter of a retired Provincial Colonel, who served in Braddock's time, and who lives in a sort of wilderness called Wild-wood Grange, situated on the banks of . . . the Brandywine, near the Cross Road Inn, within a stone's throw of Chadds's Ford."

Whether Lord Percy should be censured for surrendering his heart to this "country Phillis," the reader will judge when he sees the fair Blanche.

With "raven locks" and "eyes like stars," her face is such "as visits the poet in his dreams—the artist in his reverie—a face where thought and tenderness and love and innocence speak in the glance, in the blush, in the slightest look or the faintest smile . . . lovely as the face of an angel form enshrouded by a golden-hued cloud—a face all dream and vision and grandeur and beauty combined—each outline waving with the line of grace—each look beaming with soul, every expression full of the magic of the mysterious fascination which the loveliness of woman holds over the heart of man with a spell that may not be described, can not be broken."

Shade of Lord Nelson! what Britisher, in the presence of such a creature, would not strike his colors? What court-martial would condemn him?

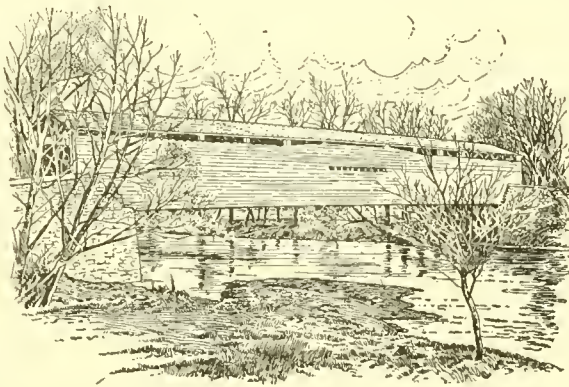
Following this introduction is the tragedy of the hay-stack, then the meeting of Randolph and Lafayette in the forest glade, the midnight gathering at the Rock of the Devil's Foot-

print, an interesting view of Blanche in her oratory of prayer, looking out on the magnificent Valley of the Brandywine, the prophecy in the "Quaker Temple at Birmingham, . . . with its benches of unpainted oak and its white, solemn and sepulchre-like walls that glimmer ghastly in the lamp beams like the marble of a death vault."

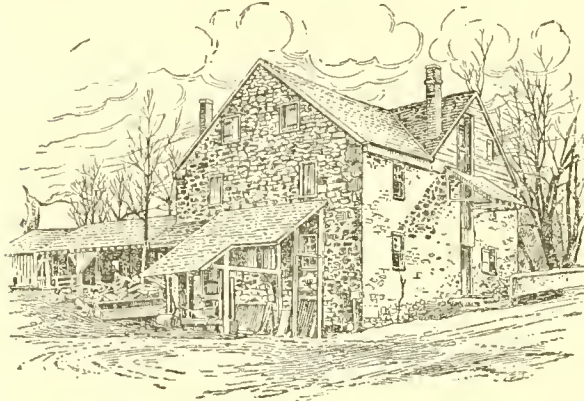
When the curiosity of the reader has reached its intensest point, the curtain rises on the last act and the numerous mysteries of the tragical story are all solved in the Quaker graveyard. Hither comes George Washington in the name of God and Freedom—William Howe in the name of King George and Monarchy—Lord Percy with his father's packet in his bosom, Philip Walford with his secret, Randolph, the Prince, to clear his mother's name, Gilbert Gates to avenge his father's death, the bravo, David Walford, the avengers of Jacob Mayland, the schoolmaster of Chads's Ford, and lastly, the Rose of Brandywine, and Blanche—"all instruments of fate."

Readers of *Frankenstein* will appreciate Blanche of Brandywine.

Above Smith's Bridge the stream flows along quietly, I had almost said solemnly, with overhanging vines on both sides, ministering alike to weary bodies and tired minds. Here, on a fallen tree I have sat for hours watching a swamp-cabbage push its green head through the sand, or following the flight of the kingfishers by their shadows on the dark waters.



Smith's Mill is old. On the day I last stopped to interview the miller, I found it invested with the tradition of a Tory owner of Revolutionary times who had mixed poison with the flour that



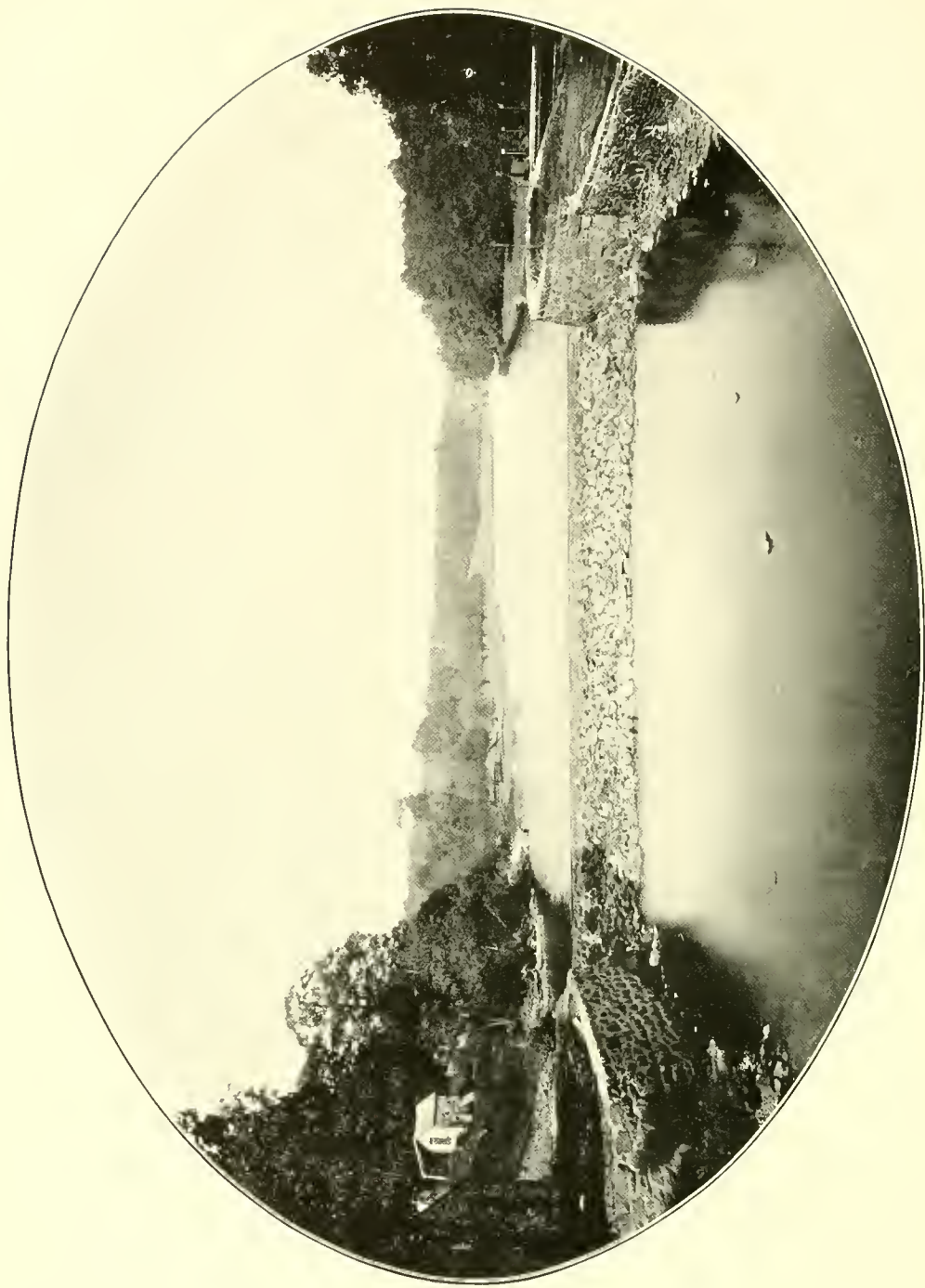
he ground for the Continental Army and had been hung at Chads's Ford. I leave the location of this gallows to those whose time and credulity are not so limited as mine. Hard, indeed, was the lot

of the Revolutionary heroes, but if all the traditions of the various mills be true, they were worse off in their food supplies than are we in these adulterate days.

In reviewing his experiences on the island of St. Peter, Rousseau remarks in his "Confessions," "I know no homage more worthy of the Divinity than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of his works, and which is not externally expressed.

"I can easily comprehend the reason why the inhabitants of great cities who see nothing but walls and streets, have but little faith ; but not whence it happens that people in the country and especially such as live in solitude, can possibly be without it. How comes it to pass that these do not a hundred times a day elevate their minds in ecstasy to the author of the wonders which strike them. But to this effect my eyes must be struck with the ravishing beauties of nature.

"In my chamber I pray less frequently and not so fervently, but at the view of a fine landscape I feel myself moved by what I am unable to tell. I have somewhere read of a wise bishop,



"Rockland Dam." Page 158.

who, in a visit to his diocese, found an old woman whose only prayer consisted in the single interjection, 'Oh!' 'Good mother,' said he to her, 'continue to pray in this manner, your prayer is better than ours.'"

The first time I saw the Brandywine near Guyencourt, I uttered the old woman's prayer and felt like falling on my knees. In looking for Granogue, with a view of shortening the distance I had crossed the heel of the "Horse Shoe," and unknowingly had left the station to my right, expecting to find it beyond the next turn. The train from Wilmington had passed me, the train to Wilmington was almost due. Bend after bend, will this station never appear, I asked myself. Already the puffs of an engine leaving some point above me, could be distinctly heard, and I broke into a run. Glancing suddenly to my left this part of the stream burst upon my sight. The last rays of the setting sun were flecking its surface with golden spots, and the wind was marking it with parallel lines as if the river were divided into so many streamlets close to each other; one from Pocopson, another from Chester Valley, waters from Pennsbury, and waters from far off Nantmeal, were flowing side by side. I could hear their combined harmony, and had I been given longer time, it seemed to me I might have been able to distinguish the contributory music of each individual streamlet. A shriek behind me told me that the train was rapidly approaching, and I left the scene with much reluctance. I have seen it since softened and spiritualized by the moonlight; I have seen it with night and the stars; and I have sometimes wondered, as I gazed upon it, if it could have been more enchantingly beautiful when it was first moulded by the fingers of God. Upon stopping for a moment to read the names inscribed on the bridge, you ask yourself the question, "Is it a love of glory or a desire to furnish needful information to posterity, that induces Commissioners to carve their names upon the date-stone of bridges?"

Below the bridge the road enters a long wood of chestnut and beech trees. A jolt or two makes dull observers in their



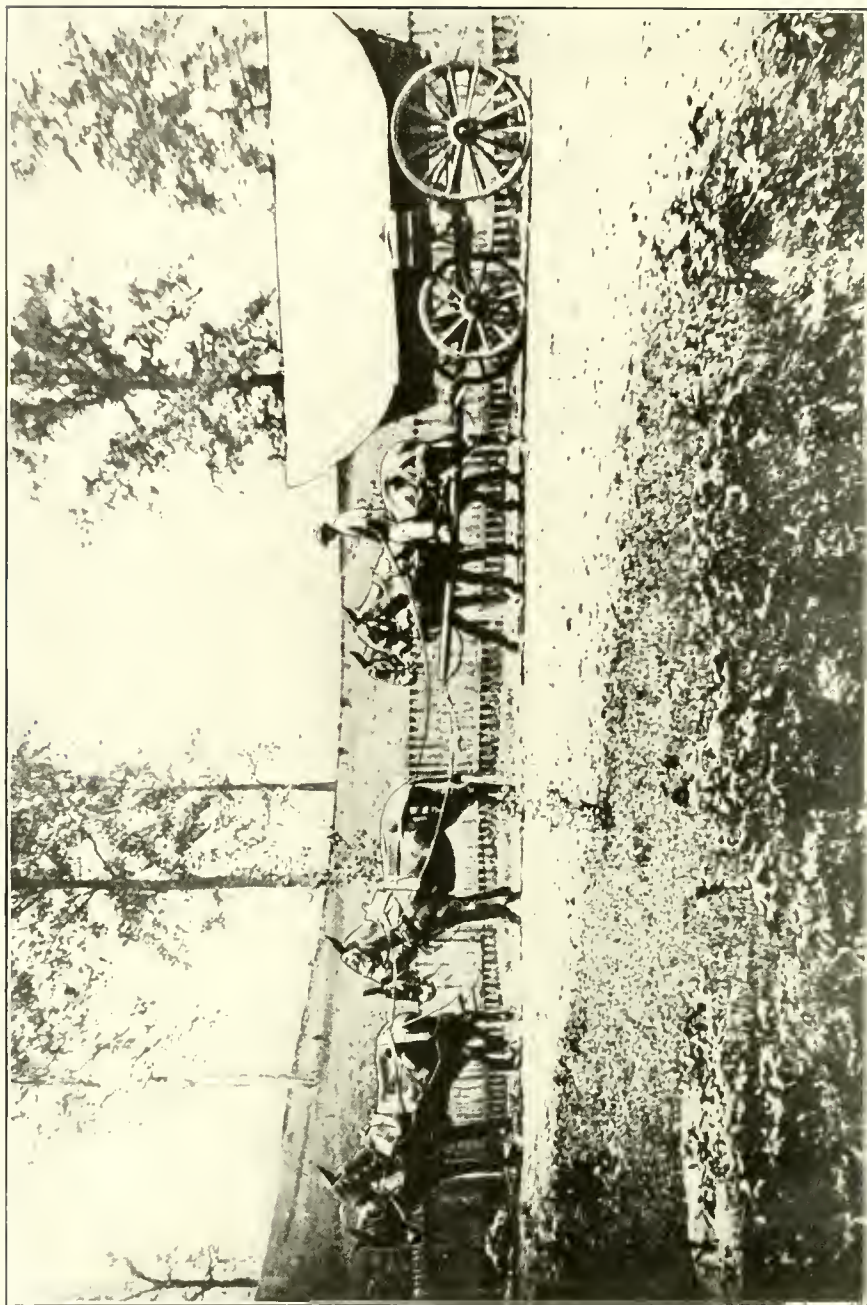
carriages look about them and they see the road to be a stony one. Each side is garnished with stone, and rocks abound. Aspirants after temporary fame have climbed these trees to carve their names high on the trunks. Another jolt—it seems better to stop and

look around on foot. The great smoke-stack of Jessup & Moore's Paper Mill projects its curved top above the trees and announces to you, "This is Rockland." A singularly appropriate name, a name that would have suggested itself to travelers from whatever side they approached. Coming from the railroad they would drive between stone fences, enclosing stone houses, and here, in the little village, they would find even the trees

sinking their roots, apparently not in earth, but clinging with pertinacity to some congenial rock. One in particular, seems to rest its trunk on the very top of a rock. A view from the other side, however, shows how the wriggling roots have lifted two rocks apart and are still sustain-



ing their weight. Yes, this is Rockland, and in front of you is Rockland Dam. You have now advanced as far as you can go. A little distance below the land belongs to the DuPonts.



Old Powder Wagon

THE DU PONTS.

“Let laurels drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem’ry, dear to ev’ry muse,
Who with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour’s field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.”

Table Talk—Cowper.



Rectitudine Sto! Reflecting upon this sentiment, one’s mind is carried back over more than three centuries of history. Before the victories of Napoleon had emblazoned his name upon the roll of the world’s conquerors, before the incomparable grace of Louis XIV, had won for him the title of Le Grande Monarque, before Henry of Navarre had covered himself with glory on the field of Ivry, some of the du Ponts had achieved a nobler distinction by incarnating this sentiment. Afterwards, in the reign of Le Grande Monarque, other du Ponts added to the honor of the name, by suffering for righteousness in prison. Since then the motto has been nobly illustrated in the lives of many members of the family who loving Truth, have

“In sad faith sought for her,”

and in glad faith “wrought for her” and “fought for her.”

The birth of Jehan du Pont in 1538, and that of Pierre Samuel du Pont, are separated by two hundred and one years.

These years contributed much to the production of the Drama of the Centuries in which Pierre was destined to play no inconspicuous part. Endowed by nature with remarkable abilities, and educated in the Quesnay School of Economics, he leaped to the front at once and became a prominent actor in the preliminary struggles for the reformation of economic and governmental conditions in France.

From the year 1764, when he published his first book, to the end of his life, he showed an ever increasing measure of statesmanship. His earnest advocacy of the freedom of the press, and his numerous efforts for the abolition of certain exclusive privileges, demonstrated his unswerving friendship for rational liberty and enrolled his name high on the list of his country's benefactors.

Before he reached middle life his reputation as a profound thinker had passed the boundaries of France, and in 1774, he was invited to organize a system of national education for Poland. Scarcely had he entered upon this work, when Turgot called him home and appointed him Inspector General of Commerce. Honor followed honor. Negotiator of Treaties, Councillor of State, Secretary General of the Assembly of Notables, made him a most conspicuous figure. Many of the reforms projected by the Assembly emanated from him and incurred for him the hostility both of the clergy and the privileged classes. Such hostility, however, never diverted him in the least from his course. Alike in the States-General, of which he was a member from Nemours, and in the Constituent Assembly, of which he was at one time President, he was concerned only in the interests of his country. A strong advocate of a Constitutional Monarchy, he was also a devoted and armed defender of Louis XVI, who crowned his fidelity with the graceful tribute, "*Monsieur du Pont, on vous trouve toujours ou l' on a besoin de vous.*"

In the Reign of Terror, when "the brain of Paris went



E. I. du Pont de Nemours

FOUNDER OF THE EXPLOSIVE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA
UNDER THE PARTNERSHIP NAME
E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY

mad," and was unable to distinguish the true from the false, Lalande was forced to hide du Pont in the French observatory. Keen eyed vengeance soon captured him however, and only the fall of Robespierre saved him from death.

Meanwhile Eleuthere Irenee du Pont, a son of Pierre, was hastily conveyed into the country and for some time remained in retirement at Essonne, where the government powder works were located. There he became a pupil of the noted chemist Lavoisier, and made a thorough study of the processes by which powder is produced.

"It was this odd and fortuitous accident," observes Jenkins, "that set Eleuthere Irenee du Pont to making gunpowder on the banks of the Brandywine."

In 1799, after the Jacobins had triumphed over the conservative element in France and the fortunes of the du Ponts were wrecked, Pierre emigrated to America and Eleuthere accompanied him.

While here, at the request of President Jefferson, he wrote a pamphlet outlining a plan for national education in the United States, which, though not carried out in this country, was later partially adopted in France. Returning to France in 1801, he devoted a great deal of his time to literary pursuits and was largely instrumental in negotiating the treaty of 1803, by which Louisiana was sold to the United States. In appreciation of his services, Jefferson wrote him: "The treaty which has so happily sealed the friendship of our two countries has been received here with general acclamation. For myself and my country I thank you for the aid you have given it, and I congratulate you upon having lived to give this aid and to complete a transaction replete with blessings to millions of unborn men."

Although Pierre declined to hold office under Napoleon, he was honored by election as president of the Paris Chamber of

Commerce. He also rendered valuable service to charitable organizations.

During the "Hundred Days" he again left France, this time permanently, and joined his son at the Eleutherian Mills near Wilmington, where the remainder of his life was spent.

The Eleutherian Mills were the outcome of knowledge acquired by Eleuthere in France, and of some observations made by him in America.

While he was visiting in Massachusetts, Eleuthere noted the poor quality of powder used for the flintlock, and mentioned the fact to his host, who informed him it was the best that could be obtained in America.

Perceiving that the processes in the United States were primitive and that the manufacturers lacked the precise knowledge of scientific method and skillful manipulation which his studies at Essonne enabled him to supply, he resolved to go into the business, and wrote President Jefferson for advice. Upon receiving a favorable reply, he went to France and returned in a short time with machinery, mechanics, and complete plans for a mill, which he erected in 1802, on the banks of the Brandywine, near Wilmington. This was the first powder mill in America.

Eleuthere resolved that the product of this mill should be unexcelled, and accordingly "double refined his saltpeter and exercised extreme care in the selection of his charcoal."

As a result of his diligent oversight, the Eleutherian Mills acquired a reputation for the excellence of their output and increased their capacity greatly.

Since then there has been a continuous development of the du Pont plants, and a generous policy adopted toward the government. The du Ponts have permitted the government to copy their plants, and without royalty to manufacture powder designed and patented by them. For their profit they have always looked



OLDEST POWDER MILL IN AMERICA STILL STANDING ON THE BRANDYWINE

to legitimate commercial growth rather than to military exigency.

In national crises they have been called in as national counselors, and have always regarded their relations to the government as a trust which they have endeavored faithfully to discharge.

When Eleuthere died in 1834, he left to his successors the most extensive powder works in this country. Alfred Victor du Pont, the eldest son of Eleuthere, succeeded to the management of the du Pont firm, and for thirteen years devoted his energies to its interests. In him were united the scientific ability of his father and the scholarly tastes of his grandfather. Upon his retirement from active life in 1850, Henry du Pont, the second son of Eleuthere, became head of the firm. Educated at West Point, he entered the artillery service, but soon resigned from the army to take his place beside his father and brothers in the du Pont manufactory. Under his administration the Eleutherian Mills gained a European reputation. Five years after he assumed charge the British troops in the Crimea were using du Pont powder.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he was an unswerving advocate of the Union cause and a hearty supporter of President Lincoln. Recognizing his ability and patriotism, Governor Burton in 1861, appointed him Major General of the Delaware forces. The first order issued by him illustrated his character. It required every man in the service either to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, or surrender his arms.

Upon his death in 1889, Eugene du Pont, who had been at the head of the chemical department of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, became its president. His inventive genius made itself manifest in many important improvements.

The first business association of the du Ponts was a partner-

ship under the name of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company. This partnership was renewed periodically until the year 1899, when a corporation of like name was formed.

Early in 1902, Eugene died. Immediately following his death some of the younger members of the du Pont family, purchased the interests of the other members in the various companies, and organized the present E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, which took over the property of the former corporation in 1903.

Of this latter corporation Thomas Coleman du Pont was made president, Alfred Irenee, vice-president, Alexis Irenee, secretary, and Pierre Samuel, treasurer.

These men have made public service their watchword and have succeeded. With vigilant eyes they have noted the ever-expanding utilities of powder and its successors, and have applied their technical knowledge and inventive genius to increase the effectiveness of their explosives. As a keen observer remarks, "they have altered their factories, changed their formulas—risked their capital not only to meet the new need, but to get in advance of it."

Instead of agencies of death, du Pont explosives are rapidly acquiring the reputation of beneficial accessories. The engineer, the miner, the farmer, the builder, all treat them as necessary assistants. They establish grades, clear lands, drain swamps, open up subways, carve out mountainous paths for railroads, bore their way under rivers, and do their work so effectively as almost to justify the name of "Infallible," once applied to a du Pont brand of powder used by Commodore Perry.

To the army and navy of the United States the du Pont family has contributed not merely powder, but men.

Samuel Francis du Pont, who entered the navy as a midshipman, rose to the rank of admiral, and his rise was justified by his achievements. In the Mexican War, he captured San



FIRST OFFICE OF E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Diego and took possession of La Paz, the capital of Southern California. By these operations the Gulf of California and adjacent waters were cleared of Mexican ships of war, more than fifty vessels being captured or destroyed.

From 1857 to 1859, in command of the *Minnesota*, he was on special service to China, and also visited Japan, India and Arabia. In 1860, he was appointed to the command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and took prompt measures to protect the City of Washington at the opening of the Civil War, by sending a naval force to the Chesapeake. In 1861, he successfully attacked the defences of Port Royal Harbor and demonstrated by his brilliant victory, his peculiar qualifications for the Presidency of the Naval Board at Washington.

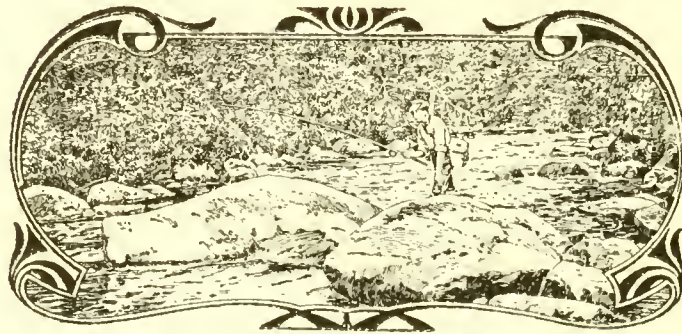
This achievement and the actions that followed in its wake, broke the naval power of the Confederacy and almost completely shut out the seceded states from the rest of the world. For his services Captain du Pont received the thanks of Congress and was appointed Rear Admiral. Du Pont Circle was also named for him in Washington, by enactment of Congress, and a bronze statue of him was erected there in 1884.

Such honors befitted his career of forty-eight years in service,—more than half of it at sea.

Six months before the attack of Port Royal Harbor, Henry Algernon du Pont was graduated first in his class from the West Point Military Academy, and was commissioned Second lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment of United States Artillery. He found his first service in defence of Washington. In the spring of 1864 he became Captain of his regiment, and shortly thereafter was appointed Chief of Artillery of the Department of West Virginia.

For "gallant and meritorious conduct at the battles of Opequan and Fisher's Hill" he was made brevet Major of the United States Army, and for "distinguished services at the bat-

tle of Cedar Creek," was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel. Congress also awarded him a medal of honor for "most distinguished gallantry and voluntary exposure to the enemy's fire at a critical moment" during that battle. Colonel du Pont remained with the army after the termination of hostilities between the North and South, until March 1, 1875, when he resigned. Four years later he became President and General Manager of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad Company, and continued as such until 1899. In 1906, he was elected United States Senator for the unexpired portion of the term beginning March 4, 1905, and in 1911, was re-elected.





DU PONT BUILDING

MANITOO AND WILD HARRY.

“It seemed as if all heav’n did shine
Beneath romantic Brandywine,
That like a mirror, lit with light
Reflected all the forms of night.”

The Milford Bard.



ON the south side of the Brandywine, in a secret crevice of a large flat rock, it is said that the Indian name of Manitoo may be found engraven on the solid stone. Certain it is that fifty years ago the Milford Bard affirmed that the storms of a century and a half had not succeeded in obliterating “that eternal record of the Indian beauty of the Brandywine and Wild Harry of Wilmington, though they have long slumbered in the silent city of the dead.”

Should the curiosity of any of my readers press them to inquire more specifically as to the location of this rock, I answer in the exact words of the writer I have quoted, “just opposite the upper dam.”

With such explicit directions it is impossible for any one to err. Now to the story :

Manitoo was a Delaware maiden, an adopted daughter of the proud chief Undine, whose glance was terrible and whose voice "when heard amid the strife, was like that of the Storm King when he roars amid the battling billows of the sea."

Her eyes were dark and dazzling and her form was "straight as the mighty bow her father had borne in battle."

"Seen in the moonlight," says our Bard, "she might have been taken for a chef d'oeuvre from the chisel of a Praxiteles, a Michael Angelo, or a Canova."

When the full round moon hung high in heaven, Indian maidens and warriors sat in groups on the moon-lit rocks of the Brandywine, to watch her paddle down the rapid stream in her bark canoe, to listen to the song of love that had been taught her by the pale-faced Swedes.

Harry of Wilmington, surnamed the "Wild" on account of his roving and romantic spirit, was a descendant of a Swedish family, who lived in a Dutch hip-roofed house, on what is now King Street.

How he obtained his livelihood was a mystery even to his friends. Some of the settlers of Wilmington regarded him as a free-booter, others as a smuggler, but all they knew was that he left the shores of the Brandywine in the gloom of night and returned under the same concealment.

One night in June, weary from wandering through woodlands and clambering over precipices, he flung himself down upon a large flat rock projecting into the stream, and fell asleep. Awakened by soft tones of melancholy music, he saw in the distance the figure of the fair Manitoo.

Nearer and nearer came the Indian maiden, till her light canoe struck the bank. Leaping to his feet, he seized its prow and beckoned her to come. "Stranger," said Manitoo, in a broken but bewitching dialect, "let me go to the wigwam of my father." "Nay," returned Harry, "let me gaze upon thee ; let



"AMONG THE BUSHES ON THE MARGIN OF THE STREAM." Page 171.

me speak with thee but one moment, and thou shalt be gone."

"Away! pale face, away! thou art the enemy of my race," she exclaimed, and releasing herself from his grasp, she suddenly pushed from the shore, "singing the famous death song, which rung in wild echoes among the rocks and reverberated in the gloomy depths of the surrounding forests, until she disappeared from sight."

The next night Harry repairs to the rock, but Manitoo does not appear; night after night passes, until at last he gives up the cherished hope of seeing her again.

Boarding a brig from Bremen he contracts the plague, and forsaken by all except his devoted sister, is removed to an old deserted wigwam far up the south bank of the Brandywine. Here Manitoo visits him and prepares a decoction that restores him to health.

Hunting by himself in a dense and interminable forest adjoining Wilmington, he suddenly comes across a council fire, where he meets Manitoo and a young warrior, Mandika, her once successful lover. Upon Manitoo's exhibiting some of the arts of the coquette, our Bard expresses the opinion that coquetry when judiciously exercised, constitutes woman's most peculiar charm, and exclaims with emphasis—

"Hear it, ye modern beauties of the Brandywine! aye, and of Wilmington, too, if you would bind the heart of a man with a chain that shall be stronger than one of adamant, and that shall never be broken, ye must not suffer the light of hope to burst too brightly on his soul."

Having regaled himself with savory pieces of bear meat and wild cat, and digested some of Undine's philosophy, Harry stretches his tired limbs on a buffalo hide and, overcome with liquor, falls asleep. Again Manitoo saves him from death, this time at the hands of the jealous Mandika. Pledging his constancy, Harry returns to his home. His mother and sister

protest against his purpose to marry, but all in vain, until they call to their assistance an uncle, one Michael Dewaldsen, a Mentor of the family, "whose day-book is his Bible, and whose gold is his God."

Threatened with disinherison, Harry resolves to throw her away like a worthless weed, and on the night appointed for their meeting at Lover's Rock, when she approaches him wreathed in flowers, he tells her that the Great Spirit has willed that they must part.

For some moments she gazes on him in silent sorrow, while torrents of tears gush from her eyes ; then, bewildered and grief-stricken, she leaps into her canoe, pushes off into the stream, waves a last adieu and plunges headlong in the water. In vain does he wring his hands in agony, he beholds the poor distracted girl no more.

One evening, strolling about in a musing mood, he finds himself without design wandering in the graveyard of the Old Swedes Church. Sitting down on a rude bench thinking of the loneliness of the place, of the dead who are slumbering there, of the grave so recently made for her who had loved him with all the undying devotion of woman, of the wrong he had done her, lo ! he sees her form slowly emerging from a recess of the church, and with glaring eyes he follows the spectre till it disappears.

Appalled by the apparition, he embarks on a ship for the East Indies, becomes morose and taciturn, finding pleasure only in the society of an Indian lad named Quashakee. Is Harry sick ? Quashakee is at his side. Does he watch the stars ? Quashakee turns his eyes upward, too. So the days pass. At length a storm arises, the ship is tossed on an angry sea, a reef is struck, the long boat is stove in, the trumpet announces that all are lost, and expert swimmer that he is, he is only saved by a hand grasping his hair and drawing him to a fragment of

the wreck. Recovering his scattered senses, he discovers his savior to be the Indian lad Quashakee. Together they float on the lonely sea until rescued by a brig bound for the West Indies, stopping at Havana, from which point they sail for New York in company with two Spaniards, Diego and Rosalva.

Harry passes the nights in relating to Quashakee the story of his ill-fated love for Manitoo, his cruelty in forsaking her, and his remorse and misery, while the Indian lad in turn, touched by the heart-felt sorrow of his friend, leans his head upon his bosom and weeps.

Landing in New York, Diego is murdered at a hotel, and near his body a Spanish knife is found with Dewaldsen's name engraven on the handle. A little casket of Diego's containing jewels, is discovered in Dewaldsen's pocket. He is charged with the murder and imprisoned, but Rosalva, stricken with paralysis, confesses to the crime, and obtains his release. Quashakee throws off his male attire and becomes Manitoo; Julia Dewaldsen embraces her in a transport of tenderness; Undine is invited to the nuptials, and the curtain falls.

"From the union of these two celebrated characters sprang a numerous family. Their descendants resided in and about Wilmington until the tide of immigration began to set strongly to the West. The remains of Wild Harry of Wilmington and the Indian Beauty of the Brandywine, now lie mouldering in one of the graveyards of that city, after having lived happily together."

But how did Manitoo come to life? Innocent Questioner, nothing could be simpler to one familiar with the subtle qualities of Indian character. On the night when she threw herself into the Brandywine, she took advantage of the moment when Harry, horror-stricken, turned from the sight, and secreted herself among the bushes on the margin of the stream.

This story violates some of Wharton's observations on "Iden-

tity," but doubtless Wharton was unknown to our Bard, besides, the rules on that subject may not have been intended to apply to Indian objects. Confessedly our Bard was a man of keen observation. Witness his remarks on West Chester :

"West Chester is the most beautiful inland town I have ever seen in any part of the United States that I have ever visited. It is surrounded by a glorious country, ample in its resources, and filled, as far as I could observe, with a liberal, generous, whole-souled people, who do not make their day-book their Bible, nor gold their God."

It is pleasing to observe that fifty years ago the passion of avarice, so conspicuous in Michael Dewaldsen, could find no home in the breasts of my fellow-townsmen. Alas! What changes Kansas mortgages and mining stocks have made.

If the statements of the Milford Bard can be relied on, it is remarkable how many Venuses could formerly be found near the mouth of the Brandywine.

Manitoo is "a Venus just risen from the sea;" Evalina Summerville, the heroine of "The Duel, or the Dream of Love," is another. "You may talk of the Peris of Persia, of the Sylphs of Circassia, and the dark-eyed, dazzling Georgian girls, but never was there a more graceful or beautiful being than Evalina. Every eye that beheld was entranced as if some Houri of the Turkish harem had come down to earth blessed with the grace of a Grecian Venus." No common Venus is this Evalina, for "all the gorgeous grace and symmetry of the Venus de Medici, are hers; no Apelles, no Michael Angelo, no Raphael, ever imagined, no painter's pencil, no sculptor's chisel, ever fashioned or formed, so much of grace and beauty."

In "A Tale of the Battle of Brandywine," Helen Mac Trevor, though her features are masculine and her complexion brown, becomes, in the moulding hand of our Bard, as "graceful in her symmetry as the Venus de Medici."



"THE BEAUTY OF HIS NATIVE STREAM," Page 175.
"BANKS GIRT ABOUT WITH STONE," Page 184.

As for Jane Wordley, in "The Boatman's Daughter," who lives in a little cottage about equi-distant from the Delaware River and the Brandywine, the Grecian Goddess is at a disadvantage; Jane is "cast in the loveliest mould of nature."

One Venus—known by the name of Lelia, was carried off by an Indian and rechristened by the good Tamenend, Ono-keo-co or Flower of the Forest. To celebrate the occasion a great feast was ordered by Kanikaw, the chief, and was celebrated "at a spot a little below where the Brandywine bridge now stands, then covered with whortleberry bushes."

Many of the pale faces left their settlements on the Christiana to see the pageant. "Not even Cleopatra came in greater pomp down the river Cydnus to meet Mark Antony, than did Ono-keo-co in the foremost canoe, attended by Kanikaw and the great Tamenend."

In visiting West Chester, the discerning eye of the Milford Bard discovers a Venus in the humble abode of Mary Mandeville. It is true that he is doubtful at first, "a head as lovely as Hebe," are his words, but he finally confesses, "Yes, no less beautiful than that of Venus."

The Cynic may sneer, and the Stoic look with cold contempt on him who bows down in adoration at the shrine of beauty, but our Bard frankly admits his idolatry.

"As bows the Indian to the setting sun,
When night approaches and the day is done;
Or as the Hindoo to his image kneels,
And in his soul a deep devotion feels;
So have I bowed to woman, without art,
The angel and the idol of my heart."

For this deification of woman, was opium or "Tom" Moore responsible? Lofland used the drug and was acquainted with the poet—intimately acquainted. Together they rambled along the Schuylkill, and admired its scenery. Lofland, however, never forgot the Brandywine. Others might praise the Lea, or the

Ouse, or the Ayr, he maintained the beauty of his native stream against them all. When the necessities of his tales required it, he was patriotic enough to widen it. Intensely American, he regretted the disappearance of the Indians and dropped an honest tear in contemplating their extinction.

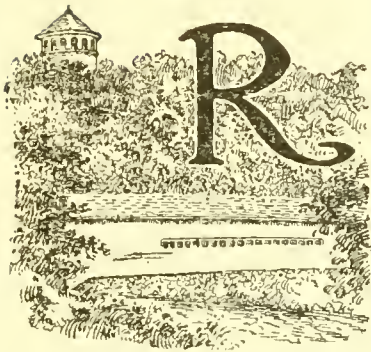
“ And what remains of all that race,
That once upon these shores we trace?
Fading away—a mournful doom—
Soon the last Indian in the tomb
Will pillow his unhappy head,
Slumb’ring with all the mighty dead.
In future times, when long at rest,
Upon some river of the West,
An Athens or a Rome shall rise,
The youth shall ask, with deep surprise,
What manner of men they were, who trod,
(Their charter giv’n alone by God,)
The mighty masters in command,
Of this now great and glorious land.

“ Oh! Brandywine, how changed art thou,
By Art’s proud triumph and the plough!”

RISING SUN.

"Flow on, dear river! not alone your flow
To outward sight, and through your marshes wind;
Fed from the mystic springs of long ago,
Your twin flows silent through my world of mind;
Grow dim, dear marshes, in the evening's gray!
Before my inner sight ye stretch away,
And wind forever, though these fleshly eyes grow blind."

Lowell—An Indian Summer Reverie.



RETRACING my steps, from spots associated with memories of Manitoo and Wild Harry of Wilmington, I pass by powder mills enveloped in trees, stop for a few minutes on a rock below Du Pont's crescent-shaped dam, and then press on to the quaint village of Rising Sun. Here, in the presence of a washing which an Italian woman has just hung up on the eastern bank of the stream, Lofland's poetry leaves me all at once. However, dirty clothes, dirty children, dirty huts, belong to but one side; beyond the space hemmed in by the clothes-line, the scene is beautiful. Resolve this beauty into its elements and you will discover a tranquil stream, a high bridge, a mass of waving

green, and a stone water tower. In the early morning, another element is furnished by the white mist that floats on the stream and hangs round the trees "like the dress of a water spirit."

Do you love misty outlines and uncertain depths? Visit Rising Sun in the morning. Of course you must have the mood with you; and remember that "a mood," as a writer years ago observed, "is no bird with powerful wings—only down and feathers at the mercy of the winds, falling like snow and vanishing."

Rising Sun! I once sought to ascertain how the village acquired its name. I visited the Historical Society at Wilmington, thumbed two or three volumes on biographical history richly illuminated with pictures of Delaware's illustrious dead, inquired of certain elderly gentlemen of that city, and temporarily rested.

Having exhausted these sources of information with no definite results, I repaired to the village store and asked the proprietor, who had the air of a knowing man: "Pray, how did this place get its name?" "Which name do you mean, sir," he replied, adjusting his glasses to get a full view of his ignorant interrogator, "Henry Clay, Dupont's Banks, Rising Sun, or Rokeby?" Overwhelmed with this deluge of names, with my ignorance completely exposed, chagrined and disheartened, I hastily retreated to the bridge, and have never inquired since.

The view up the stream from this point has a peculiar charm, a charm wrought not so much by the foam of the dam and the gray of the willows, as by the quaintness of some of the buildings at the turn. Looking at their clock-like tops one might easily imagine himself in another country, did not the cries of the trolley conductors admonish him that he is not far from the city of Wilmington.

The car that stopped here shortly after I came, was crowded



"RESOLVE THIS BEAUTY INTO ITS ELEMENTS." Page 175.

with passengers, of whom a few got off. Most of them were ordinary passengers, in fact, all of them save one, and he most extraordinary. A veritable duplication of Du Maupassant's shopkeeper, "with a burly shop-keeping stomach, in which the rest of his body seemed to have got stowed away ; the flabby paunch of men who spend their lives sitting, and who have neither thighs nor chest nor arms nor neck, the seat of their chairs having accumulated all of their substance in one spot." Waddling along the road, he sat down on a rock and growing tired of the scenery, took the next car back. Two little Italian children, pretty enough to serve as models for cherubs, took his place. What wonderfully soft eyes they had ! and how they opened as a boy passed by with half-a-dozen dead sunfish on a stick. An hour before, I had seen the boy in an old mud-scow flinging his line into the river, and now, he was marching homeward with the trophies of his prowess. As I looked at the mud-scow half hidden by the bushes, my thoughts went back to a summer afternoon, in the borough of West Chester, years ago, when Judge Waddell, R. Jones Monaghan, Edward D. Bingham and Thomas Lack, in easy chairs under an aged maple which cast its shadow over "Rogues' Row," were indulging in recondite discussions of law and politics. From politics the converse shifted to religion, and finally strayed into the fields of poetry. Lack dogmatically insisted there was poetry in everything. After he had dilated upon the poetry of art, of motion, of life, even of election returns, a newspaper man, who had joined the group, took issue with him. "You are mistaken," he declared, "there are some objects that are not susceptible of poetical treatment, there is no poetry in a mud-scow." The company broke up, leaving Lack alone, who lighted a fresh cigar, pulled out his pad and pencil, braced his heels against the tree, and resigned himself to the agonies of composition. That evening he handed the journalist the following lines :

“Where the willows stand in their willowy pride,
Where the sweet brier blooms by the brown river-side,
Where the lilies float in the glimmering tide,
Where the bullfrogs murmur and tadpoles glide,—
Where mosses and river grass cling to its prow,—
There bobs and wobbles the old mud-scow.

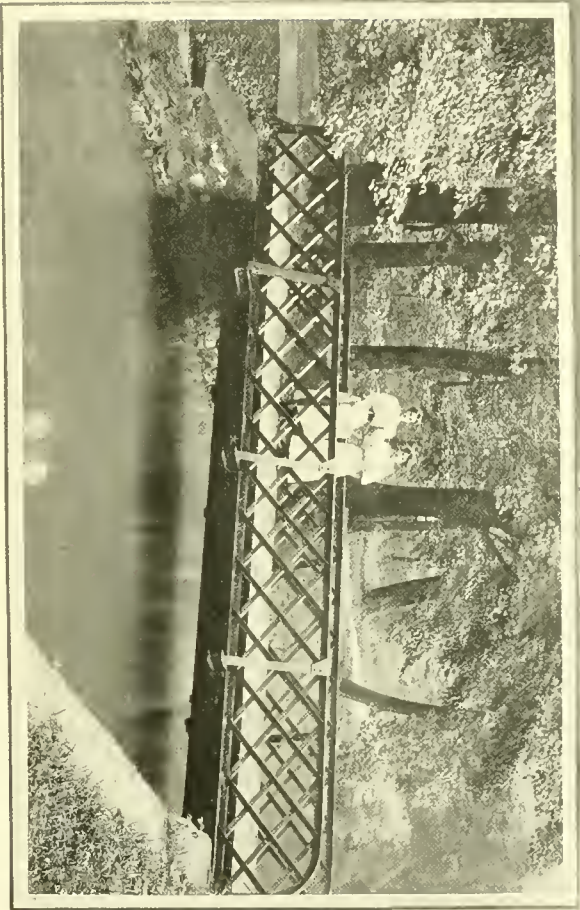
From its shadowy nook, 'neath the willow tree
With an iron chain for its rosary,
How oft the echoes of childish glee
Have filled the zephyrs with melody,
While, backward and forward, with ceaseless sigh,—
'Twas a wave-rocked cradle—that old mud-scow!

How oft from its shadow the minnows fled
When the school boy came with pin and thread,
And the trembling catfish shook with dread
When the gig-lamp'd scow passed overhead,—
But all these triumphs are ended now—
Lies loggy and rotting the old mud-scow.

In the golden time of its pristine pride
It gayly danced with the groom and bride,—
The lazy current became its guide,
The silvery fallfish leaped in the tide,—
Little they heeded the fishers' wiles now,
Living halcyon days in the old mud-scow.

Whilome, from its benches the divers sprang,
And splashed in cool waters while schoolbells rang,—
Young roguish truants—a jovial gang—
Who played and wandered, while the bluebirds sang
O'er the brown current on the willow bough,
And romped and paddled in the old mud-scow.

The cold snows of Winter, the sunshine of Spring,
The heats of the Summer, the breaths from Fall's wing,
Like the seasons of mankind of which poets sing,
Leave their marks on the mud-scow, as well as the king,—
Man's age is a nonage, a drivelling slough,
And a moss-covered wreck is the old mud-scow.”



"I CAN CROSS IT BACKWARDS," SAYS ONE OF THEM." Page 186.

Seated on the stone coping of this bridge, the bridges over the Brandywine between the village of Rising Sun in Delaware, and the old tavern of Rising Sun in Honeybrook, stretch out before me in a long perspective. Most of them are plain, so plain, indeed, that one would think a Quaker had designed them; some of them are ugly, so ugly, that the very stream itself rises in pride and sweeps them away.

The "great and sudden risings" of the Brandywine have inspired many legal petitions, even some of its branches have acquired a reputation not merely as dangerous, but as "notoriously dangerous."

In the early part of the last century it looked as if the stream were determined to manifest its power every seven or eight years.

In 1805, Marshall's Bridge was swept away by an "unexampled flood."

In 1814, a bridge over "Little Brandywine near Waggon-town," was taken off by the rushing tide.

In 1821, "the bridge commonly called Wistar's Bridge," was seized by the angry waters and, despite its historical name, was broken into fragments.

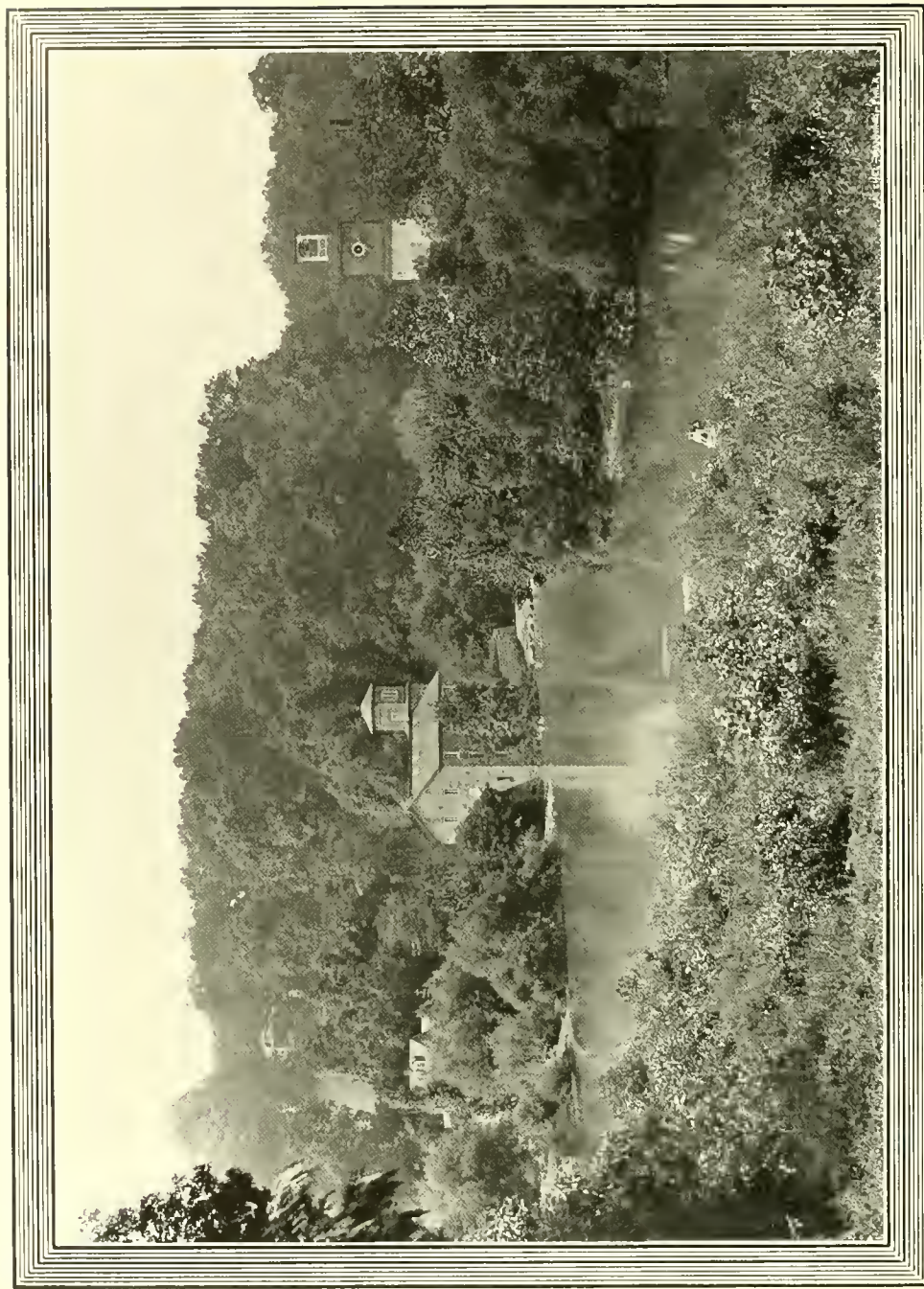
After the first quarter of the century, for some reason, the Brandywine became irregular in its operations; certainly not because the bridges were constructed upon more artistic lines than formerly, possibly because it despaired of ultimate success in freeing itself of these ugly yokes. It is a truth that may be accepted as final, that Commissioners did then, do now, and so long as they are eligible to second terms, will continue to erect the cheapest bridges consistent with safety, that can be designed. Why? Because their constituents applaud them for so doing. And yet each generation condemns the former for its short-sighted policy in failing to construct stone bridges, and then follows its example.

The Persian King, Darius, was willing to listen to advice in reference to a bridge of boats over the Danube, and desired that Koes, his adviser, would ask him for a suitable reward. But who will essay the part of Koes in these degenerate days? Eliminate yourself and mention posterity—the result is the same: “Posterity? Why should we consider posterity? What has posterity ever done for us?” True, very true! When you come to think about it, posterity is impotent, posterity has no votes!

But enough of Commissioners. I retreated to this bridge to rest and reflect; perchance, to dream. The dreams have come and gone, and now the deepening twilight tells me that I too must go, and leave this gracious and kindly river behind me.

O, Brandywine! a tired wanderer publicly confesses his great indebtedness to thee. For him, thou hast transmuted the commonplace into the idyllic, and by thy visions of wondrous beauty so freely given, hast changed his dull, practical life into something akin to poetry.

So long have I walked by thy side, listening to the song of thy waters, that I have come to feel a sense of personal possession like that experienced by thy Indian lovers who once lived along thy banks. Far off, in the mountains of Honeybrook, I first saw thee, first saw Morning joyously kiss thy pure face, and I followed thee through briers and ferns, through waving grass and grain, by many a winding course, as far as the meadows above “The Ford,” where the reddening sun threw a sheet of splendor across thy bosom and made thee beautiful as the River of God. Even now, as I look down on thy slow-moving waters, I see between the straw and the drift-wood, shifting pictures of dancing rivulets, rustic bridges, aged buttonwoods, milk-white dogwoods, vine-covered rocks, shaggy hills, Indian graveyards, peaceful cattle, happy children, and sleepy fishermen. These, thou bearest with thee to the Christiana.



"THE QUAINNESS OF SOME OF THE BUILDINGS." Page 173.

And other pictures, not less beautiful and interesting, thou shalt
bear in years to come.

This is my Duddon's Bridge.

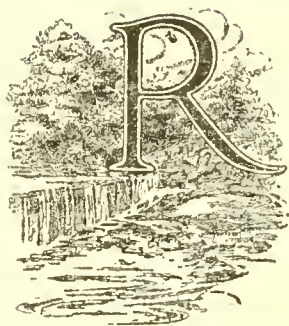
"I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the stream and shall forever glide ;
The form remains, the function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ; be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go
Through love, through hope and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know."



ROCKFORD AND KENTMERE.

“Stream, when this silver thread
In flood time is a torrent brown,
May any bulwark bind thy foaming crown?
Shall not the waters surge and spread,
And to the crannied boulders of their bed,
Still shoot the dead drift down?”

The Stream's Secret—Rossetti.



ROCKFORD and Kentmere are the euphonious names of the Bancroft dams. An old fording gave rise to the former, a rocky fording, long since, in the language of the law, “discontinued and ended.”

Partially hidden by the thick foliage of its banks, Rockford Dam is not always seen or appreciated by strangers, but the sunshiny pool below its breast is both visible and tempting; in fact, so tempting that boys invariably disregard all notices and plunge into its depths.

A large shelving rock which projects from the eastern bank offers me a seat, and sitting here I find myself enjoying the favorite amusement of Keats. I follow, or attempt

“to follow

The freaks and dartings of the black winged swallow,
Delighting much to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
The widening circles into nothing gone.”

Such is the life of man, says the pessimistic philosophy of our day; a faint ripple on Time's surface, and then—nothingness.



ROCKFORD DAM

Such was not the life of him who founded these mills at Rockford. The name of Joseph Bancroft was not "writ in water."

If biography is ever worthy of contemplation, we may certainly spend a few moments here not unprofitably in reviewing the career of one whose business integrity is still remembered, and whose kindly manner is still felt, though almost forty years have passed since he entered into his rest.

Joseph Bancroft was born on April 7, 1803, at Salford, England. Salford lies on the right bank of the river Irwell, and virtually forms a part of the city of Manchester, the center of the cotton manufacture of the northwest of England. Joseph's parents, John and Elizabeth (Wood) Bancroft, were members of the Society of Friends. Before her marriage, Elizabeth came over with a minister of that persuasion, who made a religious visit to Friends in America. The main purpose of her trip was to visit relatives on this side. It would be interesting to know how far her experiences here determined her future husband's resolution to emigrate from England, but unfortunately the data are not at hand.

Thirteen children blessed their union. Of these Joseph was the second. For some years he attended Ackworth School, an institution under the care of the Society. Upon leaving this school, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to his uncle, Jacob Bright, father of John Bright, the great British statesman. His apprenticeship of seven years ended in 1824, when he reached his majority. In the mean time the family had emigrated to America. Here, Joseph joined them. Singularly enough, the night of his arrival was the first time that his father's large family had all been gathered under one roof.

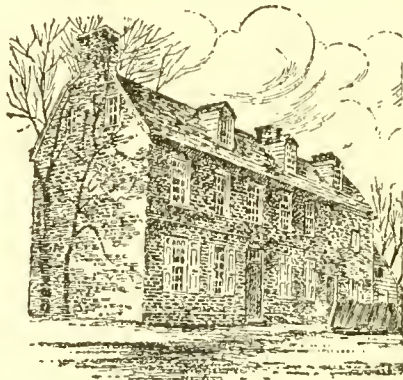
His father, with his other sons, was engaged in the manufacture of flannel. For a year or two Joseph assisted them. In 1826, he took charge for the Young family, of their cotton

mill at Rockland (where the Rockland Paper Mill now is), and stayed with them until 1831. At the end of this period he found a chance to go in business for himself at Rockford.

Meanwhile, in 1829, he married Sarah Poole, daughter of William Poole, of Wilmington, and great-grand-daughter of William Shipley.

The Morton or Poole House was an old landmark. Francis Lovelace, Esq., acting for James, Duke of York, in 1671, granted all the land lying along the southwest side of the Brandywine from Seventh Street to Rattlesnake Run, to Doctor Tymon Stidham, who in turn devised it to his children, by whom it was conveyed to Timothy, a grandson of Tymon.

In 1759, all that part of the tract lying between King and Walnut Streets and Fifteenth Street (at that time called Stidham Street) and the Brandywine, was granted to Peter Peterson, described as a "waterman" and "shallopman." Peterson conveyed in 1763 to Thomas Gibson, of Pennsylvania, a miller, who about two years previously had bought a lot of land for a mill-site on the southeast side of French Street, at the old ferry-place over Brandywine Creek, in the Borough of Wilmington. He also had the privilege of a sufficient quantity of water coming down the same to turn one overshot water corn or grist mill. Gibson held the land for three years, and during that time erected this brick dwelling house presumably for his own occupancy. A road ran from the Barley Mill Ford to Vandever's Ferry (near the present Eleventh Street Bridge-site) on the south side of the creek. Shortly afterwards a ferry



THE MORTON OR POOLE HOUSE.



Joseph Bancroft

was established about the end of Walnut Street. The house faced the southeast and fronted on the road, uniting the ferries. In 1766, Gibson sold his house and mill to Daniel Bryne and Samuel Morton. Six years later Samuel Morton became the sole owner and continued as such until his death, when the premises descended to his son John.

John Morton, Jr., who married Margaret, daughter of Samuel Canby, is supposed to have lived in this house for several years, and William Poole occupied it for nearly twenty, prior to his death in 1829. Samuel Canby and William Poole were half brothers, their mother being Elizabeth Shipley, who was married first to Oliver Canby, the pioneer miller on the Brandywine, and afterwards to William Poole. In this house William Poole raised a family of three sons and six daughters. Two of the sons afterwards operated mills on the Brandywine, and a third son, John Morton Poole, founded and for many years conducted the J. Morton Poole Company, a Wilmington industry that has become famous the world over for the manufacture of chilled rolls and other delicate and intricate machinery.

Mr. Bancroft's business was one of small beginnings, with many difficulties to be overcome. His long apprenticeship, however, had developed the quality of patience, and this, augmented with perseverance, moderation and courage, enabled him to surmount every obstacle and to establish on a firm basis, a flourishing manufactory.

Much of Mr. Bancroft's success was due to his alertness. He was always on the watch for inventions and improvements, always careful to keep the equipments of his plant up to the latest and best standards. Some of the first "self-acting mules," and some of the first fly-frames used in America, were introduced into his mills. Indeed, it is believed by his sons, that to him belongs the honor of being the first manufacturer in this country who combed cotton and made fine cotton yarns. In

1854, he made a voyage to England for the purpose of inspecting the cotton mills of that country, that he might be able to bring the finish of his cloths up to the most advanced standards of perfection.

“On one occasion,” said his son Samuel, “when I was with him at the Cotton Mills at Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, a manufacturer asked where we came from. Father told him, ‘from Wilmington.’ He seemed much interested and observed, ‘I was at Wilmington once, and walked up the Brandywine, and went into a little mill through a hole in the roof, and saw the greatest curiosity that I ever saw in my life. I found “Bill Bottomlea” spinning hundreds on a hand mule.’ ‘That was my mill,’ replied father, with not a little pride.”

For several years Mr. Bancroft had been trying to produce goods to replace certain cotton goods imported from England, having what was called the India finish. In this country these goods were used entirely for the manufacture of painted window shades. To get such India finish Mr. Bancroft had sent his goods to almost every bleachery in the Eastern states. At last he found some Englishmen at a finishing plant, who declared they knew how to produce it. In 1859, machinery which they said was necessary, was prepared at the old Phoenix Iron Foundry at Providence, Rhode Island, and some time in the following year was brought to Rockford. On the Fourth of July, 1860, a pipe was laid in the race to bring spring water down to the bleachery. “Clear and pure water is needed in bleaching, and for this purpose,” says Samuel Bancroft, “the water of the Brandywine is as good as any in the world. In the old days they used to settle it and draw it off at the top. Now they use filters. The average water of the Brandywine, when clear, contains only about four grains of all solids to the gallon.”

In the Fall of 1860 and the ensuing Winter, the machinery sent from Providence, was erected, and Mr. Bancroft was about

ready to start when the war broke out. During the progress of the war the desired results were achieved, and his plants got what was almost a monopoly of the trade in "India finished goods."

The manufacture of "Window Hollands" was another object aimed at by Mr. Bancroft, which he was constantly commending to the attention of his sons.

The first "Hollands" were linen cloths made in Holland. For many years a variety of experiments were made on imitations of what were known as "Scotch Hollands," but the results obtained were unsatisfactory. It was not until the Winter of 1883-4, almost a decade after Mr. Bancroft's death, that the firm started to manufacture "Beetled Hollands," so called from the machines on which the goods were finished. The first practical machine to do this work was imported by Joseph Bancroft's Sons from Scotland.



THE OLD MILL.

Some of Joseph Bancroft's early experiences as a manufacturer were most disheartening. In 1839, a freshet carried away his mill-dams and greatly damaged his stock. So heavy was his pecuniary loss that he offered to give up the whole property to Thomas Janvier, of New Castle, who had generously assisted him at the beginning of his undertaking. Instead of accepting this sacrifice however, Mr. Janvier kindly renewed his assistance, and enabled the young proprietor to recover his losses and continue in his successful career.

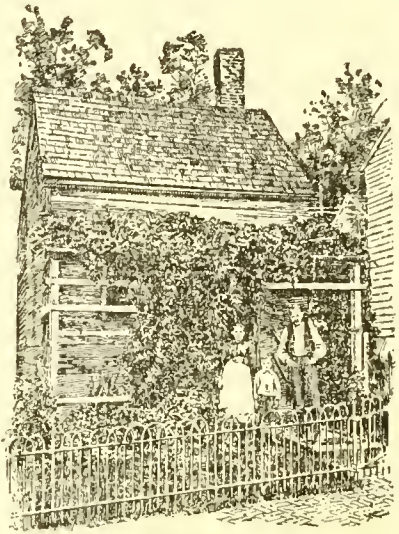
Never was kindness more judiciously bestowed or more fully merited. Mr. Bancroft was one of those who repaid a

benefaction as Franklin taught his young friend to repay a loan—by passing it on.

In the conduct of his business, Mr. Bancroft was as solicitous for the welfare of his workmen as he was for the amount and quality of their work. He never paid them in store orders, but in cash, and encouraged them to save their earnings by allowing them interest on whatever amounts they were able and willing to leave in his hands. As the result of this beneficent plan, many who had come penniless into his employ, left him after a few years with means of their own sufficient to buy and stock a farm in the West.

So kindly were the relations between himself and his workmen, so few the difficulties and so steadily did his mills run alike in times of prosperity and of panic, that the saying became proverbial, "Bancroft never stops."

If it be true that the man "who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," is a public benefactor, Joseph Bancroft richly deserved that honorable title. When he came to Rockford, there were, besides his own residence, but two small houses; when he died, after forty-three years of proprietorship, he left a large and finely equipped manufactory, doing a prosperous business in the midst of an interesting village, populated by industrious and contented workmen, not only comfortably housed and well cared for, but enjoying the intellectual advantages and pleasures of a library which a generous proprietor had opened for their benefit.

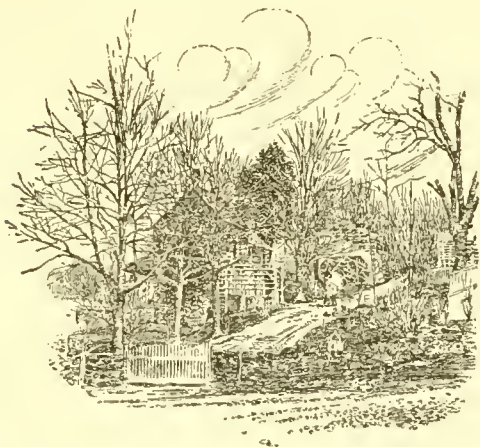


COMFORTABLY HOUSED.



MILLS OF JOSEPH BANGROFT & SONS CO.

In religion Mr. Bancroft adhered to the faith and customs of the Society of Friends, in which he was born. When the Society was divided into the "Orthodox" and "Hicksite" branches,



to use his own expression, "his lot fell" with the latter, but the separation had neither the approval of his judgment, nor the consent of his feelings.

It was believed by his friends that his concern upon this subject and the efforts to which it led him, accelerated the progress of his last illness. He died

December 8, 1874, after exhibiting for many years "the best realization of manliness and sweetness, strength and tenderness—the character of a true Christian gentleman."

The name of Bancroft is not only affixed to these mills, but is closely associated with Brandywine Park which sketches out before me. As far back as 1869, a committee of citizens made a report to the City Council of Wilmington urging it to purchase a tract of land adjacent to Brandywine Creek for a public park, and declaring that the land contained all the elements that make a park beautiful: trees in abundance and variety, uneven grades supplied by nature, water for miniature lakes, slopes, drives, walks, labyrinths and above all, the Brandywine.

"This clear stream running over its rocky bed in the centre of all this delightful scenery, will certainly form its chief attraction. No city in the land has such a stream in its park and neither can they with all their lavish expenditure of money, build one that can compare with it."

Despite this picture, coupled with an affirmation that such a

park would elevate the taste of the masses and give a higher moral tone to all grades of society, "by bringing them in contact with the purest works of nature, teaching them also, by observation, how to beautify and adorn without expense their own homes," the appeal of the Committee failed to move the Council, and it was not until 1883 that anything tangible was accomplished.

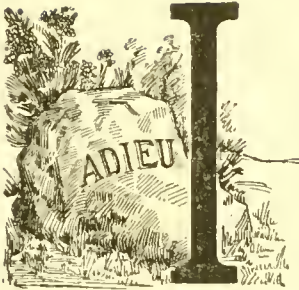
In that year a bill passed the Legislature providing for public parks for the use of the citizens of Wilmington and vicinity ; and the Brandywine parks, comprising nearly 200 acres, soon became a reality. Perhaps one-third of the land was given to the city.

Wilmington has continued to obtain park and playground land by purchases and by gifts, until it has now 472 acres, 405 of which are in the Brandywine parks.

WILMINGTON.

“Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight.
Farewell awhile to him and me,
My native Land—Good Night.

Byron—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.



IN her “Reminiscences of Wilmington,” Elizabeth Montgomery makes mention of “a blue rock of Brandywine called the Giant’s Rock,” and high upon it a flat space so worn by pebbles as to leave the distinct shape of an overgrown foot. She also refers to another rock on which a student of Dr. Way, when about to leave this locality, cut the words, “William H. Kenney departed —.” A few days afterwards he died of a violent fever, and a friend added, “this life in October, 1794.”

I have looked for both rocks, and have located the former, but have failed to find the latter. Disappointed lovers of “antiques” who feel inclined to continue the search for it around the mills of the Brandywine, ought to know in advance that cameras and panama hats offer irresistible targets for mill-girls

on second and third floors, and that pulp invariably goes straight to the mark with many of the effects of an explosive bullet.

"The Brandywine," says this same writer, "is an extremely crooked creek, flowing over and through rocks, in fanciful curves, varying in depths. Within a few miles of town you can cross over five bridges, four covered and one wire foot-way."

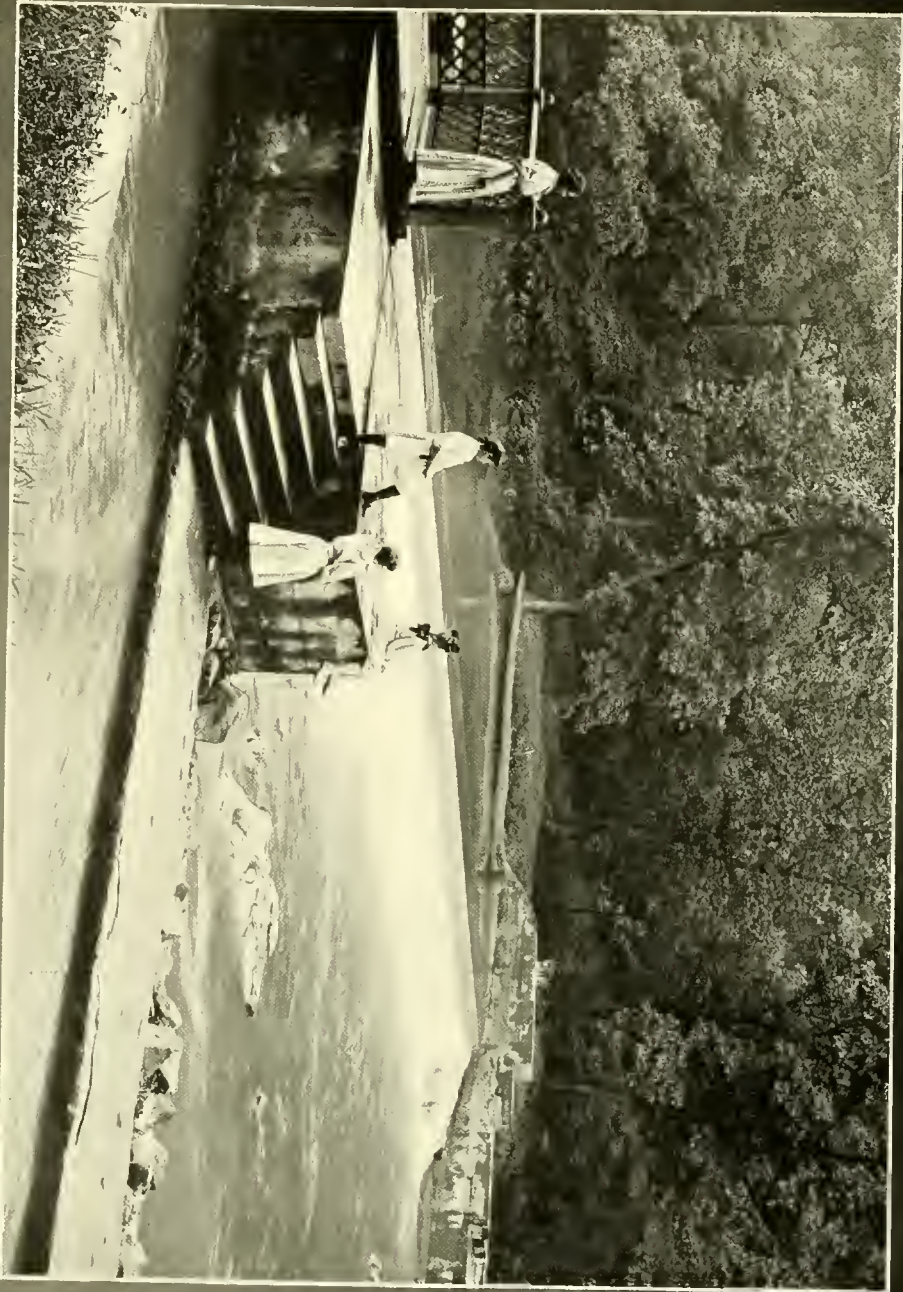
"A whimsical stream," she calls it, "for at one time the dams are a dry path, and the whole looks like a rocky ridge in a thirsty land. At another time, the roar of the water-falls is deafening. Again, on your next visit, it may be a gentle, limpid stream, so inviting that a seat on a rock is invariably taken in the view of reflected mills, vessels, trees and people."

The only words to which I take exception are "crooked creek." It seems to me the Brandywine might, without a large draft on poetical emotion, be called "meandering river." Even Benjamin Ferris, who can hardly be charged with a bent toward poetry, in describing the early settlements along the Delaware, makes the stream meander through the meadow lands beyond the old church. However, I shall not quarrel with my guide book, nor shall I undertake to repeat the story of this peaceful valley, but shall look at its various dams, explore its kills, particularly Rattlesnake-kill, Black Kats-kill and Kilpot, examine the sites of the Old Barley Mill and Hamilton Rowan's house, and having seen them all, and rested for a moment on "Old Saddle Tree," shall end my day with a stroll in the Park and a view of the Christiana.



Six dams are to be found between the end of DuPont's grounds and the mouth of the Brandywine.

Of Bancroft's two dams, Kentmere, which furnishes the power for the lower mill, is less attractive. Between Rockford



IRIDESCENT DYST

and Kentmere Mills, on the right bank, Giant's Rock once lifted its head on high, now, it is shattered and scattered by blasts. On the left bank, a short distance below the breast of Kentmere Dam, Devil's Rock has also disappeared—covered by the railroad embankment.

At Jessup and Moore's Dam, further down, the banks of the river are girt about with stone. From the railroad track hanging vines and ivy give a part of this land the appearance of an Italian Garden.

Forty or fifty rods below the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Bridge, which soars high in the air, Rattlesnake Run wrig-



PUBLIC ROAD OVERLOOKING RATTLESNAKE RUN.

gles down through the rocks and when in sight of the river, twists itself into a sewer. Such significance does this name possess, that heard for the first time, some timid persons involuntarily look about them, half expecting to hear the rattling warning of the deadly snake.

Not far from what was once the mouth of Rattlesnake Run, a slender willow bends gracefully toward the water. Four years ago one of the park guards, upon hearing an elderly gentleman direct a colored laborer to dig a hole near the river's brink, approached and inquired his purpose. The gentleman exhibited a willow slip and said, "I propose to plant this willow here, unless you object, and you will hardly object when you know where it came from."

"Where did it come from?" inquired the guard.

“From the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.”

A foot-bridge and a walk of four or five hundred yards, brings one to the Supply Dam, where the race starts, which, winding gracefully through Brandywine Park, furnishes water to the people of Wilmington.

For me, Brandywine Park is beautiful, intensely beautiful ; art has contributed to it, but its largest factor is the Brandywine, whose course from Rising Sun to Market Street bridge, is one of infinite charm, where you “may wander to and fro with slow and dreamy step, invoking here a shade and there a memory.” Who finds no gratification in these rocks and woods and water-falls, is aesthetically vacuous.



At the Supply Dam a lot of children have halted for a moment, enjoying the scene, rejoicing in what Sandeau would call, “irridescent dust.”

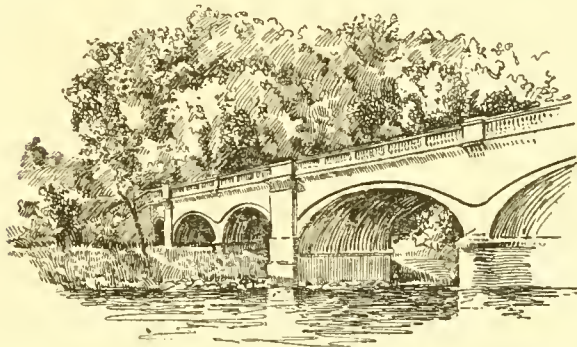
On a bench between the race and the Brandywine, deep in thought, sits an old man who neither moves nor looks up as I approach him ; his eyes are fixed with set gaze, on the river, possibly calculating how long it will take the water that just broke in foam to reach the Christiana ; in some measure identifying his own life with it, feeling that he, too, is rapidly approaching his end. Perhaps the spray reminds him of shattered fortunes in times long since gone by. “Well, God deal tenderly with thee, whoever thou mayest be.” With Longfellow, I venerate old age, “I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.”

I leave him to himself, and continuing my course along the race, pass a group of men, no ! I do not pass them, I abruptly halt, for the conversation is animated and loud, the topic being,



HERE WAS THE OLD BARLEY MILL

whether a colored defendant may ever be called "Mister" with impunity, in court. The argument is a noisy one and threatens to become noisier. It smacks of the "Sessions," and I came hither to forget them; so turning my back upon the disputants, I look for more interesting objects and find them, too, in the persons of four boys, who show their dexterity in crossing a log bridge over the race. "I can cross it backwards," cries one of them, and manifests his superiority by doing it. Had he dropped in, it would have made but little difference, for he had



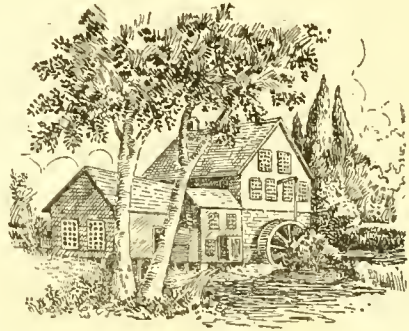
VANBUREN STREET BRIDGE.

just come from a bath in the river. In 1800, the French residents built bath-houses over this stream and placed benches in the race, on which the servant women stood to wash

clothes. Now the purity of the race is scrupulously preserved.

Five hundred yards or so away VanBuren Street Bridge stretches itself across the river. One crosses this bridge to visit the Zoological Gardens, which have suffered not a little from neglect, and chiefly exhibit raccoons and bears. Returning to the right side, it is but a short walk of forty or fifty rods down the river to the site of the Old Barley Mill. In early times John Fleming used the place for cleaning barley. Years afterwards the mill was enlarged and fitted with spinning jennies. After this was done, it was called Rockburn, but the former name continues to adhere to it, and to-day, every person who examines the millstone unearthed some years ago, or looks at the water-soaked logs that still mark the breast of the dam, forgets Rockburn, and exclaims, "Here was the Old Barley Mill."

Near this spot in 1797, as has been pointed out by Mrs. Montgomery, stood the cottage of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., whose arrest in his own country, imprisonment, wonderful escape, landing on the coast of France, embarkation to America, arrival at Wilmington and return to Ireland, are facts with which every reader of Irish History is, or ought to be, familiar. If Barrington can be relied on, Rowan might have served as a model for a Hercules, "his gigantic limbs conveyed the idea of almost supernatural strength ; his shoulders,



THE OLD BARLEY MILL.

arms and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy ; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigor and fortitude," completed a most formidable figure. Tradition is silent as to his shaggy, Newfoundland dog, with hair a foot long, "a dog, who, if voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach."

Fancy such a man wheeling spruce beer in a barrel through the streets of Wilmington.

Walking around this spot to-day my mind turns, not so much to the stirring incidents in Rowan's career, or to the peculiarities of the man with his sword and compass and dogs and pedometer, as to Curran's magnificent speech in his defense, the peroration of which I committed to memory in boyhood :

"I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings ; and, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined,



WASHINGTON STREET BRIDGE

that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace ; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the Constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flame and preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."

Below the Barley Mill Dam is Washington Street Bridge, then comes the First Dam, and after a quarter of a mile of rocks, the bridge at Market Street. The Black Kats-kill that came into the Brandywine further down is now filled up, nor can it be traced, as it could in the time of Benjamin Ferris, by "its reeds, and rushes through all its sinuous course to its former mouth to a small cove on the south side." It took its name from a transport ship, "The Black Cat," and was one of the outlets for the great body of water, which, on the recession of the tides, was discharged below the old church.

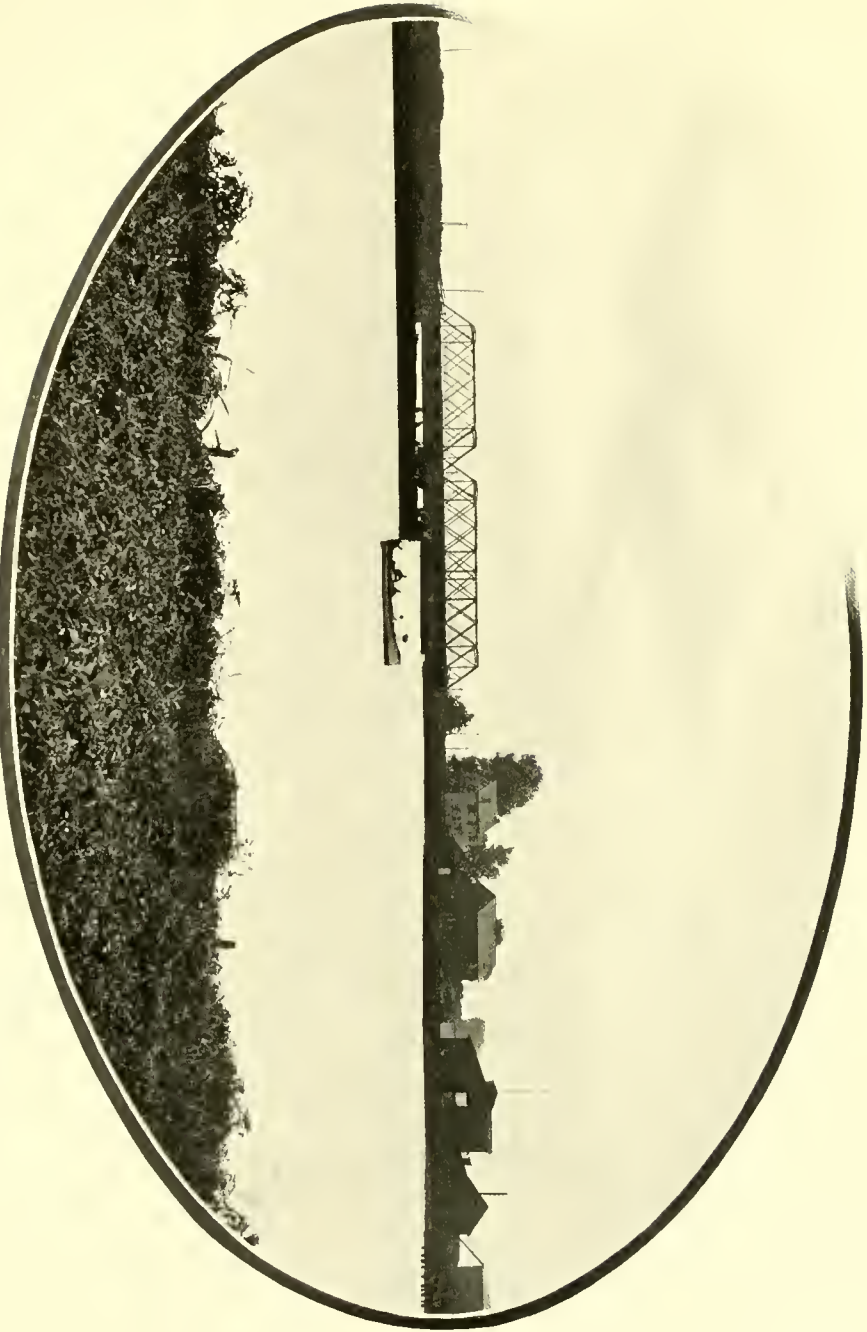
Below Market Street the river is navigable, and I take to the water. At Kirkwood Park a young oarsman offers his services, and immediately upon my acceptance, doffs his coat, rolls up his shirt sleeves, dips his oars, gives a vigorous pull at the very start, for it is high tide and the rowing is hard. Scarcely have we reached Eleventh Street bridge till the wind rises, ruffling the surface of the river and making the rowing still harder. But the strong arms pull even more energetically, and a few minutes later the railroad bridge is behind us. On the left the winding Shellpot leaves its splatter-docks for the river. We are getting away from the mills and factories, away from the everlasting grinding of machinery, away from the hustling, sweating, laboring crowd ; already the scenery is changing, the banks of the river are becoming flat, and its muddy margins are marked with reeds and cat-tails. Here and there clusters of sumach that almost reach the height of trees, look over masses of elderberry bushes in front of them, and at odd intervals rude

boat-houses are seen half hid by the branches of weeping willows.

One who has drunk at the bubbling fountain-head of this Brandywine, or has seen its silver-clear stream flowing through meadows rich with clover and fragrant with mint, is tempted to muse a little, but a tug-boat plowing its way up the river puts an end to all reflections ; it beats the water and throws up waves which glide off along its hull until they reach the splatter-docks that spread their green leaves far out upon the turbid water, as if they fain would hide as much of it as possible. We turn our boat quickly and tumble over the rollers, then we head her down the stream again, meeting launches and passing barges, until rounding the last bend I see the drawbridge ahead of us and the traditional spot where the vessel laden with brandy and wine went down. I watch the oarsman aim for the middle arch ; he passes through it and brings me out near the jetty where an old woman is keeping a vigilant eye upon a brood of children who are diving into the river. One boy gives us an "hurrah" and emphasizes it by kicking his feet together as he disappears beneath the water.

"We are in the Christiana," says my oarsman. "In the Christiana," whistles a tug boat, and my journey is at an end. I have reached the land which Elizabeth Shipley saw in her dream. Traveling on horseback along a high road, she came to a wild and turbulent stream, which she forded with difficulty, and mounted a long and steep hillside. At its summit a great view of surpassing beauty spread out before her. The hill whereon she stood melted away in the distance into a broad savannah, covered with luxuriant grass. On either side of the hill ran a stream, one of them, the wild water course which she had just crossed ; the other, a snake-like river that wound sluggishly along in the sunlight.

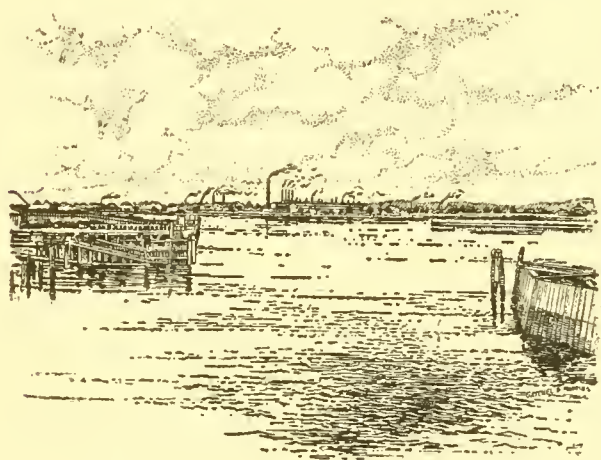
Behind me are the heights of Wilmington, in front of me—



WE ARE IN THE CHRISTIANA

half a mile across the flats—rises the lighthouse which marks the point where the snake-like Christiana discharges itself into the Delaware.

From the top of the du Pont building I look forward and backward, and wonder if aestheticism and philanthropy will ever clasp hands and build a road along this stream. I do not know, but one thing my experience renders certain, certain to the tenth degree of Bentham's scales, if a road worthy of the Brandywine ever is constructed, it will be the exclusive product of Wilmington's appreciation of the beautiful and Wilmington's generosity.



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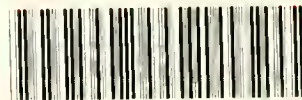


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